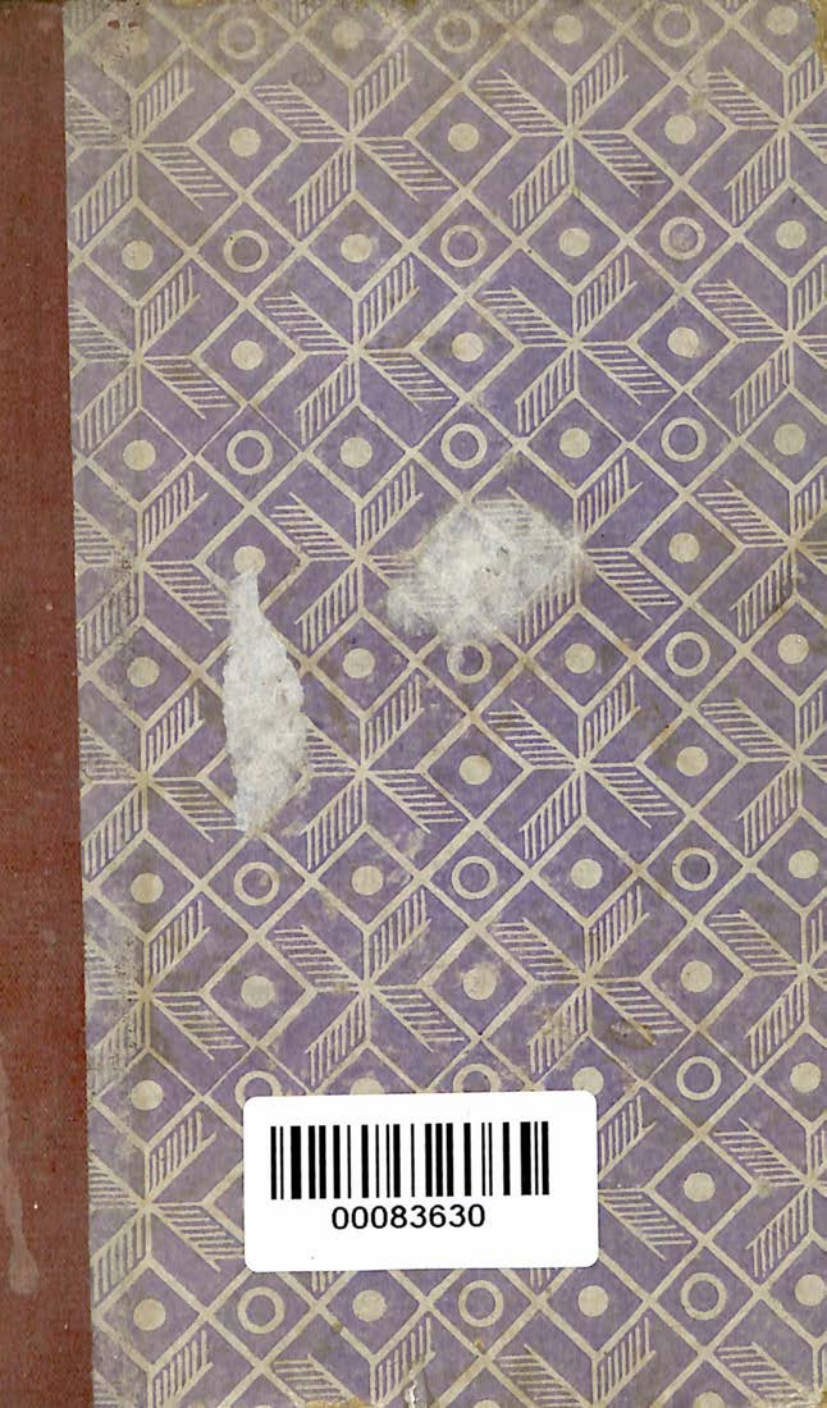
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JOURNAL

OF A

RESIDENCE IN GERMANY,

Written during

A PROFESSIONAL ATTENDANCE

ON

THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES the DUKE & DUCHESS of CLARENCE,

(THEIR MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTIES)

during their Visits to the Courts of that Country in

1822, 1825 & 1826.

BY

WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D.

Member of the Royal College of Physicians, London.

&c. &c.

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PALACE OF ILLOUSADOW

VOL. II.

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London.

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN & GREEN

1827.

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JOURNAL.

On reaching Deinach we found that the Queen had arrived, and in half an hour after, all the household were seated at the supper-table — each congratulating the other upon the pleasure they had mutually enjoyed in the day's excursion to Wildbad.

* * *

July 22d. — Thus far the weather, in spite of the deep forest shade, has been oppressively hot; but within the last forty-eight hours it has cooled down to a vernal temperature.

Yesterday there was a numerous party at dinner, among whom were the young princes and princesses of Wurtemberg, who have come to witness the annual fête of St. Iakob. A great addition of company has arrived this morning, and will remain for the same purpose.

All the kingdom of Wurtemberg, — so far as we have yet seen, is quite a garden, and His Royal

Highness confesses that he had formed no previous conception of its beauty and fertility.

* * *

23d. — I have to-day, at the Queen's suggestion, made an excursion to a detached and extensive ruin a few miles distant in the forest, but of which, I was surprized to learn, there was no existing record. Even tradition, that universal substitute, is here silent; and the peasant, almost for the first time, has no story of romance wherewith to win the ear of the traveller, and redeem these massy walls from oblivion. The ruins are extremely picturesque, though almost concealed by the thick plantation which nature has sown in their crevices. It occupies a wide space, nearly the whole of a rocky isthmus, closely abutting upon the Neckar to the east, and defended by precipitous rocks on the south. It is surrounded nearly on three sides by the river; but leaves a communication along the ridge which extends to the westward, richly covered with oak and underwood, rising above the road in long, leafy gradations. Its bright-green foliage is finely relieved and varied by the dark and formal pine in clumps, or, in detached and solitary pre-eminence, scattered like sentinels along the steeps and precipices, among which these ruins are secluded.

Though bearing no name, or date, or cipher, these deserted walls convey very intelligible ideas of departed greatness, and afford a strong presumption how little their founder dreamt that the day would arrive, when the stranger would pause amid the chambers of his family fortress, and discover no traces of the proud and warlike spirits whose domestic sanctuary or despotic throne they had comprised.

The river, at this point, is exceedingly picturesque. Its banks are high, often precipitous, and alternately displaying the rich garniture of oak, ilex, and linden.

In a solitary part of the road I passed a full band of wandering minstrels, reclining under the shade of the trees, and fast asleep! Their "instruments of sound" were scattered around in great variety. Their emaciated countenances and sordid costume seemed in ill accordance with the welcome priests of Apollo, to whom these ruins had once been a home and a temple, and whose spell could once unlock every hall, and interest every heart, in the forest.

It was a scene that called up a host of romantic associations, sobered and improved by the melancholy which is inseparable from such subjects.

Thinking the characters of the scene before

me not ill adapted for the pencil, I committed it to my portfolio in a sketch, which happily brings neither envy nor ill will among the artists of the present day, and to which I shall often refer in a leisure hour, with quiet satisfaction.

* * *

Since my last excursion I have enjoyed various others from the facilities which the Queen has graciously put at my disposal. I have besides made four solitary sorties, north, south, east, and west, which have afforded me much curious matter for reflection and investigation. From all that I have hitherto read, the Black Forest still seems *terra incognita:* every time offering something new in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, with many interesting vestiges of antiquity, and some magnificent relics of monastic institutions.

To-day Her Majesty made a party to the ruins of Hirschenau, from which I have returned highly gratified with the excursion, and the sumptuous remains of monastic institutions which have peculiar claims upon the antiquary.

This is a favourite drive of Her Majesty's, and frequently taken during the summer by way of afternoon recreation. Every step of the way is rich in forest scenery. The road follows the

banks of the river from the palace to the abbey, and, in that portion of it which leads from Deinach to Calw, comprises one of the most picturesque and romantic passes in Germany.

* * *

Monday. — To-day has been varied by an excursion to the baths of Liebenzell.

As the afternoon was most inviting, and no place in the Black Forest more beautiful than the baths of Liebenzell, tea and other refreshments were ordered to be in readiness at five o'clock in an apartment of the inn, commanding the best views of the romantic country in which it is embosomed.

At three o'clock the carriages were at the door, preceded by an avant courier; and followed by two other carriages, containing the usual attendants, the Queen set off to enjoy the luxury of drinking tea at five o'clock — an hour at which many an English tradesman would be ashamed to have it supposed he could dine.

These early hours, in conjunction with daily exercise, and the salubrious air in which that exercise is taken, have contributed most materially to benefit His Royal Highness's health. He is at this moment as vigorous as if he had not yet passed the verge of forty. In proof of this, he

has on various occasions been several hours afoot without experiencing any thing like exhaustion, or even fatigue. At Meiningen and Ems, however, the facilities for pedestrian exercise were much greater than here, where, with a few exceptions, His Royal Highness's time is entirely devoted to the Queen. She is well entitled to it, and, in return, is ever planning something new for the entertainment of her illustrious brother, to whom she is greatly attached. Scarcely a day has passed but Her Majesty enquires whether I do not think His Royal Highness much improved by his visit to the Black Forest? A question which I am able to answer most satisfactorily.

As we proceeded, I talked over this subject with some of Her Majesty's court. They all descanted with great pleasure and satisfaction on the visible improvement which they observed in the Queen's health, during each of these successive visits, the very anticipation of which, the Count de Göerlitz assured me, operated like a charm upon his royal mistress's health. The Queen, he deeply regrets to state, does not, in the long intervals which divide these visits of her family, take that frequent and prolonged exercise which her physicians, and all who are acquainted with Her Majesty's constitution, consider so essen-

tial to her health. But, on the arrival of His Royal Highness, not a day passes without her spending a certain number of hours in the open carriage, the consequences of which are soon visible to every member of the household, and diffuse a pleasure and satisfaction around which cannot be expressed, but which nothing less than such a conviction could create. — "Would to God," he added, "His Royal Highness's visit could be prolonged! We all look forward with apprehension and anxiety to his departure and the ensuing winter, unless, indeed, the Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg should pass some part of it at Louisburg. In this case I shall feel unspeakable relief; for, by the time that amiable princess takes her leave, Her Majesty will begin to indulge the cheering prospect of His Royal Highness's third visit, which, we are all delighted to hear, will take place next July. Ah, my dear friend," concluded the worthy Count, "I have been forty years at court. I attended the late king to London on his intended marriage with the Princess Royal; thence, all over your magnificent country. We spent a day at Oxford, where His Majesty (then Duke of Wurtemberg) was admitted a doctor of the university, and the same honour, in compliment to the Duke, conferred upon myself.

Ha! you did not know that *I* was a dignitary of Oxford? I returned with their future Majesties in triumph to Stutgardt; and, never having quitted her presence for a single day, — unless through illness during the long and eventful period that succeeded, — I need not add that I feel, in common with every one around her, the most lively interest in Her Majesty's health. I am now old, and cannot expect to survive her; but, were I young — young as when I first attended her to her adopted country, I would not wish it." *

"Nor I, nor any of us," interrupted the Baron de Gemmingen. "Her Majesty's health is most precious to *us*, who, every day of our lives, are the objects of her unceasing, and, I may truly say, parental solicitude. When any member of her household is sick or threatened with sickness, no matter of what standing or station in her service, her solicitude makes no distinctions; her anxiety to remove or mitigate affliction, under whatever shape, and in whomsoever it may appear, is manifested in a thousand different ways, each evincing the kindly interest she feels for us all. No wonder, then, that *all* should express, what they deeply feel, the most cordial attach-

* This truly excellent man and faithful friend did not long survive the Queen.

ment to the Queen, founded upon a just admiration of her virtues, and the daily experience of her benefits!"

* * *

The party was now at tea; Her Majesty seated in an arm-chair upon a nicely sanded floor; His Royal Highness at her right hand; a table in the centre with the tea equipage; a boiling kettle in the middle; and three of the ladies of honour seated round it: the gentlemen and myself standing near the window, and enjoying the rich forest, grey ruins, and pine-clad hills by which this beautiful retreat is on all sides hemmed in.

For the benefit of those who make pic-nic parties, where the necessary expenditure of china in breakage is often a subject of serious reflection for next day, I would suggest the plan adopted by Her Majesty; namely, a *metal* apparatus. On this, as on former occasions, the cups and saucers were all of silver, gilt inside, so that they may be transported without risk, and survive a whole century of inadvertent tumbles. One inconvenience attends this description of metallic tea-ware, which has rather puzzled me at times. The tea is poured out hot, and immediately carried round the circle by the attendants. It usually happens, moreover, that the saucer is no

accompaniment to the cup, and he who makes the experiment, as I have done, with the contents only a few degrees below the boiling point, will have an opportunity of giving most feeling testimony to the *conducting* power of silver. The best way in such a dilemma is to drop the cup, blow cold on your fingers, and every time you look at them for the next week, pronounce a hearty panegyric on the superlative merits and properties of china, with an equally hearty malediction upon boiling water served in a silver tea-cup. This, as far as my own experience goes, is at once the best courage, and the surest consolation which a philosopher can adopt under such trying circumstances. He will also enjoy the pleasing conviction of having contributed most liberally to the evening's amusement.

* * *

The baths of Liebenzell have been long famous for certain specific virtues which they possess in common with the waters of Ems. To question their efficacy in this point would be to expose one's judgment to the ridicule of every well informed person; for, with a host of "modern instances," facts which are authenticated by living vouchers, and witnessed by ladies and gentlemen of the most liberal views, credit, and connection,

of what avail were logical or chemical analysis? Of just as much avail as words when opposed to facts; — or a fine-spun theory when submitted to the test of experience. No, — the question has been long since decided, and it should never be the object of a stranger to start doubts, and stir up strife, in families where he has been hospitably entertained. Nothing could be more indiscreet, and few things more dangerous. Let the waters of Liebenzell, therefore, have their due! Why should physician or chemist, for the "benefit of science," as they call it, apply *tests* to a source which has already the test of ages in its favour? I do not envy the man who could thus gravely trifle with *facts*, and, it might be, with the feelings of some most respectable individuals who have benefited, or who hope to benefit, by a seasonable use of these waters.

From the days of Hubert, the hirsch-hunter, down to the degenerate days in which I record my own humble testimony in their favour, these waters have been the regeneration of many a sinking house, — making the wilderness of domestic love to "blossom like the rose;" the vine to put forth in its season; and mothers, who sorrowed once, to sing for joy!

In illustration of these almost miraculous effects,

there is a masterly painting here, which, viewed literally, — as it is meant to be viewed, — may convince even the most incredulous, and put all cavillers to the blush, as I confess it might have put myself, had I not come to believe and not to cavil.

This picture consists of a lady, — a comely Abigail, — and a yet more humble attendant *à quatre*, with appropriate et cetera. The painter has displayed great skill in the *alto-relievo* style. The figures are delineated with so much prominent art, that they look as if they would walk off the canvass. They do the painter the greatest credit, though not more than they did, — or than others do, — to these sacred waters.

The poet *Vatterkinder* has seconded the painter in the following lines, *founded on fact*, and which have been carefully set to music by a resident physician: —

If thy house be falling, falling, —
No son his father's name to tell;
No bud maternal bloom recalling, —
Send thy bride to Liebenzell!

Doth it prey upon thy spirit
Lack of ties thou lov'st so well?
Thy hall, shall rival branch inherit?
Send thy spouse to Liebenzell!

Then sprightly son and rosy daughter
Soon thy tide of hopes shall swell!
There's joy in store, while there is water
In the baths of Liebenzell!

The minstrel sung, the lady listen'd —
Then flew to try the magic spell:
Next spring a son and heir was christened;
Bless the baths of Liebenzell!

Tuesday. — I have to-day made various excursions into the forest in quest of some botanical subjects which are said to thrive there.

In these rambles I have fallen in with much scenery that may be strictly termed Arcadian; long stripes of pastoral valleys, of the richest *gazon*, but often so narrow as to appear more like ravines than valleys. These intersect each other, and shoot out into ramifications in every direction, bisected by their tributary brooks, and overhung by flanking pines of such a height as, in many places, to exclude both summer and winter suns.

These *savannahs*, as they may be properly called, are here and there sprinkled with cattle, and attended with a double portion of goats and geese, while herds of swine range the forest at liberty, attended by one general keeper, whose horn and authority are understood and acknowledged by all his multifarious charge. It is amus-

ing to see with what alacrity these animals answer respectively to the signal thus communicated, and follow their keeper in a body to the village, whenever his horn announces approaching night. On these occasions I observe the geese take the lead, the goats follow, and the cattle bring up the rear. As they enter the village, continual detachments are sent off from the main body, each seeking its owner's door with a fidelity and precision which have often amused and surprised me. This continues till the whole are distributed, and the keeper is voluntarily released from his task. The following day, at sunrise, he takes his station in the street, or at an outlet of the village, — sounds his *reveillée*, which is immediately answered by a simultaneous rush from every cottage, till the whole motley troop is assembled, and again disappears in the forest.

* * *

The footpaths most frequented by the visiters are all supplied at short intervals with comfortable — often very tasteful — places of shelter, built of pine planks, and decorated at the Queen's expense, so that, in case of sudden rain, the invalid has always refuge at hand. Many of these will accommodate a dozen, and are often used as places of *réunion* at noon by the ladies, to avoid

the heat, and to make up their knitting, reading, or needle parties.

Skirting these walks, as well as in the recesses of the forest, I have observed various rocks bearing inscriptions, dedications, and epitaphs. This was at least new to me, and often striking and in good taste. Many of these inscriptions are half obliterated by time; and, as I perceive no fresh additions, it would appear that either the *classic* visitors of former days have died off, or the taste has become antiquated. The following is a specimen which I have just copied from nature: —

UMBROSA VALLIS
LIMPIDEQ: FONS
ET GARULE AMNIS
VOSQ: AMICA. NEMORA
ETERNUM. VALETE!
JAM VERO TIBI OPTIME GEMMINGEN,
DECUS OLIM. NUNC DESIDERIUM.
AD MELIORA OTIA EVECTO ÆTERNUM.
OHE MIHI DICUNT VALE! ET BENE
PONS. AMNIS. VALLIS. NEMORA
ADVOLÆ HOSPITES.

* * *

Wednesday. — To-day, at table, the conversation turned upon physicians. Several were mentioned as eminent and learned in the profession. Allusions were made to His Majesty. "Yes," said His Royal Highness, "his case has been remark-

ably well treated throughout, indeed if * * * should not understand his constitution I don't know who should. I consider," he added emphatically, "that * * * is the first physician in Europe."

* * *

During the season there is a bazaar constantly open, where numerous stalls are arranged and well stocked with the usual supply of merchandise. Among the jewellery I observe that the ornaments of personal wear are chiefly of silver, such as chains, brooches, rings, lockets, buckles, &c., many of these highly finished, and in workmanship vying with the gold manufactory of the same articles.

In wet weather this is the usual resort of the company, and, being of spacious dimensions, it offers fair scope for exercise and amusement. It serves also as the great ball-room of the peasantry on fête-days, where five hundred may enjoy that exhilarating pastime without incommoding one another. From the ceiling is suspended a machine known by the name of *punker*, and used here for the same purpose as in India, to afford coolness and currency to the air. During the ball, or on days when the air is naturally hot, and overpowering, the action of this machine produces

a most agreeable change of temperature, furnishing the otherwise stagnant and suffocating apartment with a refreshing stream of air. It resembles, in shape and purpose, a huge fan, which passing through an opening of the ceiling, and moved by a person stationed on the upper floor, describes, with the regularity of a pendulum, a constant semicircle, alternately receiving and dispensing the air at every stroke.

In front of the bazaar are fountains and shrubbery, with many avenues, forming a labyrinth of evergreens. In this shallow stream a young lady, I am told, found means to release herself from the cares of life, or from the more crazing effects of love.

Judging from the scanty means of drowning here afforded, she must have been a lady of equal resolution and perseverance, and has left behind her a striking example of what may be accomplished by small means and deliberate exercise of these two virtues.

Friday. — I was this morning agreeably surprised to receive from Madame de ——, in the name of the ladies of the court, a souvenir of Deinach. The merest trifle acquires interest and importance from the circumstances under which it is presented or received, and on the present occasion these had their full weight and influence.

It was enhanced by the few words with which it was accompanied; and I treasure it as reminding me of many happy and profitable hours spent in that distinguished domestic circle, which, for personal accomplishments and the qualities of the heart, has but few equals, and perhaps no superior, in Germany.

Saturday. — Lord Erskine and family arrived from Baden. His Lordship is a very agreeable man, and much esteemed by the King and Royal Family here.

* * *

A minister from the court of Baden has also arrived to compliment His Royal Highness on his visit to these parts. There was a large party to dinner — all the civil officers of the neighbouring towns and villages, and the clergyman (minister) of Sablestein, an intelligent, kind, and unaffected man, from whom much interesting matter respecting the antiquities, literature, natural and political history of the country was obtained. At dinner the conversation turned upon political events. His Royal Highness related some particulars communicated by the Duke of Marlborough, and, amongst others, that in his despatches he had uniformly distinguished the troops of Baden by the flattering epithet of "*les braves Badois.*" This

was a high compliment, and most gratifying to the individual to whom it was addressed. Perhaps he may one day congratulate himself on having heard, at the interval of a century, the words of the "great Duke" revived by a king of England.

Monday. — Arrived the Prince of Hohenlohe Langenbourg, a general in the Wurtemberg service, and justly considered as one of the most elegant and accomplished young men of his time. I had the honour to make his acquaintance on a former visit to Langenbourg.

* * *

Fête of St. Jakob. — Tuesday, 26th. — Yesterday was the day set apart for this grand reunion; — a fête which has been diligently kept up from remote times, and to which nine tenths of the inhabitants within a circuit of several leagues, annually repair.

On Sunday morning the multitude began to assemble, and the street to fill with strange faces and strange dresses. Some arrived in carriages, others on sledges; troops of the forest youths were every where scattered under the palace eaves, and along the walks that branch into the forest.

The costume of the peasantry has nothing fascinating in its fashion or colour, — generally black. The women wear the hair long and

plaited, descending three-fold at times to the heels of the wearer, and considered, as every where else, honourable or ornamental according to its length. The petticoat is as scanty as a highlander's kilt in depth, but as manifold in substance and rotundity. It is composed of coarse woollen web, and worn in all weathers and seasons. This inferior part of their outward economy is surmounted by a tight jerkin of blue or black woollen, buttoned at the waist, and gussetted like a pair of those antiquated boddices which are to be found in the wardrobes of the fair ancients in the English provinces. The waist, fully as long as nature intended, is terminated by a *bandeau*, or hoop, projecting full six inches beyond the natural circumference of the body, and presenting a correct specimen of the *ci-devant* court costume of Charles I.

The neck is freely exposed to the caprice of the season, and, like the features, proof against wind and weather. Few in summer wear any covering on the head; the hair is carefully combed away from the temples, and thrown back in conformity with the ancient feudal custom — or rather law — which thus drew a distinction between serf and *seigneur* — the latter, in token of his nobility, wearing his hair combed forward.

They have a peculiar shoe, with a high tapering heel, which possesses one advantage, at least, that of elevating them to the usual stature of their lords.

The men wear the national three-cocked hat; a waistcoat and coat cut in that fashion which was universal a century ago, and which is still the fashion at court — with rows of buttons under the pocket and upon the cuffs. A scarlet waistcoat is an apparent distinction.

The nether extremity is generally cased in buckskin, and that with no ordinary symptoms of antiquity.

The boots are curiosities of art, and are justly entitled to the traveller's especial regard.

How or where the crowd found accommodation for the night I did not ascertain. The morning brought a great accession to their numbers in the loaded family waggons, which arrived by all the passable defiles of the forest. All seemed to have brought light hearts with them, and light hearts soon make a holiday.

The morning was spent in preparation for these Hercynian games; and after an excellent dinner, served in the ball or bazaar room already mentioned, the business of the day was announced by sound of trumpet.

In front of the château, which offered a most

convenient space for the ensuing pastimes, the crowd was concentrated. The Queen, with her visitors and attendants, occupied the front windows, and the various prizes being duly displayed and enumerated, the games began.

The prizes exhibited in such tempting detail, consisted of silk handkerchiefs, various articles of luxury and economy, ribands, silver spoons, &c.; all of which excited great emulation in the runners, and no little mirth among the spectators.

The first series began with a foot-race among the young bachelors of the forest, which was contested nobly, and afforded no ordinary display of muscular strength and activity.

To this succeeded a similar contest among the young shepherdesses, who elbowed their way at a surprising rate, notwithstanding the various little disputes and jealousies that manifested themselves in the course, — not *their* fault, indeed, but the fault of the gay ribands that were flaunting on the end of a pole. The decision in this case was tedious. At one time they started quite fair, — ran a few steps in apparently perfect friendship with one another, — then, as if by general consent, they suddenly fell upon her who was likely to outstrip them, then upon one another, as each appeared to take advantage of the interruption.

One, nevertheless, succeeded in taking the lead, and reached the goal; but upon the others coming up, she was so unceremoniously handled by her sister dryads, that in a minute all her fastenings gave way, and she stood in a pitiable state of dishabille, under the hands of her gentle comrades. It was a scene highly characteristic of real life.

* * *

To these, as part third, ass-races succeeded.

In anticipation of the contest the animals had been in training for a considerable time. For the last fortnight there had been nothing but braying and boasting among themselves: each seeming to regard the approaching fête as the day of his immortality, and of convincing the public, that, although a degraded race, they were at last able to evince their claims to the oats of consideration.

The riders were accoutred in their forest garb; —a huge three-cocked hat, short jacket, and, more inferiorly, something that had been *buckskin* in its day, fastened at the knees with strings or ribands. Their boots were of peculiar shape and size, appearing to have descended to them through a long line of ancestors, and modelled upon a last that had served all customers. The rider's left hand held ropes for reins; his right brandished a

cudgel, and these established his authority as rider.

The first bugle sounded. The competitors looked at one another with fiery suspicion; every ass responded by an audible note, and a simultaneous pricking up of the ears. The second bugle sounded, when, to use the simile of a bystander, you might have lit a segar at their eyes.

The third bugle, — and a shower of blows descended on the flanks of every ass with a rat-tat-too, and away they flew, — each rider performing the part of an experienced drummer on the passive flanks of his long-eared bucephalus.

Scarcely had they cleared a hundred yards, however, till their leader, either from inequality of surface, or other cause unknown, stumbled and dismounted his rider at the ears. This was fatal to all that followed; for unable to check their speed, down they came, one after another, till not an ass or his rider was standing.

It was certainly a *moving* catastrophe, for in a few seconds forty-eight fleet hoofs were pawing the harmless air.

In a few minutes all were again, if not right, at least erect; and except a few scratchings of pates, and shaking of harness, they again took their places unscathed. The discomfiture, however,

seemed to prey on the spirits of the asses, although it caused immoderate mirth in every one around. They returned to the starting-post with chagrin and disappointment strongly depicted in their drooping ears and lengthened physiognomies.

A short breathing space was allowed, but the fire of competition seemed half extinguished.

The bugle again sounded. They started, and on this occasion the mechanical stimulus was redoubled, but without producing the effect intended. The quadrupeds winced, and lurched, and tacked, and veered, and were now seen running to every point of the compass, like a party of skirmishers. Again they were brought to, and again they started, though it was but to stop and execute the same manœuvres as before. One ran headlong into the crowd, as if he called upon them to witness that his obstinacy was principle, while the principle of his rider was sheer obstinacy.

After this I found it impossible to preserve any connected record of the course enacted. A spirit of sedition seemed to possess the whole tribe; they ran every way but the right, mixing in a grotesque sort of quadrille, till the awkwardness of their steps dismounted several riders. One of the latter, in his flight over the ears, drew after him the saddlecloth, which became so entangled

on the ass's forehead and eyes, as to form a perfect mask, whereby the ass was completely blindfolded and confounded beyond calculation. In this disguise he instinctively made the circuit of the crowd, on three *hopful* legs, the fourth being passed through the girth that fastened the saddlecloth round his neck and ears.

The multitude were convulsed with laughter. The Queen, His Royal Highness, and all their attendants, heartily joined. Seldom has any thing so ludicrous supervened upon a simple accident. The ass continued to make every possible endeavour upon three legs to escape from himself. His late rider, on recovering his feet, and looking round, could hardly believe it the same animal he had descended from; and was so overcome by the reality, that for a considerable time he was totally incapacitated from offering his friend the smallest assistance. At length, to prevent any unpleasant results from this blindfold exhibition, they slackened the girth, and set the embarrassed courser at liberty.

Several efforts were again made to decide the prizes, and a three-cocked hat with silver mountings was apparently the first and highest prize. Silk handkerchiefs, various articles of manly wear,

and manly ornament, were in their turn ably contested, and carried off triumphant.

* * *

The concluding game was of very singular character, and, as I was informed, of great antiquity, and peculiar to this region of the Black Forest.

Preparatory to the commencement of the game, a police officer insinuated himself into the centre of the crowd that now closed upon the space destined for the celebration of the game, and armed, — not with sword or baton, or any *uncivil* implement, — but with an ample garden *watering-pan*, wherewith he commenced a copious sprinkling on all sides, till he had secured a sufficient space of clear ground. Here he continued to exercise his function as the *aquarius* of the day. Whenever an unfortunate member of the ring intruded a step beyond the adjusted limits, the watering-pan was instantly applied to enforce immediate retreat, always with perfect success, and increasing merriment on the part of the multitude, whom this simple, but most effectual expedient, kept in the strictest discipline.

The arena being thus prepared, a forester entered with a long pole over his shoulder, at the extremity of which dangled a capacious cage, in which was confined a warlike cock. The pole

was speedily set on end, fixed firmly in the ground, and rose to the height of twenty feet, or upwards. From this eminence it might be some consolation for the captive to reflect, that, although suffering the pains of imprisonment, he should, nevertheless, have a better view of the game than any spectator present.

From the top of the pole was suspended a sort of balance, lowered to a previously regulated height. On the scale of this was carefully placed a goblet of water filled to the brim, fastened so as to admit freedom of motion, without the danger of falling. At the foot of the pole stood a fresh supply, and a person to direct the game. These preliminaries adjusted, four couple of *waltzers* entered the ring. The forest band struck up a wild air, and the several couples successively began the waltz.

After making the circuit of the *pole* several times, the first couple halted. The man, placing himself perpendicularly under the scale, where the tumbler of water stood, measured attentively with his eye the probable distance between his head and the water in the balance. His fair partner stooped down, took a firm hold of either garter, then, by an effort of great strength on her part and a simultaneous spring on the part of the hero,

he vaulted aloft, hit the scale with his head, and emptied the tumbler; — which is the object of the game. The difficulty depends, of course, on the height at which the glass is suspended, and requires uncommon agility and address, both on the part of the man and his helpmate, to come off triumphant. The present achievement was followed by a shout of applause; but to ensure the prize, the same success must be repeated *three* several times; so the music and the waltz continued, each couple rehearsing the same experiment in turn, and with various success. The game lasted an hour and a half, and in that time some of the brawniest muscles in the forest had been called into action. It would be impossible to detail the ludicrous scenes and incidents with which this game was accompanied, and to which the grotesque figures that successively entered the lists gave rise.

Many amusing interludes also took place between the watering-pan and the multitude. The moment a foot passed the legitimate boundary, the owner received a handsome sprinkling for his temerity, and retired for the benefit of some other of his comrades, whom the rush of necessity might propel across the ring.

All this time the cock, a principal in the con-

cern, crowed not even once. At times he thrust a wry neck, and enquiring eye, through the bars of his cage. He was evidently solicitous to learn the result of such sudden elevation. At one time he would peck, as if at a barley corn, then, recollecting himself, pull up, ruffle his cervical feathers, flap his wing, and attempt to crow; but, alas, the shrill note stuck in the passage! Then, again, he looked wistfully through the bars of his captivity, and relapsed into a sort of sullen reverie.

Once or twice was observed a furious ruffling and bristling of his feathers. It was not difficult to divine the cause. On the roof of the granary opposite, luxuriating in the broad sunshine, sat half a dozen of his feathered favourites, under a new leader, but who had scarce a spur to his heel, or a comb to his crest. There he stood, nevertheless, with all the importance of newly acquired authority, in front of his cackling harem, constantly pluming his half-fledged wing, and paying awkward court to every chicken around him, — that too with an indescribable air of patronage and protection. While we made these observations, which afforded *matériel* for much sober reflection and moral inference, the game ceased. The cock, as the trophy on the occasion, was consigned to the victor; but, as I had the

satisfaction to know, was shortly thereafter restored to his liberty, and the full exercise of wonted power and privilege. It was easy to perceive that, in a very short space, the poultry-yard had again submitted to the *ancien régime*.

This game, I am informed, takes its origin from times of remote antiquity, and was instituted for habituating the foresters of both sexes to the salutary custom of athletic exercises, and with the motto —

"Fortes fortibus generantur."

On the part of the damsels strength appears, and very properly so, the first consideration on these occasions, and it is said that the victor always marries the woman who has contributed so effectually to his rise; her breadth of shoulders and the inferred burden she can support, being the surest passport to the state of conjugal felicity.

The forest damsels exhibit little more than masculine beauty. One of these, however, formed a striking exception, like Diana among her sister nymphs. As she entered the ring, her face appeared of Grecian cast and proportion. She was better dressed than the others, or, rather, the same quality of dress was infinitely better adjusted and disposed. Over her finely drooping shoulders a profusion of flaxen hair descended in three dis-

tinct streamers, elaborately placed, and extending below the waist. Her foot was small, and shown to advantage by the taper-heeled shoe she wore. She entered the arena on the arm of the second prize man, a huge bulky Cacus-looking *baw*, who seemed totally insensible of the fair partner that hung like a forgotten bracelet on his arm.

During the whole time of competition she scarcely raised her eye, never smiled, not even when he was declared *victor*. She attracted general notice and marked attention from several distinguished individuals present. Lord E—— observed, that, in figure and expression, she reminded him of the squaw beauties of America; another compared her to a fair faun in the keeping of a bear — a third to Proserpine under the guardianship of Pluto, &c.

The public sports having closed, the crowd divided itself into troops, and repaired to the inns and ball-room, where the waltz, wine, and music, kept their heels in activity and their hearts in heyday, till long past midnight. During the dance, others sat under the trees, or reclined on the rustic chairs in the palace court, all amusing themselves in their own way, all talking, singing, and smoking; but each, unfortunately, telling his own story, and singing

his own song. All distinctions seemed now levelled. He who could count a full thousand florins a year, entered into friendly disputation with him who could not boast a single yoke of oxen. As the evening proceeded, the forest beaux became more and more gallant; the forest beauties acquiring more confidence, were here and there observed listening complacently while their enamoured swains, during the intervals of smoking, made tender speeches, trimmed their pipes anew, and found ready figures of speech in the flame there kindled, and the incense thence emitted, — both of which they averred were emblematic of their own hearts.

It was now ten o'clock, and the waltz and wassail proceeded with increasing spirit. Through the whole village, lights shone from every lattice — music filled the air. Now and then a shrill whoop served to animate the flagging heels, and when I looked in at a door or window, nothing was to be seen but a confusion of heads peeping indistinctly through the smoke, yet all in commotion, as if St. Vitus himself had presided at the orchestra.

* * *

I am happy to add, that, amid all these amusements, the spirit of harmony and brotherly kindness prevailed. I observed neither quarrel nor

alteration. No accident occurred. All were cheerful without extravagance, and merry and wise. Next morning scarcely an individual of the previous day's multitude lingered in the place. All were again scattered among their homes in the recesses of the forest, once more engaged in their peaceful occupations, and all, I trust, happier and better for the holiday recreations that had just transpired.

27th. — This afternoon we visited the ruins of a Dominican priory not far from the baths of Leibenzell. A little farther on, in the same romantic pass, and perched on the apex of an isolated rock, a ruined castle was pointed out to me as well worth attention, "and thereby hangs a tale."

According to most veracious tradition, it was some ages ago the den of a formidable giant, who was at last subdued and slain in single combat by a very clever knight of antiquity. To prove, by way of token, that the said redoubted giant was now defunct, he took the liberty of lopping off his Gorgon head, and hanging up his ponderous armour, as a votive offering, in the neighbouring convent. Thus there was an end of the giant, but not of the knight: *his* humanity was even as great as his courage; and his predilection for the fair sex as great, or even greater, than his anti-

pathy for giants. On the self-same morning, and with the same arm that slew this modern Goliath, he delivered sixteen forest nymphs, who had there and then been confined — no one can tell how oft or how long — and all by that remorseless giant; till, in short, they had almost wept out their eye-sight. His kindness, however, did not stop here; for he was not one of those who do good things by halves. He conducted his desolate sisterhood to the convent of Frauenalb, where they were to be holy and happy for life. The hard-hearted abbess, however, would not be intreated. — "Sir knight," said she, as soon as he had concluded a very neat oration in point, and in praise of such institutions — "Sir knight," said she, "beware! These holy walls shall never harbour such as only bring with them the recommendation of having been confined by a giant, and delivered by a knight."

What answer the doughty knight made to this most unchristian abbess does not appear on record. But it is said and believed, that he instantly returned through the forest with his desolate troop, became giant in his own and their defence, and, in sheer spite to the abbess, established a convent of his own upon new and

more liberal principles, distinguishing it from all others by entitling it that of "the Delivery."

* * *

On our return we visited the sacred ruins. — The abbots of those days, like their descendants, were tolerable judges of a good soil, and in such a little Goshen as this, must have enjoyed the milk and honey, and the corn and wine in perfection. I have remarked in all the most "Christian countries," that to the monks the lines appear always to "have fallen in pleasant places."

WILHELMSHÖHE, 30th. — On the last of those beautiful evenings, of which, on the present visit, the month of July has been unusually prolific, a party was formed by the ladies and gentlemen of the court, for a quiet social walk to the little temple of Wilhelmshöhe.* As we issued from the gate of the château, and entered the winding path which conducts up the green acclivity to the temple, every step brought a change of scene, and a fresh accession to the ever-varying features of nature. The rocks and towers of Sablestein rose far into the horizon, and their rugged outline, sketched in minute detail upon the bright blue sky behind, offered a striking specimen of

* For this and other features of the scenery, see the engraving.

chiaro-oscuro. Through the medium of an unusually transparent atmosphere, the solitary tree that tufts the ruins became visible to the naked eye in all its ramifications. Through the thick grove of trees in which it is embosomed, the chimneys of the old *bourg* sent forth their thin columns of smoke, rising slowly and perpendicularly — a pleasing phenomenon to the stranger, but still more so to the peasant, to whom it announces the preparation of his evening meal. At the various outlets of the forest, groups of peasants were observed returning from labour, and where not *seen*, their voices were *heard*, chanting in full chorus passages of the Freyschütz, which is in great vogue at this moment, and takes precedence of almost every thing else. This part of evening scenes and sounds was particularly pleasing. The happiness of the peasantry is a business that concerns every one; and to the disinterested philanthropist, the expression of such happiness is the sweetest of all music. Men seldom become sad till they have become, or fancied themselves, philosophers; and the thought and reflection to which this self-conviction naturally gives rise, if they open one additional source of enjoyment, either shut up or contaminate many, too many, others — *mais brisons là.*

The science of music is universally cultivated in this country. I do not think there is a village, however unimportant in name or population, that has not its regular band and club of amateurs. These, if they do not accelerate the "march of intellect," assuredly promote that of social order and harmony. Which of the two is the more conducive to general happiness and prosperity, we leave for decision to the politician and philosopher.

As we stood under the projecting roof of the temple, the Bohemian band struck up one of its own wild native airs, such as are only imagined and reduced to song amid the deep solitudes of the *Böhmerwald.*

This, as I afterwards learnt, was the object of the evening's walk. The band was stationed in the front court of the château, and from the distance thus interposed between the minstrels and the terrace where we stood, the music was greatly modified and improved.

There is a season for every thing. For music, twilight is of all others the most appropriate, because the most effective. At this hour the mind is most susceptible of tender impressions, more readily swayed by the influence of scene and circumstance. The *air* which at morning is heard with indifference, or even dislike, will in the

evening, in the same party, awaken the deepest sympathy. It is then the memory of friends and the remembrance of past enjoyments rise upon the mind's eye in vivid colours. The curfew bell — the evening chime — the loosened yoke — with many other sights and sounds characteristic of the hour, never fail to awaken, by the resistless force of association — where the mind is not pre-occupied by stronger excitement — those feelings of peace and serenity which are no where felt but in the country, and no where more powerfully than amidst forest scenery.

Owing to some of these secret inexplicable sympathies, which we only know by their *effect*, the music to which I refer melted some of our party to tears.

I have often heard it said, that the ladies of Germany are rigid observers of the *sentimental* in philosophy, which some of their best modern writers have done much to foster and defend. That they are highly sensitive, — more apt to feel keenly than to philosophize in the affairs and business of life, — may be said, I think, without injustice, and without insinuating more than the words imply. But the charming ingenuousness of their character, the sincerity with which they feel, the sympathy with which they respect and regard

the feelings of others, are bright and undisputed points in their character. The art of dissimulation is with them no essential part of education. They do not, as far as my own observation extends, either affect talents and accomplishments which they do *not* possess, nor obtrude upon your attention those which they do. There is an ease and an elegance of manner, a propriety of demeanour, a grace of expression, among the higher ranks in Germany, which every where command respect, and conciliate friendship.

But to return to our present party. The Bohemian band had now completed the serenade, while the villagers of the Bourg answered their companions at the baths in the well known patriotic song: —

" Helden weihen dir im kriege
Ehrenvoll ihr gut und blut;
Für dich, denn führst zum siege
Stirbt der meusch mit heldenmuth.

" Wenn die bange mutter weinet
Dass ihr sohn nicht kehrt zurück,
Deine sonne wo sie scheinet
Trocknet ihren Thränenblick." * &c. &c.

While we listened to this song, the full moon rose in great beauty over the eastern wing of the

* I have heard the same patriotic song in Switzerland.

forest, and gave a new character and a deeper interest to every thing around. The stream, emerging from its obscurity, caught the soft light upon its surface, and shone in glistening specks along the many windings of its course. The tower, the tall pine-trees, and, lastly, the vane on the chapel spire, and the glittering roof of the château, were all in succession lighted up. The nightingale, too, contributed greatly to sweeten and strengthen the impressions of the hour. To the right and left its high elaborate note dropped like honey from the boughs, captivating the ear with its native sweetness, and the mind with its classical associations.

The glow-worm next attracted attention, and in such frequency, that one of the ladies proposed to illuminate my hat with them — a suggestion which was speedily carried into effect. The shining insects were arranged to great advantage, my hat replaced, and reiterated compliments paid upon the power I now enjoyed of enlightening the whole party — at the expence of an insect!

At this moment the Queen and His Royal Highness returned from a long and late drive in the forest, which the band immediately acknowledged by striking up the British anthem. This was our summons to the palace; so having play-

fully deputed me to the front as pilot, by right of my hat, the party resumed the descent, and in a quarter of an hour we were all at the supper-table.

The supper is here,—what it is all over Germany, and what it was once in England, — a second dinner, and in variety and abundance, little differing from that served at one o'clock under a different name. Music is the never-failing accompaniment to every meal. The serenade during supper is generally of a more simple and soothing character, — assisted, no doubt, by the circumstance of season and association.

Palace of Louisburg, August 2d. — Left Deinach yesterday morning at five o'clock, and arrived here by a cross road at ten. At five o'clock there was a full court dinner, where the High Chamberlain appeared, in the name of the King to compliment His Royal Highness, and to make him a tender, on the part of His Majesty, of every possible accommodation during his stay in this territory. . . . . Colonel and Mrs. F—— and Mrs. D—— arrived to dinner, and were surprised at the excellent health of His Royal Highness. The General Commandant assures me that he thinks him looking full ten years younger than he did when here three years ago.

The bright sun of Louisburg contrasts strangely

with the cool and tranquil shades of Deinach. *Here* all is military manœuvre, — the incessant clang of trumpets and the roll of drums: *there* all was peaceful meditation and tranquil enjoyment. The only sound that was heard in its retired solitude was the horn of the cow-herd or the tinkling of the goat-bells, as they went or returned from the forest.

* * *

The Queen evidently anticipates His Royal Highness's departure with regret. His visit has been a source of great pleasure to her.

There is to be a state dinner at the King's palace on Thursday next.

* * *

I have remarked on more occasions than one, that ladies who reside for a certain time abroad, are generally the first to imbibe strong, often sudden, prejudices against the mother-country. To-day, at table, a lady assured me that her absence from England had never cost her a tear or a moment's regret; "because," she added, "the expences of a single season in London would almost secure in this country an independence for life. A ball-dress, which in London would cost her thirty pounds, might here be had of the court

milliner for little more than as many florins. Why, then, should she regret England?"

* * *

The Queen often mentions the Elgin family. To-day she particularly alluded to a former visit from the Countess and her daughters; enquired if I was acquainted with them, and expressed a most friendly interest in their favour. One, in particular, Lady Matilda, is often named by Her Majesty and the members of her household in terms of high and delicate compliment. No ordinary accomplishments of mind or person could have left behind them so flattering a souvenir.

* * *

One day a "person of distinction" was announced. "Deeming it might be considered a mark of disloyalty if he passed through Stutgardt without being presented to the Queen, he had come to Louisburg for that express purpose."

Accessible at all times to the faithful subjects of her brother's throne, Her Majesty made ready to receive the stranger with becoming ceremony. The officers of the household attended, and the Grand Marshal of the palace presented "Mr. —— from London," in due form. A speech followed, but it betrayed the speaker, or showed

at least that it was his first act of diplomacy. The audience was suddenly broken up, — the Queen withdrew, and the stranger, retiring with the royal functionary, felt that he had " caught a Tartar."

The individual, it may be added, was an inferior clerk in the button manufactory of Messrs. ——, and dressed in the extremity of fashion. The Queen, in relating this anecdote, laughed heartily at the recollection of the mock heroic speech, and other burlesque circumstances attending the *special presentation.* — Specie decipimur omnes.

STUTGARDT, 3d. — His Royal Highness devoted some time this morning to the inspection of the *Leib Stall,* comprising upwards of 100 chargers and saddle-horses for the exclusive use of His Majesty and his equerries. They are of all nations — Arab, Turkish, Russian, Polish, Hungarian, Spanish, Norman, English, &c. &c. Many of them are veterans, bearing in their bodies gun-shot or sabre wounds. They were brought out, each by his groom, and manœuvred for a minute or two in the court. The beautiful evolutions which they went through at the word or sign — the mimic attack and defence — the sudden change of position, and the pride which they seemed to take in exhibiting the arts and tricks of war, made the scene one of great novelty and amusement. Each

on being introduced, had his personal history shortly detailed. Of these I could not properly judge, but they were full of perilous adventure, and closely connected with the fate of many a gallant soldier. One beautiful Turkish horse attracted particular notice by the ease with which he paraded on two legs, and the pugilistic science displayed in the management of his other two — powerful instruments in the ring. His flanks had been *scored* severely by the shovel-stirrups of his Turkish rider in some desperate rencontre; but his spirit was as young and sprightly as if he had never felt bit nor spur. The docility of the whole stud was surprising, and elicited various expressions to that effect. Every groom has the biography of his respective steed by rote, and the anecdotes which might be here collected of the "horse and his rider" would form an animated sketch of the last campaign.

The court stables, or *marstall*, were next shown. They contain 300 stalls, with nearly as many grooms. The former occupy the uninterrupted space on either side of the building, leaving a long avenue between, through which His Royal Highness, attended by the equerries, walked to take a survey of the stud. Every groom was in his place, the horses in beautiful order, every

thing done by signal, and conducted with military precision.

The harness-rooms came next in routine. The state accoutrements were magnificent — I believe proverbially so in Germany. The trappings were all of costly materials, and exhibiting great elegance and ingenuity in the workmanship. One set of harness struck me as particularly handsome, and manufactured, it was said, in the Netherlands, during a short summer *séjour* of His Majesty at Ostend. There is a metal called *kronen-gold*, much employed here in ornamental harness and other accoutrements. Various articles of *bijouterie* are also formed of it. It takes a high polish, and, being solid, has a great advantage over gilt articles in the wear, and is little inferior in lustre. The manufacturer informed me that the metal was an *accidental* discovery, and the secret of its formation known only to himself. Such a secret is next to that of the philosopher's stone.

* * *

There is a clever silversmith here named *Sick*. All the *argenterie* at the royal table is of his manufacture. I never use a fork or spoon at dinner but it turns up *Sick* in conspicuous letters. I have known a circumstance of not less trivial moment produce sickness. His Royal Highness admires his manufacture, and has given his com-

mands to order several dozens of dessert knives and forks of silver gilt, and set in pearl handles. Mr. Sick was delighted with the royal order, and promises an article that will "astonish the London tradesmen." This is very probable; astonishment is not always admiration. — "Sic ait et dicto citius." — Fiet.

* * *

4th. — To-day the Queen and His Royal Highness came to spend the day at Stutgardt. They walked over the palace, — splendidly furnished, — of vast extent, — and almost every apartment exhibiting specimens of the Queen's work in painting or embroidery. The apartments formerly occupied by Napoleon, and latterly by the Emperor Alexander, are superb, both in decoration and dimension. — Surprised by the unprecedented number of musical time-pieces, &c. . . . .

Subsequently repaired to the celebrated picture-gallery, where His Royal Highness spent an hour. . . . Then revisited the studio of the German Canova — Danekker, who is at this moment engaged upon a colossal statue of St. John, by command of the Emperor, and intended for a church in St. Petersburgh.

At two o'clock returned to the palace and sat down to a magnificent banquet, — service of gold.

The plateau most elaborately carved and ornamented with statues and allegorical groups.

The King's chamberlain and other officers of the court were in attendance. It was in every sense a regal banquet.

After dinner the court equipage drove up — the party proceeded to the Baths of Canstadt, and afterwards alighted to view the new palace, erecting upon a beautiful eminence over the Neckar.

* * *

"There is a time for every thing *under the sun*," says the proverb; here there appears to be time for one thing at least, — to be merry under the shade.

I was taken this morning to a public garden in the vicinity, where the "merry and wise" congregate during these solstitial days. It was a lively scene; — all were welcome that came, and all that came were apparently happy. There were cool shady arbours for the over-heated or contemplative, green mazes for the restless to tire themselves in, and delightful seats to receive them when weary. There was smooth velvet turf for the waltzers, wine for the *herrschaft*, flowers and confections for the ladies, beer and tobacco for

the *baurschaft*, music which kept the waltzers in a a perpetual whirl, giving time an additional pair of wings, with a right merry holiday to all.

It is thus the citizens and others, whose first business in life is to enjoy it, generally spend their afternoons. The early part of the day, which with them begins at four o'clock, is devoted to public or professional business. The diligence of the morning earns indulgence for the afternoon.

These simple and rational amusements, endeared by early associations, are indispensable to their comfort; but never carried beyond the prescribed limits of moderation. While they administer to the light pleasures of life, they are also guarantees for the faithful discharge of its most important duties. Thus the duties and pleasures of life become identified, — mutually aiding and enhancing one another, — pleasure the reward of labour, and labour the price of pleasure.

* * *

7th. — I have just returned from a visit to the Wirtemberg. On the summit, crowning the ruins of the original family castle, stands the mausoleum of the late queen. It is a highly classic temple, composed of four colonnaded fronts with porticoes,

from the centre of which a lofty cupola and cross announce its destination.

On the entablature over the east portico, is the following text in gold letters; —

" Wir haben ein Gott der da hulfe," &c.

Over the west: — " Selig. sind. die. Todten," &c.

Over the north: — " Seiner Vollendeten ewig geliebten Gemahlinn, CATHARINA PAULOWNA GROSS, FURSTINN V. RUSSLAND: hat diese ruhe stätte erbaut WILHELM, König v. Wirtemberg im Jahr, 1824."

Over the south: — " Die Liebe höret nimmer auf."

The officiating priests, who are pensioned by the King, and reside in a house close to the mausoleum, read prayers, and perform other services appointed by the Greek church, two or three times a day. Their sacerdotal robes and the books employed at the altar are the most splendid and costly I have ever seen.

This hill is a place of fashionable resort during the fine season. It has two powerful attractions in the delightful prospect it commands, and the delicious wines it produces; but the hallowing virtues of the illustrious and lamented princess, whose untimely loss it commemorates, have made

it much more a place of pilgrimage than of mere pastime.

* * *

Monday 8th.—The business of the toilet His Royal Highness performs with all the nicety and punctilious attention imaginable. It is a process which he feels to be as essential to personal comfort as it is characteristic of superior refinement.

The profusion of water employed in this operation often gives rise to amusing interludes at the different inns where we spend the night. It not unfrequently happens that difficulty and delay are experienced in securing a sufficient supply of this luxury. Although, perhaps, a river flows under the windows, either the pitchers are little more than *chopin*-jugs, and require constant replenishing, or the waiters become tired of furnishing the required supplies. The dialogues that occur on this point are not a little characteristic: —

A. "Keller! waiter?"—*B.* "Was befehlen-sie, mein herr?"—*A.* "Wasser, water."—*B.* "Ia —ich komme gleich .... Da, noch einmal das wasser!"—*A.* "Keller?"—*B.* "Mein herr?"—*A.* "More water, *frisch wasser, gleich!*"—*B.* "Mehr wasser? Mein Gott, ist es möglich!

Was machen sie da mit dem wasser?"—*A.* "Gleich! Keller! More frisch wasser!" — *B.* "Ja, ja, ich kom gleich mit dem wasser." .... "Da, doch fünf mal kalt wasser,—wie sie waschen und trinken!" .....

This dialogue took place in the hôtel at Heilbronn early this morning, — one party giving his orders from the top of the stairs, and the other making his answers and comments from the bottom.

To account for this consumption of "cold fresh water," it may be added that two gallons at least, are employed as a simple gargle every morning, and beyond all doubt an excellent and salutary habit. It strengthens the gums, fixes and purifies the teeth; and to this uniform and unremitting attention may be partially attributed the preservation of a perfect and pearly set of teeth.

August 13th. — The crowd of visitors who had assembled on the *eleventh* for the public manifestation of their loyal attachment to the ancient house of Saxe-Meiningen were still in attendance at Altenstein and the Baths.

The public hilarity had continued with little interruption, when music and acclamation ushered in another fête, — the birth-day of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Clarence.

As this was a fête that could not often be celebrated under the same happy concurrence of circumstances, — the immediate presence of the illustrious Princess in whose honour it was given — it was hailed with additional interest and éclat. To welcome her return to Saxony, to carry their felicitations in person to the scene which her presence enlivened, were circumstances too flattering to be of *annual* recurrence, and too tempting to be neglected by any one within a day's journey of the scene.

Accordingly on the morning of the thirteenth the country extending along the banks of the Werra sent forth from its towns and hamlets full three fourths of their inhabitants. The peasant left his task in the field; the steer remained unyoked in the stall; the herds strayed untended in the forest; the flocks of geese made long water excursions on the Werra, flapping their wings and cackling in all the pride of newly acquired liberty. The flocks of goats, scattered along the higher grounds, were equally frolicsome, capering from rock to rock, careless of the *cytisus* in which they were half concealed, and only anxious, it appeared, to exhibit their skill in an adventurous skip or a sham fight. The herds, which had now divided into numerous foraging parties, scoured

the forest as far as the Inselberg, exacting and receiving liberal contributions from many an oak and chestnut grove, which their niggardly keepers had hitherto marked as forbidden ground.

It was a universal holiday. Nothing, however mean, resigns its liberty without a struggle,—nothing regains it but expresses, in one way or another, the delight it inspires; and on this happy morning all were free. The sickle of the reaper, and the mower's scythe, lay glittering on the half-formed sheaf. Every vehicle was in request: fresh harness had been furnished, or the former metamorphosed into inimitable imitation. The horse was an additional hour under the hands of his groom. His master had burnished his patrimonial *Hessians* into such mirror-like perfection, that his own *moustaches* were defined to the minuteness of a hair. The village beau donned his ancestral three-cocked hat; and, attended by a host of comrades similarly accoutred, repaired to the centre of attraction.

The fairest of the village peasantry showed, in the adjustment of their dress and ornaments, that they had held frequent and friendly intercourse with their glass, — that universal household divinity which is ever sedulously consulted on all trying occasions and circumstances, — and

from the smile that dimpled their cheeks, it was easy to observe that the responses from its oracle had been by no means discouraging. Their flaxen tresses descended in smooth and shining braids, forming a gentle curve from the top and centre of the forehead to the tip of either ear, where a black satin cap, in the form of a cone, was tastefully adjusted. This is the universal head-dress of the peasantry, maids and matrons. It descends upon the forehead with a small peak, *à la Marie Stuart*, leaving the ears and temples bare. The crown of their hat or cap is generally ornamented with gold, silver, or other embroidery, from which, on either side, a couple of long black broad ribands descend in floating streamers upon the back and shoulders. These are called their badges of authority, — little inferior to those possessed by the ancient lictors, indicating the power inherited by the sex of throwing into chains any rash and refractory youth, who for a moment should dare to question their rights, or his own dependence. The treatment of such offenders is, nevertheless, said to be exceedingly gentle, conciliatory, and becoming the gentle sex; — a bondage, in short, the rigours of which may be fully indicated by the expressive phrase of " silken chains." When a youth in this country pines

suddenly away; shuns the society of all but his pipe and "The Sorrows of Werter;" drinks his beer or *schnapps* early, and makes fearful resolves to join the Greeks,—"Alas! poor fellow," say his comrades, "she has tightened the *riband!*"

The roads and avenues were crowded with pedestrians, cavaliers, and carriages; the latter in great variety,—describable and indescribable,—but at the head of which, in number and in elegance, was the *drotschka*, —a popular vehicle among the German nobility,—which, from much experience, I can pronounce to be as gentle and smooth in motion as it is soft and musical in name. With these many handsome equipages filled the open space in front of the villa: that of the Grand Duke of Weimar drawn by six cream-coloured horses, of the peculiar Weimar-Arabian breed, and which is confined to the *Marstall* of the Grand Duke, had an imposing and altogether royal appearance, heightened by a number of hussars or outriders mounted from the same stud.

As a fine contrast to these, here and there a solitary ox, flattered into a hobbling trot for the occasion, dragged on the huge lumbering family *wager*, stuffed with half a village population, and

abundantly littered for the comfort of its rural cargo.

* * *

A few minutes before two o'clock an elegant and select party sat down to dinner in the banquet hall of Altenstein. On one side of the table sat eighteen princes and princesses of the country, and, in the present instance, all nearly, or remotely, connected with the present reigning family.

Among the number was the Duke of Hilburghausen *, a man of prepossessing manners and appearance, as well as scientific acquirements.

As on the former occasion, garlands were scattered about in rich profusion, resembling some ancient banquet in the Vale of Arno, while tasteful and classical decorations predominated throughout the apartments.

The band was stationed in the ante-room, and during the repast continued to enliven the scene with the choicest music of the day.

In due order the health of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Clarence was proposed, when the company immediately rose, and bowing in expressive silence to Her Royal Highness, emptied

* Now Duke of Saxe-Altenbourg.

the glass of Champagne. The band then struck up with increased effect the anthem, "God save the King!"

The health of His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence was next proposed, and couched in the following delicate and ingenious terms: —

"The eternal union of the Thames and the Werra! Upon their united tide may the navy of England ever ride triumphant!"

This was drank with great enthusiasm, and again followed by the national air.

As the company rose from table, the carriages were at the door; and the evening arrangements having been completed at Liebenstein, the whole party set off to animate the expecting crowds with their presence.

On alighting at the door of the villa, Her Royal Highness was met by a deputation of peasant girls, holding in their hands some fresh garlands, with which they gracefully proceeded to decorate her neck and shoulders. Her Royal Highness received this delicate expression of their affectionate attachment in the most amiable manner, and with words that went to the hearts of those gentle priestesses of the Saxon Flora. The smile of complacence, and the cordial af-

fability with which she received this little deputation from the fairest of her "Brother's people," will long maintain a place in their affectionate hearts. Nothing could have been more unaffected and impressive than this little simple ceremony which a variety of circumstances rendered still more interesting.

The stanzas with which the ceremony was accompanied might have been, as far as I could collect, to the following purport: —

Oh, let our simple garland bind thee,
Flowerets from thy native tree.
Though rustic *hands* the pledge have twined thee,
'Tis our *hearts* that welcome THEE!
This garland, to thine eye appealing,
Speaks thy country's cherished feeling,
And the welcome wreaths we twine,
Are forest flowers of Altenstein *,
ADÉLAIDÉ!

Flowers upon thy path we scatter,
With lowly hand, but spirit true.
THOU wilt not despise the latter,
Nurtured where *thy* virtues grew!
Thy welcome every voice is greeting
Thy welcome every lip repeating:
Music wakes its sweetest tone
To bid THEE welcome to thine own —
ADÉLAIDÉ!

* Pronounced *Altenstyne*.

Mid those mountains memory gathers
Many a glorious deed of eld! —
Vale and forest, where thy FATHERS,
The sceptre and the cross upheld!
Welcome to the scenes of youth!
To hearts of love and lips of truth!
All hail! and, hark, from rock and stream,
Echo answers to our theme,
ADÉLAIDÉ!

Hail, DAUGHTER of a house of heroes,
Wielding sceptre, sword, and pen!
Whose guardian spirits hovering near us,
Watch the weal of MEININGEN!
Peace be thine where'er thou art —
Health on cheek, and joy at heart!
And in thine own adopted far-land
Many — many a birth-day garland,
ADÉLAIDÉ!

The theatre, as on the former night, was completely furnished with spectators of all classes and conditions in the community. Many, unable to find even standing accommodation, took shelter under the ancient and umbrageous lindens, which run parallel with the façade of the *Gasthof*, and offer a most agreeable retreat for the indolent or feverish during the fervour of noon or the dews of evening. The shade was tastefully varied, and afforded to the numerous visiters every possible accommodation, in tables, chairs,

papers, pipes, tobacco, beer, and all the *et cetera* which ennui or idleness can long for. During the fine weather, the majority of the *baurschaft* breakfast and smoke, dine and smoke, sup and smoke, and occasionally sleep under the shade of these delicious trees. A band of itinerant Bohemians is also in constant attendance, whose lively airs have the two-fold quality of pleasing the ear and quickening the digestion. It is, moreover, the arena for all discussions, moral, military, or political. To many of these I have listened with great interest, and feel persuaded that could I record the many excellent anecdotes and *volk-sagen* as they were there narrated, I should be able to furnish the reading world with a series of tales, only inferior to the Decameron of Boccace!

Under the shade of these trees, as already stated, there is a light constantly burning — that in the Temple of Vesta was not more venerated, nor kept alive with greater zeal. This might with some propriety be styled the shrine of Raleigh, for the odour of tobacco is a constituent of the atmosphere. The very raven, as, intent upon some predatory excursion, he wings his way from the Alten Schloss on the height, knows the trees

as well as he does the neighbouring rookery, and the moment he scents the tainted air, wheels round, utters a harsh croak, and flies in pursuit of a purer element,

It was here I sat down on leaving the theatre, and observed at leisure the various costume and physiognomy which distinguished the scattered groups, seated or sauntering in front of the inn, which was quite inadequate to the accommodation required. After so sultry a day, the cool evening was a real luxury. The sun had disappeared, but his setting rays still lingered on the bright waters of the Werra. While those zephyrs, which only breathe in summer twilight, gently stirred the leaves and diffused a reviving freshness all around, aided not a little by a jet d'eau in front, which throws up a fine column of water from the centre of the pool where it is constructed. In such machinery, and in ornamental landscape in general, the Germans display great taste. One of the finest jets d'eau in the country is that in front of the palace at Altenstein which is greatly favoured by the natural situation of the place.

As we sat here silently observing the movable scene around us, the whole grove was suddenly illuminated, as if by magic, and still more brilliantly than on the preceding fête. Festoons

of lamps of various forms and colours, were suspended from tree to tree. There is a romantic grotto a little behind the inn, which, from the profusion of lamps with which it was embellished, excited particular admiration and attention.

These arrangements did great honour to the gentlemen of the court under whose immediate care the gala was got up, and who never lost sight of classic allusion and national characteristics.

At nine o'clock, as usual, the performance closed, and the crowd pouring forth from the theatre, repaired, as the next resource, to the ball-room, which had previously undergone a long process of decoration.

For the express accommodation of those numerous and trusty lieges who had not the *entrée* to the great room, but had, nevertheless, a strong passion for the *waltz*, tents and booths composed of green boughs had been erected, and a special band appointed, so that the *baur* was as much at home as the baron, in the free indulgence of his festive propensities.

* * *

On this occasion there was a great display of Saxon beauty. One lady, in particular, excited universal admiration. On observing her in conversation or in the dance, one was tempted to

exclaim, "*Vidimus Veledam!*" * This fair descendant, however, was much more likely to make captives than to be made one.

It has been objected by those who consider themselves judges in matters of such importance, that the Saxon ladies are *too fair*, — the meaning of such a sentence is rather obscure; but it was abundantly evident that the lady in question was much *too fair* for the quiet of certain noble bachelors present.

I have often been struck with the minute correspondence between the modern Germans and their remote ancestors, as described by Tacitus. The light hair, blue eyes, and ruddy complexion, mentioned as natural characteristics 2000 years ago, are no less applicable in the present day. Among the highest class I observe occasionally the reverse of these, the consequence of alliances with the nations of the south; but among the peasantry, whose intermarriages are confined to their own, or the neighbouring province, the character remains as described by that illustrious historian. Juvenal makes a similar remark: —

Cærula quis stupuit Germani *lumina flavam?*
Cæsariem, et madido torquentem cornua cirro?
Nempe quod *hæc illis natura est omnibus una.*†

* Veleda, vid. Tacit. Annal.

† Juv. Sat. v. 164.

* * *

Among the numerous *distingués* who were present at the ball, was Prince E—— of B——, a second *Claudius*, but in personal appearance and accomplishments a Claudius Pulcher. A manlier form or finer military deportment is very seldom to be met with. There was a noble generosity in his countenance, an ease and frankness of manner, with that good-humoured sociability in it, which raised him as high in the estimation, as his birth and services had in the scale of society. In addition to all this, he had still the merit, — or misfortune, as he would have expressed it,—to be a bachelor, — and with every endowment which can render such a delightful acquisition in the ball-room. There was one little drawback, however, which must be mentioned,—he had staked a leg on the issue of the late campaign, and in a display of heroism — an hereditary virtue in his family — forfeited the pledge. But great as the sufferings were which had already been occasioned him by a *ball*, his relish for those of a more domestic nature remained unimpaired. In the present assembly he moved with as much grace upon his wooden prop as any of his contemporaries could do with all the advantages of bone and muscle.

The natural vivacity of his spirit, and a total disregard of personal danger, have incurred, I am told, the necessity of two severe amputations of the same limb.

Among numerous others of similar title and consideration, the young Prince of Hesse Cassel, and the two Princes of Philippsthal, were eminent in the waltz, giving it all those charms of which it is so susceptible; but — as it was justly observed at the time — they were *led by the Three Graces.*

Not to interfere with the sweeping evolutions of the dance, and to enjoy in quiet contemplation the jocund scene around, I retired from the blaze of eyes, and lamps, and stars, to a corner near the orchestra.

I had the honour of being presented to a distinguished Franconian, — the Freyherr von ——. I lost his patronymic in a jostle with the waltzers. He was evidently a man of the world; perfectly at ease himself, and making others equally so. "Herr *Leibartz,*" said he, "I am delighted to make your acquaintance." I expressed my deep sense of the honour conferred. A mutual bow succeeded, and from that moment an unreserved and friendly intimacy was established. We took our seat on the same bench. The waltzers continued their circumvolutions, while our remarks,

criticisms, or encomiums, were made and pronounced as occasion offered. I soon felt the advantage of being in good company: the stranger was a man of decided *tact* and observation. He had the honour of knowing and being known to every one. His head was agitated by continual nods of recognition; and the smile with which these were uniformly returned by knight and dame, proved that he was a friend or favourite with both. Every pause in our conversation he tastefully supplied by keeping time to the orchestra, interjecting at intervals a sudden syllable of surprize, criticism, or admiration, among which the latter always predominated.

In the circles of the waltz there was *one* distinguished beauty whom he followed with unwearied eye through all the graceful movements of the dance. She was fair, or rather flaxen, like many or most of the Saxon ladies. Her figure was tall, slender, and sylph-like; with nothing of the rigid, marble *contour*, held in such just abhorrence by painter and sculptor. In every movement and attitude the line of beauty preserved its ascendency.

Her step in the drawing-room, where I had seen her the preceding day, was full of grace and dignity. In the dance, where she now shone,

so elastic, and chary of the richly chalked floor, that we fancied we saw under her beautifully turned and drooping shoulders the flickering wings of a Psyché. In the whirl of the waltz she looked like some beautiful and unsubstantial vision, which dazzles and glimmers before the poet's eye, but such as his most elaborate stanzas could never embody. Wherever she moved, a whisper of *Allerliebst, allerliebst*, passed from lip to lip.

Her eyes were blue, sparkling, and expressive; their expression, too, was totally independent of the eyebrows, which, like the silken *chevelure* by which they were partially shaded, were only a few tints less fair than the fair eyelids which they so expressively arched. Hitherto I had always fancied that dark eyebrows and eyelashes were indispensable accompaniments to fine eyes. In this instance, however, they needed no such embellishments; they were brilliant without any borrowed or fortuitous circumstance. The diamond itself may acquire additional lustre from its artificial display, but the eyes of this Saxon beauty were jewels of nature's setting — bright and blue as their native heaven.

In gazing upon her we were forcibly reminded of Raphael's angels. Like her, they are all fair. The good Catholics of the Italian school, in con-

tradistinction to the darkling Islamite, have, by universal consent, peopled their Christian paradise with *fair*-haired beauties, such as here threw life into the circles of the waltz, and inspired such admiration among the waltzers.

Her features were finely moulded, and delicately feminine. Her lips wore a subdued smile, which communicated itself in a corresponding dimple to either cheek. As the cloud melts away under the influence of sunshine, so no lowering look, no frowning feature, but vanished or relaxed at her smile. Even the *priester*, a personage of remarkably grave aspect and formal deportment, assumed an air of cheerful hilarity in her presence, as if acted upon by some immediate spell.

Her hand was small, white, and delicate, but she was particularly cautious in the display of it; so much so, as the Freyherr assured me, that to draw it at times from its concealment he had frequently had recourse to stratagem. This consisted in offering to her inspection some microscopic object, which it was necessary she should handle without a glove. Thus while she continued *her* investigation, the Freyherr continued his, — the contemplation of that beautiful, delicate, hand, with which she was one day to give away her heart. In Saxony, I am assured, the latter is

a certain accompaniment to the former, and in a short time the admirer expected that both would be his. But to proceed —

Her *chevelure* was uniformly — more particularly at the present *soirée* — adjusted with great delicacy, taste, and effect. Not, indeed, according to the dictates of the mere *coiffeur*, but to a standard of elegant design, peculiarly becoming the wearer; such as a series of experiments led her first to adopt, and all eyes had subsequently approved. The luxuriancy of her locks was confined by an almost invisible fillet, over which a profusion of spiral ringlets fell like a purling rivulet upon either temple, and which every slight motion of the waltz set to play a game of witchery.

Her *corsage* was completely *à la Française*, while her cincture of blue riband showed the fine proportion of her waist. "No doubt, said I, turning an enquiring eye to the Baron, there palpitates under that cincture a generous and sensitive heart."

He seemingly gave a nod of assent; then, with a hasty adjustment of his moustache, "No," said he, "no! it is as hard as an Andernach millstone. Those eyes, too, which one is compelled to worship, as the finest diamond and sapphire in the

world, are but sparkling vanities. From her method of touching the guitar and other instruments, — from the voice with which she accompanies them, — you no doubt labour under the general delusion, that she has an exquisite taste for music, consequently a mind susceptible of the finest impressions?" — "Such," I replied, "was my opinion, and that I should be grieved to learn that it had been misapplied." — "Yes," said he, mournfully, "not more sorry than I am to undeceive you; admired, flattered, courted, nay, even idolised, as she is, the Fraulein von Bleinenau is an extraordinary instance of polished insensibility, — I repeat, *insensibility*. She possesses neither feeling, taste, hearing, nor seeing! — that is, the proper and discriminating use of these."

I confessed my surprise, for observation and acquaintance had led me to draw very opposite conclusions. Herr Rothenkirch had also expressed himself enthusiastically of the amiable qualities of her heart; his testimony, too, had been seconded and applauded by the whole circle, accompanied by many interesting anecdotes in corroboration of his statement.

"Nay," said the Freyherr, "the truth of my statement is of easy illustration." He drew himself up, with an air of grave importance, not un-

mixed with martial severity, and with a voice that seemed to have become suddenly hoarse and oracular. — "Facts, sir, are facts! what I have stated is no longer a problem. — You have named 'young *Rothenkirch*,' a *minnesinger*, a cracked minstrel, any thing but martial." — "I had." — "The rumour," he added, "astounds me." — "Her taste," I interrupted, "had been much admired."

"Taste!" hastily interrupted the Baron: "had she possessed a particle of taste, as you suppose, her affections had long ere this been engaged by a very different object. — I tell you, sir, she never had, she never will show taste, unless she speedily change her mind.... As for *heart* — this enters not into the catalogue of her rightful possessions, otherwise it had long ere this responded the suit of the young and chivalrous Freyherr von Gimmelhausen, so conspicuous in the late campaign. Had she possessed even an ordinary *ear*, it could never have withstood the accents of his suit, or resisted impressions felt and acknowledged by all others. Nor, had she possessed the natural and proper use of her *eyes*, could she so long have observed unmoved the manly beauty of his person, his martial figure in the waltz, his —" Here he checked himself, in fear of some meddling observer noticing the energy of his strain; then in a calm, half

whisper, he continued, " It is melancholy to think, that so much apparent beauty should be destitute of the proper exercise of that natural sense and discrimination which might become of such importance to herself, and wield so much influence over the destiny of others...."

He paused for a minute. Taking advantage of the same, I enquired whether I might have the honour of being presented to the distinguished personage he had just named, — a friend, I had no doubt?

" What!" retaliated the Baron, instinctively assuming a mingled air of surprise and commiseration, " not know the Freyherr v. Gimmelhausen! the lineal descendant of the great Bernhard v. Gimmelhausen, contemporary with Charlemagne? — a name, — a popular watchword in every crusade; — latterly knighted on the plains of Leipsic; — the best horse and swordsman in the three circles; — fearless in camp; favoured at court; unmastered at wassail; unmatched in war?.... But," he added, taking at the same time a full inspiration, and exalting himself to his extreme height of full five feet, " it becomes not me to speak of myself. — I, sir, am the Freyherr v. Gimmelhausen!"....

I was confounded; — the name which had escaped me in the introduction now flashed upon my mind.

I endeavoured to excuse myself for such apparently culpable ignorance. Being a stranger, I begged to explain; and dazzled by the mass of beauty and chivalry around, I had not been able to individualise, — I had only heard him designated — no doubt *par excellence* — as "the Freyherr." I had, it was true, perceived at the first glance that he was a nobleman of illustrious parts and extraction. — I could not but compliment myself on that penetration which, even without an introduction, would have enabled me to single out from any circle, however illustrious, the Freyherr von Gimmelhausen.

The muscles on the stranger's face relaxed into a smile of great complacency. He descended at once to his ordinary stature, and resumed the topic from which we had so far digressed.

I admitted that I *now* saw the subject in a new light. The Freyherr averred that there could not be two opinions on the subject, and that I showed my taste and judgment in voluntarily coming over to the side of truth. He would again repeat that, had the fair Fraülein been possessed of the ordinary complement of her five senses, she had, like many a fair fortress, been long since in the hands of her besieger.

"When I made my first declaration," he con-

tinued, " I did so with all that tact, delicacy, and address, of which, without compliment, I flatter myself I am master. Add to these, the ardour and importunity of a genuine lover. I had withal an ample collection of rapturous expressions and sentimentalisms for the occasion, in which, you know, our authors fortunately abound. These I let fly at intervals for a full half hour. I expected every moment to witness an electric effect; something that should do justice to the vigour of my suit, and ensure a speedy capitulation. This, you must allow, it was quite natural in me to expect, and most unnatural in her to withstand. Who could have foreseen that the pathos with which I pleaded, — the cogency with which I argued, — were alike lost upon her. She remained as insensible to my oration as the rocks of Liebenstein to the voice of spring. Well, as I found my stock of phraseology and patience exhausted at the same instant, here, thought I, must be some defect, moral and physical. Nevertheless, if she will not be *talked* into love, let me see what music will do; — I will sing her into it. You must know, Herr Doctor, that for a *chanson d'amour* or a *chanson à boire*, my voice was always considered the best in the army, and this, I doubt not, you are prepared to grant me.

"For carrying my resolution into effect, a speedy opportunity was afforded; I sung under all the advantages of moonlight and forest scenery, the 'Yager Song.' From a recollection of the numberless compliments that had been paid me on that score, I believed, of course, that I had now found the only accessible avenue to her heart; for as Göethe says, — do *you* remember what he says? — 'Ah, pity those whom music melteth not!' Well, I was again mistaken. Nevertheless *you* shall hear the song; judge then whether I am not the most ill used — though most deserving — man you have ever read of. Now, mark me! It was in this manner I began the assault — the song I mean. Have I never told you who the song was written by? That's odd. Well, after all there's *something* in a name,— some say it is by Göethe, — and *one* of his best. Some say it is by Schiller, — and his *very* best; but I tell you, — mark me, — I tell *you*, Herr Doctor, that the said song is by none other than the Freyherr von Gimmelhausen." — "Indeed!" I ejaculated; "indeed!" — "Yes, indeed! and had she not been, as I said, the most insensible of her sex, — (just ease that *fenster* a little, and let us have *ein wenig* fresh air, it will do the bass good,) the song had been my song of triumph." I expressed great desire to

hear it. "Certainly," said the Baron "*geschwind*, I was born singing. Now you shall suppose that *arm-stuhl* one of the most umbrageous oaks in the woods of Altenbourg, and the pole of that skreen a fine green, tall, leafy-topt linden. Then you know the *Switzerhaus*, the *Wasser-fall*, and the *Ruhen-sitz*. These comprise the *scenery* of the piece; the *dramatis personæ* were the *Fraulein* and I myself. She under the linden that overlooks the fall; I under the oak that watches the linden. Time, as already stated, twilight. But," — suddenly recollecting himself, "we will, if you please, retire under the *Lindenbaum*, where the effect will be still better." So saying, we threaded our way through the dense crowd, and in a few minutes were seated under the said trees, — enveloped in a thick atmosphere of tobacco smoke. With a prefatory experiment in the way of intonation, the Freyherr began. The pungency of the incense, however, occasioned such a fit of coughing, that a great part of the song was lost by the violent contradiction, which my vain efforts to suppress only increased. This was not all. The singer — who had not the slightest idea that fumes so innocent and familiar to himself could or ought to occasion a protracted cough in any man else, not strongly predisposed — began to look grave in his

gayest humour, — dropped the key, and demanded an explanation! This ended the song, and brought matters to a crisis, — ludicrous, perhaps, to the looker on, but of ominous concern to another. Had Dr. T—— or Dr. S——, both of whom were within hearing, made the demand, I should have apprehended little; — my cough, like many a *cough* so circumstanced, might have continued; but "the best horse and swordsman in the principality, — fearless in camp, — favoured at court, — unmastered in wassail, — unmatched in war, — knighted on the plains of Leipsic!" — there was the rub! It appeared also that he had now a very dagger-drawing look!

I explained that, not yet habituated to the incense, as I hoped to be, the *smoke* of tobacco always produced a severe fit of coughing; much in the same way, I presumed, as the *powder* of it had that same evening caused a distressing fit of sneezing in his excellency. I paused. The Baron regarded me with severity; but the generosity of his nature triumphed. — "Herr Liebartz," said he, "I accept your explanation; but, as the lineal descendant of the great Bernhard von Gimmelhausen, an explanation was *due*; for much, sir, may be expressed by a cough, — much that is offensive, — much that is personal! With me,

therefore, it is a custom, sir, — a custom for which I have my reasons too, — never to suffer a cough in my presence, without demanding an explanation." My cough unfortunately returned. The speaker resumed. — "Yes, sir, a cough is a suspicious vehicle of sentiment. *Hofrath* Eigenau received my song with a *cough*, — he repented of it. The Fraulein herself honoured my song with a similar accompaniment, — that was her loss. She *will* repent of it; and for you, Herr Doctor! — Nay, nay, — I have accepted your explanation: I acquit you; but remember, sir, that to a good song a cough is no chorus, and might cost you a friend. But I will not add to your mortification, — I will even give you a copy of a song which it is your own misfortune that you have not heard me sing. There it is; printed at Leipsic by Müller, under my own eye, — there it is, the *Yager Song:* yager for this reason, — you know what a yager is? well; the yager is a huntsman, and the lover is a huntsman; both have their decoys, whereby their respective game is fascinated and secured. That which you now hold in your hand has proved — saving one instance — irresistible; — a genuine spell, melting and moulding every thing to love! Ah, the sweet experience it has afforded me! Take it with you, Herr

Doctor, — treasure it; you may find use for it in England; but — it does require a *voice!* such as you *might* have heard but for your cough; that is your loss. Should any of your friends consult you on behalf of a deaf mistress, let your prescription be the *yager* song — *Lieben sie wohl* — I breakfast at Eisenach."

The Freyherr disappeared with such precipitation, that even the general cough which seized the smoking circle as he passed, was unheard or disregarded. He had fresh game in view, and was soon to make another experiment on the "powers of song."

* * *

On returning to the ball-room I observed no cessation of hostilities between the ladies and their knights. Every challenge was accepted, and each succeeding waltz appeared as only an introduction to the ball. I again took my seat in the corner of observation, and was very shortly joined by the young Rothenkirch, or *minnesinger*, as my departed friend had distinguished him.

I was highly complimented upon the acquaintance I had formed, and the promise that circumstance held out of my one day becoming a prodigy in *song!* The *spirit* with which this address was delivered was abundantly obvious in the *manner*

of the speaker. The Freyherr and the Bard were rivals; each observing the other with a jaundiced eye, in which the features and qualities of each were mutually disguised or distorted. The latter, according to the Freyherr, was a "mere minnesinger, — a crack-brained minstrel, — any thing but martial." The former, according to the Bard, was "a shallow pretender to all things, — a baron of Bœotia! a Lilliputian lordling! wearing a sword he could not draw from its scabbard, with the pride, — the strut, — and the *voice* of a peacock!" This last hit, as the "climax of all scorn," threw the speaker into a most felicitous fit of merriment. He continued to repeat "the *voice* of a peacock!" several times running, — each time giving fresh vent to the paroxysm of laughter with which he was convulsed, and in which he impatiently called upon me to join. I enquired whether he was quite sure that the Baron had left for Eisenach? The question operated upon his muscles like a powerful anti-spasmodic; he became suddenly composed, and looking with remarkable gravity in my face, "Do you suppose, sir, that I should insult the Baron, or any man, to his face? No, no, *Gott bewar!* I have lived long enough at court to know, and to exercise good manners. Insult a man to his face! Impossible. I saw the Baron as far as Glücksbrunn on his fool's errand to Eise-

nach; by this time he must have reached Wilhelmsthal."

"Then," I interrupted, "some fatal disaster must have intercepted him, for his ghost now walks the ball-room, and an instant ago assumed a most savage expression."—"Ghost! did you say ghost? I have a great horror of ghosts with a savage expression! No wonder, for if really murdered, — poor ghost! — it must look savage, — if only for revenge, and in case —" — "Yes, in case it should not prove a well-bred and discriminating ghost, had we not better retire?" "Right, right, — retire under the *Baumen*, — so that the ghost may wreak its vengeance upon the guilty head. Stop, it approaches; — it is himself!" — "Impossible!" — "Nay, 'tis even so." — "*Gott im himmel!*" — "See, — he talks to Herr Reich." — "Good." — "He turns round to Major Altmann." — "Better!" — "Now he leaves the room." — "Best!" — A pause. — "Does he wear his long sabre?" — "He does; and every now and then grasps the hilt impatiently." — "Grasps the hilt, say you?" — "Yes, and with a ferocious look." — "I wish it *had been* his ghost! What can he mean?" — "Why, judging from his gestures, I should say he meant to draw it shortly." — "Do you really think so?" — "I should think so certainly,

had you not already informed me that he *cannot*; — that he 'has not strength to draw it from the scabbard!'" — "True; but madmen, you know, are *unnaturally* strong in their paroxysms! The Freyherr, you observed, drank almost a hogshead of that fiery *Niersteiner* at dinner!" — "I observed his flowing cup and empty flask; he drinks, *more Palatino*, as the old saying is." — "He does; — even now, I dare say, he is as drunk as a Dane! — did he stagger?" — "Only when the scabbard and spur became entangled, and then he did stagger and swear both loud and lustily." — "Ya, ya! He's a hot blooded, hot headed, freyherr, as you'll find in all Franconia! Very contemptible, as you may see, but very *dangerous*: — besides, it would ill become me to throw myself in his way." — "True; but, perhaps, he may throw himself in yours. I am half persuaded he heard some part of the personalities levelled against him." — "Heard! he had no business to hear any thing. I thought he had been at Eisenach, — where, in truth, he ought to have been at the time." — "So much the worse, it was taking undue advantage of his absence." — "Undue advantage! why every one does the same, — no advantage at all; — I laughed heartily, — so does every one — when he's *gone!*" — "And when he is present?" — "That alters

the case. To laugh *then* would be to commit a special breach of decorum. At times, Herr Leibartz *, we must practise a little courtesy, — it is expected of us; — besides, the best joke may be launched unseasonably; — it may be lost by the presence of the individual, or — it may lead to — observation, and so forth. Laugh and lose your friend, says the proverb; laugh at leisure, and you 'll keep him, say I."

"Yours is a good practical philosophy. It is, in sooth, a maxim worth recording, how to laugh at another's expense without his knowing it. It has happened, too, that a hearty laugh has done a man more service than all his friends."

"And so it does: — only eleven years ago a friend of mine, labouring under a severe attack of quinsy, was excited by a ludicrous accident to an immoderate fit of laughter; — it lost him a friend; — true, but in compensation it restored him to instant health, and —."

"There it ended?" — "Not exactly; — a man must occasionally *pay* for his rational pleasures. They met under the east wall of the Botanic Garden at Göttingen, and fought, — fools as they were! My friend laughed again, — parried, — longed, — laughed, — received the point of his adversary's

* See note, p. 94.

sword in the *buccinator* of his left cheek, followed with a friendly admonition 'to laugh again!' He did so; he laughed heartily, but remained on guard, — longed again, — parried, — feint, — parried, — thrust, and returned the compliment handsomely in his rival's gorge. Honour was satisfied, — animosity ceased, — both fine fellows, — as all the Göttingen Bünschen are,— shook hands, — sheathed their points, — and so it ended, with little blood and much laughing."

"A very pleasant consummation. Your friend, I hope, continues in the full exercise and enjoyment of his risible faculties?"

"To be sure he did, to the last."

"To the *last*, do you say?" — "Yes, to the last; for you must know he went *off* in the oddest way possible! It was immediately after the affair at Leipsic; he headed a party of *tirailleurs* on the outlook, — the enemy were forcing their retreat, — his party lay exactly in the gap: it was instantly summoned to surrender, — a *chasseur* of the old guard, — all beard, — not a button on his uniform, nor a boot to his foot; mounted, — not on a fine Norman steed, as you suppose, — no, — the last of these sunk in the retreat, — but horsed upon the croup of a tall, lank, horned ox! — a variety of baubles dangling at his button-hole, and carrying the Imperial eagle, — the invincible

standard of France! The *chasseur* and his ox made a dead halt in front of my friend's bivouac, summoning him in the name of their master, Napoleon the Great, 'to surrender forthwith, — or expect no quarter!' At the same instant the ox, — either from actual pain, or the apprehension of being suspected of disaffection to the Emperor, — seconded his rider with all his might, and set up such a long and loud bellowing, that the gruff summons of the ambassador was completely drowned by his second, — or left unintelligible. There he sat, exhausting his kicks and maledictions in vain, — compelled to wait the animal's pleasure for the winding up of his several clauses and conditions, with which he was irrevocably charged, — surrender, life! resistance, death! Well, how do you think my friend received the embassy? He laughed outright, — laughed immoderately, — leant upon his sabre, and laughed.

"The *chasseur*, feeling the insult to the quick, and burning to revenge it, would have retired instantly, and as he came. The ox, however, was no renegade, but a true *Leipziger*, — and, recognising his countrymen, resolved to abide by them. The Frenchman, on his part, did every thing that desperation or a sense of poignant ridicule and personal danger could suggest to overcome the

obstinacy of his steer, but all in vain. The ox took a decided part, and the *chasseur* might do the same. He did so, and, bestowing his heartiest *sacre* upon the base and treacherous brute, dismounted. The scene was now at its *acme*, and in another minute the laugh would have become infectious. But no sooner had the *chasseur* alighted, than a strong detachment of his countrymen *debouched* suddenly from a thicket, all similarly mounted and accoutred. My excellent friend was again peremptorily summoned to lay down his arms. He made no answer, — he could make none, — for the fit still possessed him! His silence, therefore, was received as a proof of obstinacy and defiance, and a shower of bullets instantly rained amongst the little band. They were only one to five of the enemy, oxen included, but they were good marksmen, and dropped and scattered the enemy like leaves in a hurricane. My gallant friend, as you will readily believe, did all that a man so circumstanced could do: — he routed the enemy, took three pieces of cannon, recaptured seven of the horned chargers, received a bullet at the close of the action, and died laughing!"

"A fine specimen of a military Democritus, with a fine moral!" — "Why, that is just as you may think, a laugh may convey a moral; but I

do not think my friend laughed with that intention; he was a man of spirit as you may guess, more inclined to laugh at, than to laugh as a moralist." — "So I should suppose, yet your men of spirit are at times provokingly saturnine. — Herr Klägenfurt, for instance, is a man of spirit; well, you never catch a smile upon his face!" — "True, but observe the features of those around him! Mein Gott, what agony have I not suffered, have not all of us suffered, till we could rise from table, run to our chambers, throw ourselves into chairs, and laugh ourselves into tears and hysterics! Oh; the excellent man, he leaves us to-morrow, and may many a hearty laugh await him wherever he goes! His face has been of more real benefit to us than all the waters of Liebenstein, and the three physicians!" — "I cordially sympathise with you; such a loss must be incalculable. On *your* features gravity will appear with a most awkward grace." — "Gravity! fear it not: our laugh may be *modified* by circumstances, but not *interrupted.* We have still our *opera comique.* We shall continue to laugh at one another, that is, where we may do so without risk, and *we* know where that is. Besides, Herr Leibartz, your own arrival has afforded us a new and unexpected resource, — and in these dull times do, — I entreat

you, — always talk German, and we shall hardly miss Herr Klägenfurt!" — "Well, you are an honest, as well as a merry, courtier. — I'm a lover of plain speech, and thank you for this specimen of it. — But list! whose voice is that? you look grave, — the expression does not become you, — why don't you laugh?" — "Tis the Freyherr! 'tis odd, excessively odd, that *he* should be still here — there he comes!...." — "Yes, and with the pride, and strut, and the voice of a peacock?" — "Hush, — he may hear us." — "Well?" — "It would not be *well!*" — "Did not the prince call me?" — "No — no one calls you." — "Nay, I am sure he *beckoned* — I must go — you will entertain the Freyherr." — "What! lose a good laugh? preposterous, — you forget yourself, — we shall have his song once more, and his voice like a...." — "Hush — methinks he is not in a singing mood: — mind my maxim, 'laugh in season!' shall I go?" — "Stay!"

At this moment the Freyherr approached us humming —

"Wenn die sonne lieblich schiene
Wie in Welschland lau and blau,
Ging ich mit der mandoline
Durch die übergläntzte au!
In der nacht dann lieb...."

.... " Ah! Herr Doctor — Wie gehts — wie gehts? — Herr Rothen kirche! — mein lieber freund! — wie befinden-sie sich? — " Ganzwohl, mein werther Herr Baron! — Es ist meine schuldigkeit Ihnen aufzuwarten — sie haben nuruz befehlen!" — " Mein allerliebster camerad, sie sind gar zu höflich!"

From this moment two more cordially attached friends were not to be seen in all Liebenstein! — The Freyherr sung the old song several times, entire or detached; the bard listened in apparent ecstasy, but no laugh, scarcely a smile escaped him. It was a fine practical illustration of his own maxim, — an illustration, however, which cost its full value: " Laugh in season."

The festivities on the present were kept up with greater activity than on any former occasion, and the last of the waltzers was only leaving as I poured out my morning coffee.

* * *

15th. — To his illustrious partner, whose many and exalted virtues he so duly appreciates, no man can evince, by word or manner, more delicate and uniform attentions than His Royal Highness. These are as unobtrusive as they are unremitting, and matter of sentiment, not of ceremony. There are not perhaps of the present day two

personages of similar station, in whom the virtues of domestic life are more pleasingly exemplified.

With those excellent qualities of mind and heart so eminently possessed by the Royal Duchess, it is not surprizing that she should have won and retained the esteem and affection of her illustrious consort. His mind is fully alive to their vital importance as regards his present happiness, and to the influence they must exercise over his future prospects.

Qualities like these, when they illumine the inferior walks of life, may excite little interest or surprize beyond their own immediate circle; but when they occur in that exalted sphere where they are so generally supposed to be rare, or equivocal, they naturally become conspicuous, and attract corresponding attention. A rose flourishing amidst a profusion of others is passed without comment or observation; but the same flower, if met alone, or in comparative solitude, will at once delight the eye and engage the heart. Virtues, like gems, bear a value proportioned to their rarity.

16th.—A magnificent road is constructing in the Meiningen territory, forming a line of communication between that capital and Eisenach. It has been laid out with great taste and effect

under the immediate *surveillance* of the reigning Duke, and commands all the bold and picturesque scenery which so much distinguish the Vale of the Werra. By this route travellers may now visit the baths of Liebenstein with ease and expedition; a circumstance which cannot fail to render these salutary waters a place of more frequent and general resort. My own opinion coincides with that of the resident physician; namely, that to be duly appreciated they only require to be known; and in a few years probably will dispute with the waters of Pyrmont in celebrity and virtue.

Saturday. — To-day an anecdote was told me in the following terms: — It relates to the capture of a forest beauty of great celebrity by a modern *troubadour*, thereby offering an additional and pleasing testimony to the *power of music*. The words are adapted to a lively Saxon air.

Unnumbered lays had sung her praise,
Her sparkling eye and rosy tint!
Each varied grace of form and face,
But never told *the roguery in't!*

All wooed the dame; for never came
A brighter form from beauty's mint!
Graf, ritter, squire, were all on fire,
But sighed at last, *there's roguery in't!*

"Now mark me well," said Blumenzell,
"Full well I know to fire a flint!"
Ah, luckless spark, he miss'd his mark!
Then sternly swore, *there's roguery in't!*

A forest bard, unhelm'd, unstarr'd,
Of *music* softly tried the dint;
"I scorn," said she, "thy minstrelsy,
For well I know *there's roguery in't!*"

The chord he smote, a thrilling note
Dissolv'd her snow, she took the hint:
A murmur slips her rosy lips —
"That song," she sighed, "*has roguery in't!*"

The song was sung, the harp was hung,
With garland wreaths of richest tint;
The priest is there, to bless the pair,
And whispers me, "*there's marriage in't!*"

18th. — I had some time since a conversation with a *leibartz* * at court. He is a man who has seen much, heard much, and read much; and what he has seen, heard, and read, he remembers.

It was midnight, — the King was on his couch. He slept not, for pain had become part with his existence. He was fast passing from the abodes of time towards the bourne of immortality.

He beheld the crown passing away from him —

* Physician to the person — physician in ordinary to a king or sovereign prince.

the sceptre dropping from his grasp. The dreams of past years, the deeds he had achieved, the dominions he had governed, the good he had postponed or performed, the evil he had sanctioned or warded off, all now pronounced their verdict in his ear, and stood in array before him. They communed with his spirit, in forms invisible, in thoughts unutterable! There was a voice in his ear which warned him to depart and resign his throne to another.

His attachment to life neither blinded him to the approach of death, nor aggravated its terrors. He knew that the bed of state on which he now lay would shortly become his death-bed — that the royal purple must soon be transformed to a funeral pall!

The courtiers still flattered him with hopes of speedy recovery, and then made their suit to his Heir. Their smiles became more obsequious — their assiduities more pointed — their assurances of returning health more confident and reiterated. They vied with one another in fostering the king's mind with unfelt, fallacious hopes, and then turned anxiously to the physician to enquire the probable hour at which he might expire!

Kings have few disinterested friends. Candour is not an inmate of courts. Corrupted by the

soothing voice of adulation, the heart is seared against the warnings of truth—the ear deaf to its remonstrances.... The royal sufferer looking the physician steadily in the face, put a last important question.

"Sire!" he answered, "the malady gains ground, the resources of art have been exhausted. Placed as I am,—a sentinel over your sacred person,—I dare not conceal the march of events. The enemy has gained the out-posts, and we possess no force to resist his impetuosity!"

"Thou dost well," said the king, feebly: "conceal nothing: I have been too long blinded to the truth. I will receive him as a friend, the last and the best."

He then repeated some short sentence inaudibly, concluding in the words of Plato. Παρεπιδημια τις εστιν ὁ βιος—then added his favourite sentence:—Καλόν γ' ἀποθανεῖν πρὶν θανάτου οραν ἄξιον.*

A deep and affecting pause succeeded.

Directing his thoughts to Him by whom princes reign, he trusted no more to earth for consolation. His heart, his deeds witnessed for him. The accusing spirit was hushed in the consolatory whispers of mercy, and the King bowed in a calm, contrite submission to the will of heaven! "It gave, and shall it not take again?"

* Aristoteles, lib. Rhetor.

The physician, worn out with long and late watching, sunk into a chair that stood in a recess of the window. The same instant, a wild plaintive music filled the silent apartment. It struck the ear of the King; he roused himself feebly—"Who," he enquired, "maketh melody at this hour?" The physician started from his momentary trance; but ere he had answered the well-known voice, the notes expired on the invisible string, and profound silence was again restored.

"Did you hear it?" enquired the King.

"Sire, I heard sudden melody; but whence it came, or whither it went, I cannot tell."

"Yet it was *in* the chamber?"

"It was."

"Well, such are solemn omens — voices from the land of shadows — that undiscovered country, whose dim frontier rises in more distinct and palpable evidence before me. . . . You are overcome: take your rest by the bed—I shall shortly take mine!"

"Sire, is it the King's wish that I call the —"

"Call no one. I would not wring prematurely the most affectionate heart! — As for others, the voice of flattery has now lost its charm. Hitherto I have looked too often with the eyes of others — now I view things as they are. My last com-

munings with man are past. When you behold the immediate hand of death upon me, then call the household. The sight of their King expiring will speak more intelligible language than ever his tongue uttered." He was exhausted; but beckoning the physician to be seated, feebly added — "It is *your* duty to live — mine, to die!"

The physician turned away his face, deeply moved by the words, and still more by the spiritualized expression with which they were accompanied. The King was greater at this moment upon his solitary bed of death, than when the royal crown was placed upon his head, and the shouts of assembled multitudes called down blessings upon his reign.

The physician retired, as before, to the window recess, and sought a few minutes' composure in the *fauteuil* which occupied the space. Suddenly the same mysterious music again pervaded the royal apartment! — The scene and hour were in every respect calculated to awaken supernatural associations. The physician was powerfully affected by the circumstance. He remained immoveable, and the music passed on from change to change. . . .

A motion of the King's hand in a faint attempt to undraw the curtain summoned him to the

bedside. He started up at the signal; but when he stood before him the music again ceased.

The countenance of the royal sufferer had changed in the brief interval. His voice was no longer audible. His breath came thick and uncertain. Upon his features was that fearful intelligence, which he who has gazed anxiously and long on the face of the dying, can never mistake. He remembered his last commands, for the hand of death was now upon him.

He called the household. The moment was awfully impressive as they gathered round the bed. The scene, as the King had foretold, spoke intelligibly to every heart. He could not articulate, but his eye wandered expressively round the circle. He recognised, though he could not name!

All were affected. The rough soldier was overcome, and sobbed audibly. Fountains that had long been sealed against the influence of sorrow suddenly overflowed with tears. Those who had never wept for themselves, wept for their prince.

The father of his people faded away from their eyes by slow but sensible degrees.

At half past four o'clock the King was immortal.

I enquired of the Leibartz how he accounted

for the music. "At the moment it occurred," he replied, "I could give no explanation. My mind was impressed with the belief of some invisible presence — some mysterious agency. The *recurrence* of the music convinced me that it could be no fanciful delusion, for it struck the royal ear and was challenged at the same moment. I could not account for it. I have witnessed much both in eye and hearing on these awful crises. I doubted long, but now believe that the hour of death seldom approaches unmarked by some mysterious feature, — something that awakens and strengthens supernatural impressions. The music in question was not of this character. Some days afterwards it was satisfactorily accounted for; — the effect of a simple piece of mechanism, the secret spring of which I inadvertently pressed. But although the cause was explained, the circumstance was scarcely less remarkable, and the effect far too powerful ever to be effaced."

SCHMALKALDEN, 20th. — Left Meiningen this morning early, and halted upwards of two hours in this old town, to which the league of the Protestant princes has given so much interest and celebrity. It contains some of the best specimens of oak architecture and carving which I have yet met with. A gloomy, antique grandeur about

the houses strikes one at first sight as original; — each of these offers something for distinct and interesting study. The associations which are here presented at every turn of the street — reliques of the olden time — are powerfully stirring, and carry the mind back to that most important epoch in the history of Protestantism, when these chambers were tenanted, and the streets thronged with princes and their people, — all sworn in person and in property to accelerate and protect the march of the Reformation.

The league of Schmalkalden is a subject which, whether it be viewed in its separate or integral parts — in its great primary object, or in its individual traits and peculiarities, — is one deeply interesting to the mind and heart. There are various circumstances and incidents highly illustrative of those eventful times, which are hitherto confined to the traditions of the place.

* * *

Tambach. — We made a second halt in this romantic forest hamlet. From the gate of Schmalkalden to this point, the road is extremely picturesque, and commands some of the finest forest views in Saxony, particularly from the heights which we have just passed. A herd of cattle, with a complete chime of bells, and upwards of 100

in number, crossed the road as we descended. In solitudes like these, the circumstance gave interest and animation to the picture. As the sun was just setting, the varying notes of the bells came in good season, and not an unharmonious substitute for vespers.

* * *

GOTHA, 21st. — We arrived here late last night. This morning we visited the château, — a most extensive and commanding edifice, completely overlooking the town, and taking in a panorama of many leagues in circumference. From this the view is proverbially fine. Visited the Klostev and *Nieu-Markts-Kirchen*, with several sepulchral monuments of native princes. But the most attractive objects were in the grounds which pass under the name of *garden*, and which were shown to us by a veteran who had learnt the art of gardening in England thirty years ago.

In the middle of these grounds, surrounded by a deep moat or canal, which we crossed in a boat, we were shown a small woody island, consecrated as the family sepulchre. We found no monument or inscription; a little mound planted with *forget me not*, and other emblematic flowers, — the whole overhung with deep drooping foliage — were the only announcement of the last mortal receptacle

of princes. It was affecting from its simplicity — the total absence of all the usual emblematic appendages of rank, — the marble, that seems to weep where princes die, and the death's head that scares the timid from their grave. This, in its beautiful simplicity, approaches nearer to the Roman taste of representing death — as the angel of life with his torch reversed — than any thing I have yet met with.

Ernest II. was a prince who, for his public and private virtues, his scientific attainments, and his patronage of literary men, gathered golden opinions.

He died in 1804, and was deposited in this spot, beside his children, in a deep grave, uncoffined, and dressed in a plain military uniform.

" No useless coffin enclos'd his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud they bound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him!"

* * *

Erfurth, August 22d. — Visited the Augustin monastery, now the orphan house. The convent of the Bernardines, where the illustrious crusader, Graf von Gleichen, rests in the arms of his two wives. Every one knows his story; — how, in

token of services rendered, the Pope allowed him the twofold blessing of *bigamy*.

Luther's cell. — It was in 1504 that Luther made the sudden and remarkable vow by which he relinquished the world and shut himself up in a cell of this monastery — a rigid Augustine monk. The circumstance which led to this sudden decision, and gave a new colour to all his after thoughts and pursuits, is thus recorded: —

Luther and a young friend to whom he was much attached, named Alexius, having walked into the country for purposes of amusement and conversation, were suddenly overtaken by a thunderstorm. While occupied in the contemplation of the sublime spectacle, a sudden flash of lightning struck his young companion, and, the next instant, he was a breathless blackening corpse at his feet. Such an awful occurrence must, at any period of life, have made a lasting impression; but upon Luther, who was young, sensitive, and with a mind peculiarly formed for receiving and retaining powerful impressions, it changed, in an instant, the whole tenor and prospects of his future life He made a vow on the spot, that, should Heaven preserve him amid the imminent peril to which he was now exposed, he would testify his gratitude by devoting his life to its service. The

vow was accepted — the storm ceased — and Luther, in a very short space, ceased to be a member of social life. The remonstrance of friends, the regrets of his companions, and even the injunctions of his parents, were alike combated or overcome. He looked upon the late catastrophe as a direct voice from Heaven, showing him, by visible and awful signs, the nothingness of life and its concerns, and commanding him to redeem the solemn pledge he had given of consecrating his future days to its service. Shut up in this cell, and in solitary exclusion from all the external world, he became a rigid disciplinarian, and, in every pious study and observance, the admiration and pattern of his order.

It was little supposed that those celestial visitings and communings with Scripture, which, in this very cell, he indulged, should one day ripen into such strength as to confound imperial senates, to shake and paralyse the very chair and successors of St. Peter.

* * *

IENA, Monday. — As we yesterday approached this seat of the Muses, the evening was fast closing in; but the rays of the setting sun, falling

upon the autumnal woods of Weimar, gave a rich glow of animation to the landscape, and clothed this celebrated locality in a gorgeous livery. The descent was particularly fine.

At the gate, and straying in groups along the footpaths, we met numerous parties of *Bürschen*, — all remarkable, but most so for the length of their pipes and the intense fumes that issued from them. The inn afforded a miserable reception, and was filled with a stifling atmosphere of tobacco smoke.

From the decisive battle fought here in 1806, Iena has become a field of military as well as literary reminiscences. After taking a survey of the town, the university, and other objects of inferior interest, we took a walk along the river; thence into the gardens; and in this manner consumed a portion of the forenoon, but observed nothing new or remarkable. As a seat of learning, Iena is known to great advantage, and sustains a high character in the names and abilities of its professors, one of whom has recently attracted very distinguished observation.

* * *

23d. — Weimar improves on a second visit. No town in Germany gives rise to more pleasing

associations, or awakens deeper interest. As the nurse of learning and the sanctuary of learned men, this country may be considered the Attica, and Weimar the Athens, of Germany. The Grand Duke is a Mecænas of the first class. Talents which have found him so munificent a patron, have also found him a formidable rival. In those literary and scientific pursuits which he fosters and promotes, he is himself a distinguished proficient. Every object of importance to the interests of the state, he recommends by personal example. In him the dignity of the sovereign and the simplicity of the man of science are happily combined. In manners he is as unaffected, as he is sincere in his friendships. No names in Germany are more frequently pronounced in terms of pride and veneration than those of Wieland and Schiller, and these are seldom named but with a well merited compliment to the Duke of Weimar.

With respect to Göethe, travellers in general have said too much for their own credit, too little for his; but of whose genius, properly weighed, it were impossible to say enough. This brief, expressive, and well known Tuscan epitaph *,

* Tomb of Machiavelli, Santa Croce, Florence.

may be applied in tribute and with equal truth to the living genius of Göethe: —

TANTO NOMINI NULLUM PAR EULOGIUM.

* * *

Several English families reside here for the sake of giving their children that excellent education which the place affords, and where they may practise strict economy without infringing upon the comforts or even the luxuries of life.

The suburbs are beautiful: the *Belvidere* is eminently so, and in all its embellishments evincing great judgment in the choice, and classical taste in the arrangement. We spent a delightful afternoon in the villa and grounds.*

* * *

24th. — I was this morning called upon to prescribe in a very difficult case. The patient had passed his grand climacteric. He could not comprehend why he felt so altered from his former self. He could not sleep so well, nor eat so well, nor walk so willingly, nor hunt with so much pleasure, as he *had* slept, and eaten, and walked, and hunted some years ago! "What was the cause? — Nobody could divine." At

* The reader will perceive that a *detailed* account does not come within the scope of this work.

least, nobody was bold enough to tell him that he was not so young as he had been. "Physicians, in his remembrance, could have told him at once what secret spring was loose, but *they* were gone! and physicians now-a-days knew nothing of his constitution. Perhaps I could; though he did not expect that I should be more successful than others." What was to be said or done! He held out his arm, and looked me hard in the face. Pulse 80; strong and healthy. Digestion? "Bad." Diet? "Bad; spare — no benefit from it." Any wine? "Wine! Yes, of course, when a man cannot eat, he *must* drink, to be sure; he took wine in moderate quantity, *poculis Scythicis*, but in no instance more than twice a day." Very good; may I ask if your * * would think it any sacrifice to submit to *regimen* in this particular? "What do you mean?" To take wine but *once* a day, and in still smaller quantity than hitherto. "Sir, I find *you* know just as much as . . . *mais pardon!* I must answer your question by stating, that so long as my *appetite* continues bad, I dare not, I will not make *innovations*."

"Suppose then that your * * should, in the mean while, alter the *quality?*"

"I think I stated my objection to innovations."

. . . . " Perhaps, then, your * * would take more exercise — earlier of a morning ? "

" Wine, — diet, — exercise ! The old story. . . . I have been told the same thing twenty times. . . . How, let me ask, am I to take exercise, and my strength in this state ? I have *no appetite !* I repeat. — Give me back my appetite, and I promise you I shall be the first in the forest." . . . " Suppose that your * * should go earlier to rest ? " . . . " What ! and toss out the night on my couch ! " — " No ; but in order to be up an hour or two earlier." . . . " Nay ; in that case, I should very soon be worse, — much worse. Morning is the *only* time when I can sleep with any degree of comfort. . . . But it is needless to multiply words. What I told you at first, I now tell you at last, — I want nothing but my *appetite !* Do you understand me ? " The case was truly beyond the skill of " *modern* physicians." I could not tell *satisfactorily* " what *secret spring was loose,*" and the consultation ended.

* * *

CARRIAGES. — The best of all carriages to make a tour in Germany is the *Droshka.* One may travel over any ground in it. The Grand Duke of Weimar makes hunting excursions in it, — over ploughed fields, through intricate forests,

in short, wherever a hunter can go, and no other wheeled vehicle can. No sort of service will either break or overturn it, if properly constructed. It is, however, better adapted for gentlemen than ladies; and that for various cogent reasons. It is the universal locomotive engine among all the bachelors of blood and fashion, who sit on it as others sit a hunter, or a witch bestrides a broomstick. In speed it might rival either, particularly with four such fine greys as compose the Duke of Meiningen's *attélàge*. I should take it to be a relic of the ancient *car*, altered and modified from time to time till it assumed its present disguise. It is made of various degrees of strength, lightness, and capacity, and sometimes highly ornamented. There is a manufactory at Offenbach where very fine specimens are constructed.

FRANKFORT, September 2d. — Left Altenstein on the 30th; slept at Fulda; and arrived here yesterday evening.

The Queen of Wurtemberg has also arrived, and will remain for some days at the *Hôtel d'Angleterre*.

Their Royal Highnesses' stay will be protracted till the 8th or 9th, when they will leave for Coblentz, and be present at a series of military

spectacles to be given by the King of Prussia, now in preparation.

The interval is to be occupied in family visits to the Queen, to Hesse-Homburg, to Rumpenheim, &c. The latter is the residence of the Elector of Hesse Cassel, — a very popular prince, highly esteemed for his patriotic virtues, a liberal patron of science, and himself a proficient in every branch of polite literature. He seems thoroughly acquainted with the English language, and converses in it with fluency and elegance. He is apparently between seventy and eighty, and is remarkable for his venerable appearance and prepossessing manners. His daughter, the Princess Augusta, was married, in 1818, to His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, who, with the Duchess and family, is also arrived from Hanover on a visit to the Elector and other illustrious members of their family. There are here at present four princes and princesses of Great Britain. The Duke of Cumberland, a marshal in the Prussian service, will join their Royal Highnesses at Coblentz.

3d. — I had the honour to dine with the Queen, whose health has benefited by the journey. The pleasure of again meeting so many of

her august family has contributed, in no small degree, to this pleasing result.

Walked over the gardens and grounds of Homburg, — the former tastefully ornamented, and the latter commanding the richest views in Hesse. The hill a little beyond the château is of proverbial celebrity for its rich and variegated prospect. The royal travellers have visited the locality, and been much pleased with the view.

The Fair is beginning. The gates and great roads are crowded with *fourgons*, and the streets covered with bales of merchandize. All is bustle within doors, and all noise and activity without. A "Vauxhall" is got up in the public gardens, and every evening crowded to excess; — the effect is splendid, — the booths and green avenues extensive, — and the tasteful distribution of the lamps ingenious and effective.

5th, 6th, 7th. — Made excursions through the country bordering upon the Bergstrasse — one of the most remarkable tracts in Germany. Visited various points on the Neckar, — Heidelberg, Mannheim, Weinheim, Darmstadt, and other towns. The crops are every where most abundant. The orchards and trees by the road side weighed down with fruit, — the acclivities clus-

tered with grapes, and the vintage revels fast approaching.

In this district the post is well served, and the postilions expert and steady. They all drive four in hand — if it may be so expressed where the leaders are managed by significant gestures of the head or hand, or a crack of the whip. The fore-horses are very seldom incommoded by bits or bridle, but wear a rack-collar, which leaves them perfectly unencumbered about the head and eyes. They can thus watch every signal of the whip, which they perfectly comprehend in all its varied indications. This is fortunate — for speech on the part of *schwager* would be quite incompatible with the quiet enjoyment of his pipe. His horses are, therefore, always addressed in pantomime, and certainly display great docility.

An awkward and rather embarrassing predicament has, at times, occurred on the road, in spite of every precaution; — namely, when the leaders turned suddenly round in the postilion's face, and obliged him to check his *wheelers* so precipitately as to cost a rope or two, or even dislodge his pipe. It is on such occasions that *schwager* dismounts with great solemnity — swears devoutly a "hundred thousand *sacrament*" — and

consigns every post-horse in the confederation to "*Faust* and the devil!" This done, he again mounts — replaces his pipe — smokes with energy — and in a few minutes relapses into his usual state of happy indifference.

* * *

8th. — Dined with the Queen. Her Majesty's visit will be prolonged for some days. It is now arranged that His Royal Higness shall make his third visit to Wurtemberg next July. All the Queen's attendants have heard this intelligence with marked satisfaction, as they think such visits contribute very materially to their royal mistress's health.

This morning two English ladies were presented to the Queen. Her affability and gracious reception will be treasured as a pleasing souvenir. Her Majesty, during the interview, made several enquiries respecting old members of the royal household. Among others, she kindly mentioned the Honourable Mrs. B——, one of the ladies appointed to attend Queen Charlotte on her arrival in England, and now at a very advanced age. I have been favoured with a very striking likeness of the Queen, the work of a native artist, and the only successful resemblance yet attempted.

* * *

COBLENTZ, 13th. — The last four days have been occupied by successive reviews of 26,000 troops, which had assembled from different fortresses on the Rhine, in anticipation of the King's arrival. Military *fêtes* of this description are celebrated annually in alternate provinces of the kingdom. The King of Prussia is a vigilant general, and examines in person the various depôts and stations of the frontier in minute rotation. We had heard much of these anticipated reviews during the summer, and they have been conducted with splendour fully equal to the expectation.

There were present the King of Prussia, the Duke of Clarence, the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, the Grand Duke of Baden, Duke of Cumberland, Duke of Cambridge, Princes of Prussia, with many others of high rank. Officers of distinction had arrived from all points; and probably few instances are on record where a military *spectacle* was attended by such a concentration of rank, talent, and experience.

Among the English officers present were Colonel F. and Colonel Frederick F., whose soldierlike appearance and handsome uniform gave occasion for much flattering comment and observation.

I was gratified with the facilities here afforded me of witnessing so many illustrious personages, and celebrated individuals, brought together by the same cause. Among these the Grand Duke Constantine was conspicuous. Of the Duchess, who accompanied him, I had heard much that was in her favour, and had now an opportunity of seeing that distinguished lady to advantage. She seems in rather delicate health, and is now, I understand, trying the benefit of travelling and its resources. She is still beautiful, and at one time must have been eminently so. The affectionate solicitude manifested by His Imperial Highness for her comfort and convenience was unremitting. It fully justified the belief that his proximity to the crown of Russia was but a very secondary consideration compared with her happiness.

* * *

The funeral of Marshal Thielmann, who died suddenly after the arrival of the King, was conducted with great military pomp and ceremony. The obsequies took place yesterday. The weather was beautiful, and the concourse of spectators whom this solemn spectacle drew to the spot was immense. Most of the officers, and detach-

ments from every regiment, marched in procession to the cemetery on a neighbouring eminence, through a dense avenue of citizens and strangers. The minute guns from the surrounding forts, the slow, solemn band of the different corps, the lugubrious strains of music as they passed and approached, and the unaffected sorrow which manifested itself in every countenance, were powerfully effective.

The Marshal was highly esteemed by the King, — a general favourite in the army, and a tried patriot. In his military station of commandant of this fortress he had conciliated popularity and respect from every one. Citizens and soldiers seem equally affected by his very sudden demise.

Coblentz has presented during the week a very imposing picture. The various costumes and uniforms — the vivacity, mirth, and music — the splendid retinues and equipages in constant movement in the streets and suburbs, have given it the illusion of a Roman carnival. The King has given a sumptuous banquet every day after the review. The theatre has been open every evening, followed with balls and military concerts at night.

The ground chosen for the reviews occupies the space between the Moselle and Andernach,

and a finer field for military display is hardly to be met with or imagined. The King, I am told, pays the proprietors six thousand crowns for the use of the ground, but that sum will hardly compensate for the damage done and incurred.

* * *

General R. left behind him a widow in the bloom of youth, and a daughter not yet two years old. Amid the fame which crowned him in his last moments, this thought pressed heavily on his mind. While they complimented him on the splendid victory just gained, by his personal prowess and ably concerted plans, he was silent, or only answered the eulogy thus: — "True, I have done my duty, I expire in the arms of victory; but other duties are unperformed; my wife! my child! my Adelaide! my Pauline! a few short hours and these will be the names of a widow and orphan!" .... Every one strove to comfort him; the tears of sympathy were freely shed; the promises of friendship liberally tendered in behalf of those bereaved objects. They were witnessed, and listened to with satisfaction; the continued suffering under which he laboured was subdued by almost supernatural efforts. A calm succeeded. His countenance became serene, his resignation conspicuous. He beckoned for paper,

traced a few indistinct words; when he was suddenly seized with spasm; his whole frame shook violently, and then subsided into repose. His hands were involuntarily clenched, his limbs became fixed, his entire frame rigid and immovable. The soldier who but an hour ago was conspicuous for strength and activity was now a motionless statue. The limb which he had that morning lost in action, and the lacerations supervening, readily accounted for this sudden and fearful change. A more painful picture is hardly to be imagined. He retained, in all probability, an exquisite consciousness of his situation, and a keen sense of that pain which was not suspended with the faculties of speech or of motion. His breath alone indicated the internal struggle between the powers of life and death. These were ill matched, and the strife of brief duration. Although all had that day been more or less familiar with horror, not one could contemplate this scene with manly composure. We turned away one after the other to conceal our emotion, the expression of which in his presence might, we feared, add to the poignancy of his sufferings. The spasm at length relaxed: he raised his hand, moved his eye slowly round the circle, and sunk back in his couch. To the spasm and paroxysm of pain the relaxation

and insensibility of death succeeded. The tidings spread quickly through the camp; the shouts of victory were hushed,—a sombre expression, almost like that of defeat, supervened. Such were the last moments of General R. In him the country lost one of its bravest defenders, the army a talented leader, and every soldier of that army a personal friend. These, however, were losses that might be supplied; but to his widow and orphan child the loss was without remedy.

* * *

This event happened fourteen years ago. From that hour his young widow was inconsolable. She retired from the eye of the world, and in the consolations of religion, and the assiduous education of her daughter, found that ultimate serenity and comfort which the world may promise but can never bestow.

She beheld the young scion of her earthly hopes grow up under her eye with increasing health and promise. Every year brought fresh hopes, or a confirmation of the former. She was beautiful, highly accomplished, and *spirituelle*,—the softened image of her father, and sole representative of his family.

It is but a fortnight to-day since she appeared at a civic ball. Her beauty and amiable disposition

were the subject of general encomium. There was health on her cheek, happiness in her eye, music in her voice, and grace in all her deportment. Those who remembered the father fervently blessed the daughter. The whispers of unfeigned admiration met her ear — smiles welcomed her eye — wherever she turned. The young presented her with flowers, the old recalled to her the brilliant exploits of her father, which they had witnessed or shared in person. She, too, was, ere long, to become a *soldier*'s bride. Every tongue was ready to invoke blessings upon the union of Pauline and the young Count of ——, ... these were moments of heartfelt but calm enjoyment to the mother. Since the death of the General she had rarely expressed an emotion of pleasure beyond a passing smile. But while she received and observed by anticipation the compliments so cordially paid to herself and daughter, she felt a degree of happiness which she had never expected to feel again. Tears stood in her eyes; but they were such as only start when the heart expands with gratitude and joy — when hope predominates over every past or anticipated evil.

The following Tuesday was Pauline's birth-day. She had engaged most of the young people in the

neighbourhood to assist on the occasion, and to-night had added considerably to the number.

She left the ball room early, as was customary; but on alighting at the château she appeared ill or dispirited. This excited instant and anxious enquiry. She excused herself on the plea of fatigue, the wamth of the season, the length of the last waltz, and begged to retire.

She did not mention, however, that she had partaken of more than one *ice* in the intervals of the dance, served at her pressing solicitation by the young Count, her affianced husband. Alas! it was a fatal acquiescence, fatal as if he had administered the poisoned chalice. Next morning she was delirious with fever. Medical aid was summoned, — all the resources of art laid under contribution. Hope struggled long but in vain: the malady gained ground, passed rapidly through its stages, till the young bride lay like a wasted shadow on the dark brink of eternity! . . . She died on the morning of her birth-day. That joyful fête which had been so anxiously anticipated beheld the preparations for her funeral. The garlands wreathed by her own hand were scattered on her bier; the banquet was given to the poor; the natal song was hushed in solemn requiems; that late happy home became a house of mourning and

desolation. At yonder bedside were heard the convulsive sobs of a *breaking* heart.

* * *

Halt for the night. — In advance of Linz on the Rhine. Wednesday, 14th, eleven at night. Impossible to proceed. A very dark night; the road narrow, cut up into deep furrows, bordered with precipices, almost impassable by day, and always attended with danger by night. But, were even all these obstacles to be combated, there is another argument that weighs heaviest of all — the total want of horses — only three in the stall, and we want sixteen! This would almost seem a pre-concerted plan to profit by the occasion. Disregarding the estaffette that was despatched from Nieuwied, the post-master had made no provision for expediting His Royal Highness's equipage, in the hope, probably, that the town of Linz might thereby have an opportunity of performing an illustrious act of hospitality. The post-master blames the King of Prussia, his master, for having monopolised the use of his horses during the week. "What can he do? Several pairs now on the road are expected home in the course of the night, and in the morning will be at the service of His Excel-

lency, but not till then." So here we are, with the following disposition for the night: —

"Nineteen persons — three small chambers: —

"Divide," said our host, "the party into classes and centuries. The first chamber for their Excellencies; the second ditto for the ladies; the third ditto for the four chamber-women; but as it contains only one bed, it is agreed that they shall relieve one another in regular rotation — two to watch and two to sleep." Settled.

"For the men-servants, the inside of the two landaus, taken diagonally. Those, accustomed to *bivouac*, are recommended to shorten the night with segars, Markbrunner, or in any other way more agreeable to themselves. For the physician there is nothing left but the medicine-chest."

* * *

Monday, 10th. — There are few traits of character that gain more readily upon our esteem than those which manifest themselves in the just appreciation and requital of faithful services. The former of these His Royal Highness is ever ready to acknowledge, and the latter he is equally disposed to confer, where that is in his power. I have heard him regret his inability to comply with the request of his private friends and dependents; but I have never known him, by

word or letter, dismiss an application which it was in his power to entertain. With these dispositions it is not disloyal to hope that His Royal Highness may one day enjoy a wider sphere for their exercise, and means better proportioned for carrying into effect the suggestions of a noble and generous nature.

Should it ever happen that he is called to the throne of his ancestors, an event which, from a knowledge of his constitution, and the hourly observation of his salutary habits of life, I think extremely probable, there could be no doubt of his becoming a deservedly popular monarch. He has no expensive habits — no passion for the mere gratification of empty display. — His taste directs him to what is solid and lasting, not to what is frivolous or ephemeral. He is not subject to gusts of passion, nor biassed in his actions by peevish or splenetic resentment. His speech and conduct seem equally under the influence of matured judgment and long established principles.

In his domestic circle he is uniform, cheerful, and communicative; abroad he is accessible, affable, and accommodating, neither affecting a lofty demeanour, nor descending below that standard of royal dignity which, if forgotten by him, would teach others to forget.

He does not, as it is commonly expressed, put himself on a par with the individual with whom he converses; on the contrary, he raises that individual, for the moment, to a par with himself, waves unnecessary forms and distinctions, and shows a desire that the manner may be neither embarrassed, nor the free expression of sentiment impeded by the external ensigns of rank, or the appendages of royalty. In this, or in something nearly akin to this, consist the true "principles of politeness" — the art of the perfect gentleman.

This trait is the more to be admired, as instances so frequently occur here, as in every other country, where the man is lost amid a host of extraneous circumstances and imposing show, — as the features of the most finished bust may be disguised or deformed by the thickness of its varnish, or the very excess of its gilding.

COLOGNE, 15th. — After shaking from my shoulders the dust of the journey, and having the luxury of performing my ablutions in the genuine *water of Cologne*, I enquired of the landlord what were, summarily, the principal objects of attraction in the place. "Sir," said he, "the question is a most comprehensive one; and I may safely state, that the ancient city of Cologne contains within its walls more objects of attraction than any city in

Europe." — "Indeed! this is a sweeping conclusion; but no doubt you have had just grounds for the opinion." — "Yes, truly," resumed mine host, "it is an opinion which has held good for centuries, and which acquires additional weight from the observations of every traveller who lodges at the Rheinberg."

"The hotel," I answered, "is certainly well spoken of, and I doubt not we shall find it, under such able management, all that it has been represented."

"Why, as for that, it was but last night I had the honour to receive the Prince of Sablestein and suite; last Thursday I had the Duke of Reichbourg; on Friday we had the Graf von Breitau, and the — "

"Yes," I interrupted, "I clearly perceive that the landlord of the Rheinberg is fully qualified to entertain princes, and it seems equally clear that these qualifications are duly appreciated. But, as we were talking of objects of curiosity, I am anxious to occupy the short space that intervenes between this and supper, and should feel obliged by your directing me to a few of the more prominent and accessible."

"That I will. Gotlieb!" calling an attendant by that name, "Gotlieb will attend you over the

city, and point out a few of the wonders with which it abounds. I say a *few*, because if you would examine *all*, you must devote as many weeks as you have now hours.... Gotlieb," he continued, addressing the cicerone, "you will conduct *Meinherr* to the cathedral, — the kloster of the eleven thousand virgins, — to the Rubens haus, — through the Platz, — across the bridge, — and by the time that is accomplished supper will be on the table."

Accompanied by my conductor Gotlieb, I entered upon the prescribed circuit. In passing the Hôtel d' ———, I enquired "if it were still much frequented by persons of distinction." — "Not much now," he answered; "it will be long ere they meet with such a guest as the King of ——."

"So you think there was some gold left on that occasion," said I.

"Why, yes," he answered, "there was certainly a fair exchange of the good things of life; they fared joyously while there, which has enabled the landlord to fare joyously ever since."

"This," I replied, "is merely conjecture. His Majesty, I dare say, spent no more, — perhaps not so much, — as many of his subjects on similar occasions."

"Very possibly," returned my guide, "such *subjects*, however, as far as my own observation

goes, are scarce; few, very few, have ever alighted at the *Rheinberg*, and quaffed thirty dozen of Champagne at a visit!"

"To what do you allude," I enquired?

"To an occurrence at the hotel we have just passed."

"Nonsense, you must have been totally imposed upon."

"On the contrary," said he, "it is stated as a *fact* unrivalled by any royal progress since the days of Charlemagne. Never was there, nor will there be again, so much '*champagner*' drunk at a time within these ramparts of Cologne. It must be specifically understood," he added, observing my astonishment, "that on such occasions no bottle is required to furnish more than a glass, and of these, perhaps, a few dozens were discovered to be *still!* I abide, nevertheless, by the number of dozens stated."

* * *

I now stood in the nave of the cathedral. I desired my guide not to interrupt me in the contemplation with which I now felt my mind profoundly occupied. Every object around me seemed calculated to make an impression for life. The approach of twilight, too, added not a little to heighten the effect. The light as it fell from the

richly stained casements, and shed its prismatic hues on bust and pillar, seemed the light of another world! The thousand congregations that had assembled, worshipped, and again vanished in these aisles, seemed to rise before me, as imagination undrew the awful veil which separates time and eternity! Here were the tombs of a thousand years, and the tombs of yesterday. Heroes whose actions fame had long ceased to repeat; whose eulogy even the marble had ceased to commemorate, and whose very names were at the mercy of the sexton who showed them! Servants of the state, who had long enjoyed the smile of the sovereign, and the favour of their fellow-citizens. Servants of the altar, who had died in the full odour of sanctity — having mortified the flesh that they might inherit the Spirit. Here, too, is the brief memorial of beauty; one whom misfortune assailed, and the world forsook; who sought consolation in the arms of religion, — ever open to embrace the weary, — and now rests in its sanctuary, — silent but unforgotten!

This is the place for adjusting the balance between the present and the future; — the vain and empty speculations of the one, with the vast and weighty concerns of the other.

The chant of the vesper which is just begun,

seems to evoke the dead to join in the solemn service. Every note seems to be responded from the aisles to the altar. Centuries have passed away, nations have changed their names, religions their creeds; but within these sacred walls, and at that altar, the homage to Heaven has been uninterrupted. Morning and evening the sacrifice of prayer has been heard; the lamp has still been replenished, and the solemn service renewed, at the stated hours.

" How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads
To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
Looking tranquillity! It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight."

BRUSSELS, 17th. — In travelling I have not had occasion to speak so highly of the patent axle as most others have had. In two instances it took fire, and in both occasioned a day's delay and much inconvenience. Had such an accident occurred on the Alps, where I remember an instance, it would have been literally an *irreparable* calamity; for unless in the cities or large towns the mechanism of the axle is a profound mystery to every blacksmith on the road.

It is rather singular that these accidents hap-

pened to the same carriage, driven by the same postilion, in the same stage, and very near the same spot, with an interval of three years. I fortunately observed the wheel before it was too late. The postilion was proceeding at a very quick pace. I was on the box of the second carriage when it appeared half off; and, calling with all my strength to the postilion to halt, which at the third summons he obeyed, I descended with the greatest precipitation — flew to the door of the chariot — opened it most unceremoniously — assisted the Duchess to alight — the Duke followed — and the former, on perceiving the urgency of the case, readily excused the *brusquerie* in word and action, for the sake of the motive. In three more revolutions the wheel must have gone, and the chariot been dashed on the *pavé*.

ANTWERP, 19th. — Left Brussels at eleven o'clock last night. From the great number of travellers now moving on the great roads, every post-horse was pre-engaged, and it was with the greatest difficulty that *voituriers* could be found to *job* the carriages to Antwerp. A splendid entertainment will be given to-day on board the Royal Yacht, now at anchor off the pier.

On board, eight o'clock, P. M. — The entertainment has gone off to the satisfaction of all,

and to the especial astonishment of the citizens, who have crowded the *esplanade* the whole day. The effect of this superb vessel — the yards manned, the rigging covered with the flags of all nations, military bands stationed on the deck, and officers of every rank and uniform in attendance upon their respective chiefs — was well calculated to make a powerful impression.

At the head of the illustrious visitors whom their Royal Highnesses received on board the yacht, were the following: —

The King and Queen of the Netherlands, the King of Prussia, the Prince and Princess of Orange, the Duke of Cumberland, Prince Frederick of the Netherlands. To these succeeded many officers of state, officers of the suite, &c. Among the British officers were Admiral Sir H. Blackwood, Sir William Hoste, in command of the yacht, and Colonels G. and F. Fitzclarence.

Agreeably to calculation, about a hundred, in different parties, dined on board.

I was struck with the unaffected simplicity and address of the King of the Netherlands. They strictly accorded with those frank and generous traits of character which are so frequently recorded of His Majesty. The King of Prussia is

a soldier in figure, manner, and address. He has the eye of a commander, a complexion seasoned by the vigils of camp, a calculating precision of language, with features and expression highly characteristic of fortitude and resolution.

* * *

OFF FLUSHING, ten P. M.— Cast anchor here at half-past two this afternoon. After dinner, their Royal Highnesses, attended by the Dutch admiral, landed and took a survey of this thriving little town, the history and position of which are so well known. I never witnessed the results of industry more pleasingly exemplified than within its walls. Every person we met was evidently engaged in some creditable pursuit, and every house presented an aspect of cheerful and habitual comfort.

On returning on board we observed a fine vessel lying ahead of us, which was pointed out to me as a notorious smuggler. She had her full cargo of hollands and tobacco on board, and was ready to take advantage of the first fair wind to quit the Scheldt.

The smugglers are in high spirits, and have been singing, each his song, for the last hour. Judging from the accent and the theme, both song and singer appear to be of "the emerald isle."

One of these ditties, by its frequent repetition, and the lively characteristic air with which it was warbled from the deck of the smuggler, has left two stanzas fresh in my recollection.

"Ach! my Rory," says she, "now be constant to me,
Come back to your jewel, — a man again!
While at distance you cruise, — ah! do not abuse
The faith of your Patty O'Flanagan, —
(That is to be — *Mistress M'Calaghan!*")

With an oath and a sigh, — thus did Rory reply: —
"By my troth I'll return — a true man again!
And with wealth from the sea, *silk* — *hollands* — *bohea* —
Make a bride of thee — Patty O'Flanagan, —
(By the title of — *Mistress M'Calaghan!*)

The night continues beautiful; there is scarcely a ripple on the water; but the pilot assures us that there is a breeze springing up, although I can hardly perceive a breath either existing or in prospect. We are to weigh anchor by four in the morning, and expect to float in the Thames by sunset. The pilot says there is something in the moon which he does not like, — something that augurs ill for to-morrow, and may overtake us by the way. This, however, he expresses more by signs than words, and with a stubborn astronomical attitude keeps his eye suspiciously fixed on a small cloud in the east, hardly visible under

the full broad moon. This trifling spot in the heavens has made him uncomfortable. A man may see too clearly and too far for his own tranquillity. The little cloud, which is an embryo hurricane in the eye of the pilot, is only "very like a whale" in that of the landsman.

While I was conversing with the master and another officer, the following song, by way of naval serenade, was given, with admirable effect, from the stern of the vessel. A party of three had been stationed there on purpose — one sung and the other two joined in chorus. It was one of those old, proud, independent, patriotic, naval melodies which have seduced so many landsmen from home, to make heroes of them at sea.

When Freedom first dwelt with our fathers of yore
And the dawn of our glory awoke, —
As a bulwark of safety and strength to the shore,
She planted our cliffs with the oak!
The oak sprang apace — with the oak sprang our power;
Our forefathers cherish'd the tree!
The oak on our coast, was their bulwark and boast,
And their flag was the mistress at sea!

Chorus. — Then cherish, ye freemen, the plant as a gem,
Fresh showers on its bosom invoke;
Our standard of glory was carv'd from its stem,
Our sceptre of power is the oak!

The nations around to the conqueror have quail'd, —
Each in turn has succumbed to the yoke!
While the breast of Britannia, in panoply mail'd,
Reposed in the shade of her oak!
" Avaunt!" cried the despot, — " We'll root up their tree,
We'll shiver their pride at a stroke!"
But we answer'd him gruffly; — confounded was he,
By the message we sent from our oak!

Chorus. — O, cherish the forest, and flourish the free!
Well ponder what Liberty spoke!
" Your forests and freedom co-eval shall be,
And your glory grow up like the oak!"

Two hours after quitting the Scheldt it blew a hurricane, the wind directly contrary, and the sea " running mountains high." This continued all day. The Royal Yacht and the Comet steamer kept company, the latter taking the former in tow, and commanded by Sir Henry Blackwood.

At eight o'clock a signal was hoisted for the master of the Comet to repair on board the yacht. This was accomplished at imminent hazard. I never expected to see him return. He succeeded, however; received his orders; came back through a tremendous sea; and while himself and companion ascended the side, their boat was stove to fragments, and floated away on the surf.

It was now found impossible, or at least im-

practicable, to keep company, and the two vessels parted. The Royal Yacht, taking advantage of the wind, bore away to Yarmouth Roads, while the Comet shaped her course for the nearest point of Kent.

The contrast between the scene in the Scheldt and that which now presented itself at sea was as striking as can well be imagined; — the former a scene of splendid festivity, the latter of perilous struggle with wind and wave.

The sullen gleams of sunset, falling upon her gilded broadside, as the vessel sunk between or surmounted the waves, her stately masts bent almost horizontal with the water, and the white clouds of spray dashing over her, formed a sublime but fearful spectacle from the deck of the Comet.

The night now closed in, and the vessels lost sight of each other. There was no abatement of weather — a great deal too much at the time, and more in prospect. The pilot's prediction, as we lay at Flushing, was fast proceeding to its verification. The storm increased — a true equinoctial *north-wester*. The waves swept the deck, and washed away our second and only remaining boat. It was now impossible for any but experienced seamen to remain on deck, and the

hatches were shut down. The vessel made little way, but rolled and lurched violently. The motion of a steam-vessel in tempestuous weather is proverbially disagreeable, unless when steadied by the main sheet; a measure which, in the present instance, was impracticable. The incessant vibration and harsh creaking of the timbers were alike grating to the ear and startling to the imagination.

* * *

About four in the morning we lost our reckoning, and, on sounding, found ourselves in four fathom water — near neighbours with the Goodwin Sands! Here we had proof of the superior advantages of steam in securing a speedy retreat. We tacked and ran back for a couple of hours. The sea rolled so tremendously, that it was impossible to lay to, and our fuel was nearly consumed. After several hours of great exertion and considerable anxiety the North Foreland was at last visible in the horizon. We came soon after into smooth water, steered direct for port, and landed at Ramsgate about noon.

The engineer and men were exhausted with fatigue. The skill, vigilance, and exertion displayed by Allen, the master of the Comet, deserve the highest commendation.

After encountering the same protracted storm during the night, the yacht arrived in Yarmouth Roads in the forenoon, where their Royal Highnesses landed, and proceeded post to London.

The Duke confessed that he did not expect that our ship would have weathered the storm. We had similar apprehensions for the safety of the Royal Yacht, though, happily, with much less cause.

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JOURNAL OF 1826.

THE THIRD VISIT TO GERMANY.

JOURNAL.

SUNDAY, May 21st, 1826. — Their Royal Highnesses embarked on board the Sovereign yacht.

Monday. — Landed at Calais; received by the Mayor, and Mr. Marshall, the British consul; and shortly after set off and slept at St. Omer's, "à l'Ancienne Poste."

Tuesday. — Left St. Omer's, and slept at Lille.

Wednesday. — Left Lille at seven o'clock; the day wet throughout; — "Paries indicat uvida suspendisse vestimenta." Slept at Brussels.

Thursday. — Slept at the "Pavillon Anglais," Liege.

Friday. — Passed through Aix-la-Chapelle, and slept at the "Rheinberg," Cologne.

COBLENTZ, Saturday. — There is a saying, that "he who lives in Rome must not quarrel with the pope." After a slight survey of this place,

the force of the adage will be abundantly evident to every traveller. Those who live under the guns of Ehrenbreitstein do wisely in cultivating the friendship of the governor.

Coblentz, from the very multitude of its works of defence, the weight and number of its protecting forts, is the most helpless place on earth; — embarrassed by the very number and importance of its friends!

Nearly opposite Nieuwied, on the left bank of the Rhine, and conspicuous from the natural tumulus upon which it is built, stands the mausoleum of GÉNÉRAL HOCHE.

From Andernach to Coblentz, a distance of ten miles, the country consists of an uninterrupted fertile plain, of extent sufficient to admit the free manœuvres of a great army, and the scene of the Prussian reviews last year.

As we proceed along the centre of this plain, we catch the first glimpse of

> ———" Ehrenbreitstein's batter'd walls,
> Black with the miners' blast! "

These indications, however, are no longer applicable. The engineer has been long busy upon these walls. The resources of a kingdom have been laid under contribution; all that experience

could warrant, or genius invent, for their restoration, have been lavishly and unremittingly employed. As the now impregnable fortress lifts its proud head into the horizon, with its long and complicated outline of bastions, destined for the destruction of one party and defence of another, every traveller is struck with its formidable aspect. Contrasting it with the blooming and tranquil scenery through which he is passing, he is led to compare it to some "horrid dragon standing sentinel over the repose of beauty."

Though in the time of profound peace every thing, as he approaches Coblentz, assumes an air of high military preparation and importance, the ensigns of peace are so blended with the "pomp and circumstance" of war, that he is at a loss to decide which of the two prevails. Fortifications rise on either hand: the flickering of arms, and the flitting of martial figures along the ramparts, gave it to-day an air of bustle and activity, for which it was at first difficult to account.

Along the plain which expanded before us, I observed an officer advancing at full speed. On approaching, he checked the pace of his fine charger, took his plumed helmet in his right hand with a profound military obeisance, and halted in front of the chariot. Then wheeling to the right, approached

the left window, addressed a few words of courtly salutation, resumed his helmet, and with a graceful sweep took his station in front of the cavalcade, like a true Rhenish knight! At the same instant he made a private signal, which was answered by a roll of drums, followed by a shrill bugle-note; to these succeeded a flash, a volume of smoke, and a hollow roar from the great guns of the fort. The artillery of Fort William and Fort Frederick uttered their consenting voice in an almost simultaneous peal. Answering one another at intervals, the whole circle of fortified heights became speedily enveloped in a thick "sulphurous canopy," which the stillness of the summer evening allowed to hang upon their battlements in undisturbed repose.

During this ceremonial, the picturesque features of the scenery were heightened into the sublime, bordering upon the terrible, and reminded one of those sudden elemental transitions which at times transform the fairest and sunniest valleys of the Alps into scenes of gloom and desolation.

Under other circumstances, and in other situations, a royal salute would scarcely have excited an observation; but in the present instance, the season, the hour, the remarkable features of the place, the numerous bodies of troops that presented arms at every step, all conspired to convert a

simple ceremony into a grand and imposing spectacle.

I was much pleased, and relieved from some anxiety, by observing the perfect adroitness, ease, and confidence, with which the postilions managed their horses, which had become restive or untractable. After considerable experience in cis-alpine and trans-alpine journeys, I know of none to whom I would intrust my personal safety with greater confidence than to a German postilion.

Passing the many-arched bridge of the Moselle, and the long succession of streets which open at last on the principal square, or *Place d'Armes*, their Royal Hignesses alighted at the door of Maas' hotel, where a guard of honour was in waiting, and official authorities appointed to receive them.

The evening continuing beautifully serene, and the cool breath from the water conspiring to render the walk agreeable, I indulged my curiosity in a stroll of observation. Walking along the avenue of linden trees towards the east gate, I passed the sentinel to the outside of the walls, followed the bank of the Rhine as far as the bridge of boats, and crossed at a farthing toll. I kept to the left, and found myself in a few minutes under the frowning battlements of Ehrenbreitstein! —

Returning to the hotel, my ear was greeted by

an assemblage of harmonious sounds, the result of a concentration of musical talent from the various regiments stationed in the forts. In front of the windows of the hotel the performers, composed of the *élite* of the military bands, and drawn up in the form of a crescent, commenced an opera. This recorded some bold popular incidents in the life of Frederick the Great, which served at once as a complimentary treat to the personages for whose pleasure it had been arranged, and to recall the most illustrious era of Prussian history. The various pieces of which it was composed went off with great *éclat*. Repeated bursts of acclamation from the surrounding multitude fully attested with what interest they participated in the incidents, and how highly they appreciated the music of the piece.

Some of the singers — all military — were in fine voice, and gave the occasional song or recitative with great taste and effect. Were I to judge of the merits of this performance by the impression it has left upon me, I should give it the preference over most productions of the kind I have ever heard. I have experienced less pleasure on a benefit night at the theatre San Carlos, than I did on the present occasion at Coblentz. In German music there is something that makes its appeal

directly to the heart, and in this its great merit consists. It may be said that this is the end proposed by all music which addresses itself to the passions; but in comparing Italian music with German, I consider the former in the light of an intricate science, which requires to be read, weighed, and studied for years, before we can attain to any of that ecstatic feeling which is said to reward the long and pains-taking votaries of the art. It seems like a prude requiring to be coaxed, and wooed, and flattered for a lapse of years, till the favour of a smile is almost powerless, from the partial extinction of that passion which rendered it at first an object of ardent ambition.

German music, on the contrary, appears to me like a simple song in which the vulgar and scientific feel alike, sympathy and pleasure, and which exerts its influence, not through the medium of complicated science alone, but through the avenues of unsophisticated feelings. But we can often *criticise* what we cannot adequately comprehend. Betwixt the English and German character there are certain and peculiar resemblances, physical and moral, by which they intimately approximate and coalesce. Hence originates that mutual sympathy between the two nations,

which is observable in nothing more than in their music. Betwixt the thorough Englishman, on the contrary, and the Italian as marked a difference exists as in the climate and natural productions of the two countries; and in their music, little more real sympathy than betwixt a Roman guitar and a Highland bagpipe.

* * *

The opera being finished, the performers retired to their respective barracks, with a specific acknowledgment on the part of the illustrious visitors for whose amusement this complimentary performance had been got up. A few amateurs, taking their station near the obelisk, continued to delight the visitors and bystanders with an alternate popular waltz and Prussian march. I may instance the latter by a stanza or two: —

THE STORMING SONG.

What says the foe?
Our foot is on the breach, my boys!
Our comrades watch below —
Our swords, our only speech, my boys!
The clash of arms our courage warms, —
Our bosoms heave the gladder, boys!
What though they bleed, shall that impede
The foot that mounts the ladder, boys?

No, brothers, — no!
Shall our country's name be slander'd, boys?
Rush, — rush, — and at a blow
Let us crush the craven standard, boys!
Should death unclasp the sword we grasp,
'Tis victory's solemn pledge, my boys!
The dead shall live, their fame shall give
Our sabres keener edge, my boys!

What says the foe?
His battery-guns are dumb, my boys!
His ensigns haul'd below —
To our eagle-flag succumb, my boys!
Form, comrades, form! the slacken'd storm
Bids now unclasp the brand, my boys;
And cup to lip, "Hip, soldiers, hip!
Hurrah! for Fatherland, my boys!"

Ems, June 4th. — His Royal Highness's liberality and indulgence are proverbial among the household, and I often observe both exemplified in an equally pleasing and striking manner.

"I think," said he to me yesterday morning — "indeed I see that J—— feels solitary and uncomfortable here; he wants something to amuse — something to occupy his mind. What do you think can be done for him? He is an old and faithful servant. There 's a fine stream — do you think he could amuse himself in fishing?"

I thought he might.

"Well, then, as you are going to Coblentz,

you may bring him a fishing-rod, and see what that will do."

The fishing-rod was bought accordingly, and will, I have no doubt, form an heir-loom in Mr. J——'s family.

To-day I had the pleasure of knowing that it has already proved a very pleasing remedy for the *ennui* or *nostalgia* that manifested itself; and my worthy friend has already communicated the important notification that he has this afternoon had three "glorious nibbles" in less than the same number of hours.

5th. — Nieuwied, like higher states and principalities, has its annals and public records. On the simple and interesting detail of its origin and progress the reflecting reader dwells with much more pleasure and satisfaction than upon higher names in the confederacy. It has neither walls, nor towers, nor dungeons to carry the mind back to those gloomy ages of danger and distrust when the iron portcullis and the sentinel on the wall were the only security for good faith, and the only protection against the hand of pillage. It has in an eminent degree all that is most opposed to these in principle and in practice. The cheerful aspect of its streets and houses, — the active, but sober industry which prevails in each, — the

propriety and harmony which pervade the whole, led me almost to believe that in Nieuwied I saw the accomplishment of that system of mutual forbearance, and of mutual beneficence, which the philanthropist has so long aspired after, and the philosopher enlarged upon in vain.

The town is built upon a regular and commodious plan, and the era of its erection does not exceed one hundred years. To carry into effect a design which he had long contemplated, the late Prince Alexander caused his intentions to be widely circulated through the neighbouring states, with a full and minute statement of the conditions and regulations upon which the town was founded, the immunities it was to enjoy, and the restrictions to which it was to be subject. The consent of their native state, united with a character for industry and moral propriety, were the only passports necessary for settlers; and under these auspicious circumstances, the colony sprang into existence like the rudiments of another Carthage.

Among the original inhabitants were persons of all trades, professions, and religious distinctions. Of these the Moravians, in the free and full exercise of their peaceful tenets, comprised the more numerous class, and continue so up to the present

time. Domestic in their feelings, industrious in their habits, and inoffensive in their social intercourse, they had no quarrels amongst themselves, and fomented none among others. The power of example was thus felt, and its benefits appreciated; for precept will generally be found superfluous where good example prevails. In this instance it was eminently so. Religious distinctions were forgotten in the individual zeal which animated each. During the week they acted under the impression that in the welfare of the community, their own particular interests were intimately involved. On Sunday there was amongst them neither restraint nor interference; each sect repaired for consolation to that shrine which reason and Revelation had consecrated as the place of prayer. On Monday each returned to the exercise of that peaceful avocation in which he had embarked.

The substance of this brief detail I learned from an officer at table. It made a considerable impression upon my mind at the time; and I resolved, when an opportunity should offer, to investigate the subject by personal enquiry and observation. Since then I have had repeated opportunities of realising my intention, and on every occasion have received fresh proofs in support of

the present authority. In every succeeding visit I have entered it with pleasure and left it with the same original impression.

* * *

6th. — Air and exercise are those essentials to health and longevity which His Royal Highness observes with strict and uniform punctuality. His walks here have occasionally extended to four, are very seldom of less than two, hours' duration, and generally taken at the hottest period of the day.

When prevented by the state of the weather from indulging in outdoor exercise, His Royal Highness uses the large drawing-room as a substitute, with one or more windows thrown open, so as to afford the best means of counteracting the effects of temporary confinement.

If vigour of constitution is to be acquired or improved by the quantum of exercise thus taken, without fatigue, His Royal Highness may anticipate a hale and green old age.

In travelling, whenever the carriages halt at a fresh relay, it is his custom to alight and employ the interval, though only five minutes, in exercise.

In wet or damp weather he never ventures abroad, not even in the carriage, without adopting the precaution of wearing galoches.

7th. — I was to-day charged with the presentation of a gold snuff box to an officer of the Prussian garrison stationed at Ehrenbreitstein. I have seldom had it in my power to communicate so much satisfaction as this flattering memorandum afforded.

* * *

9th. — The Princess Royal of Prussia has arrived, and will make a stay of some weeks at the baths. I had this morning the honour to convey to Her Royal Highness a complimentary message on her arrival. She is attended by a numerous suite, and was welcomed to the place with every demonstration of public respect.

10th.— I am often surprised at the facility which His Royal Highness evinces in conversing upon a variety of topics, which might be thought entirely foreign to the natural channel of his thoughts and pursuits. I uniformly remark, that with whomsoever he enters into conversation, he accommodates himself to the topic in which that individual is known, or supposed, to take most interest, and upon which he may be more easily drawn out. With the soldier he discusses the merits of the last campaign, or enters into a dissertation upon military tactics. With the senator some popular question of the cabinets. With respect to one

subject, wherewith the glory of England is so interwoven, I repeat the words of a distinguished admiral who dined here to-day: —

"I am astonished," said he, "at the thorough knowledge which His Royal Highness retains of naval affairs; — so minute, and laid down in such accurate detail, I was quite taken by surprise. I had often heard of the Duke's excellent memory, but confess I was not prepared to find it exemplified by such instances as you heard to-day. I had, myself, hardly any distinct recollection of the lieutenant, but His Royal Highness remembers every officer of the ship; and not their names only, but their family. This must be little less than forty-five years ago."

Note. — Ceux qui me connaissent, sçavent que je suis plus propre à rompre une lance qu'à filer une intrigue!

Such was the answer of Count Maurice of Saxe to General Schmettau.

* * *

26th. — On post days His Royal Highness generally employs from two to three hours in correspondence. The method of answering all letters by autograph is habitual, and always appears to afford him satisfaction. Upon my making some observation during his late attack, to induce him

to limit his application on this head, His Royal Highness replied, "I admit the propriety of your suggestion; but I must keep up the practice of letter writing: — I have always done so, and one day or other I may have still more occasion for it."

VISIT TO THE RHEINFELS. — As I approached the ruins, the scene became more and more imposing. On the east, where the river enters through a mass of rocks, the foamy surface of the whirlpool, formed in the struggle of its waters, presented itself to the eye. The imagination scattered its surface with shattered spars, and peopled its depths with the ghosts of those unhappy boatmen whom tradition reports to have been swallowed up in its vortex.

The roofs of Goarhausen lay still in twilight, or tipt only here and there with a partial glimpse of moonlight, as it shot through some aperture of the wooded barrier on the right. Along the opposite bank, the alternate light and shadow were strongly contrasted. On the summit of the rocks, where the light fell in tremulous profusion, the tree and plant were defined in all their complicated ramifications. The leaves were seen fluttering in the breeze, while the form of a straggling kid on the naked precipice was clearly depicted on the dark blue of the horizon. Every minute

brought some new object into existence, as the more prominent features were successively touched by the advancing luminary, at whose approach they smiled and started into life.

I could not but reflect at the moment, how many objects in the moral world only wanted, like those before me, the enlivening smile of patronage; the encouraging light of some approving eye; a word, a look, to awaken some dormant feature in the mental landscape, some undiscovered trait of genius, into beauteous and rich developement. As the spark lurks in the unconscious flint, so does genius in the human bosom, till elicited by some powerful impulse.

As the moon rose higher, a corresponding murmur from the wooded rocks and waters rose softly on the ear. The leaves were stirred by that mysterious voice which, to an observer of forest scenery and phenomena, is audible in the stillest summer evening, and falls on the ear of contemplation with the rich, undulating note of a vesper song. Natural philosophy gives a different explication of this phenomenon; but I would much rather consider it, in its poetical acceptation, — the general aspiration of nature to that source which has appointed to every season its times and influences, and receives from each the homage of

gratitude and praise. Our thoughts and ideas take the colour and expression of those objects among which they are indulged. Superstition assumes a gloomier complexion, religion a more intense and lively devotion, and patriotism a more undaunted courage, as they severally traverse the midnight forest, pause on the sepulchre of saints and martyrs, or contemplate those immortal fields where the strong arm of liberty has reaped her harvests.

The vast and various mass of ruins amongst which I now found myself immured was much more likely to awaken feelings of superstition than devotion; and I felt a chilly sensation stealing over my senses, as I passed through the dark passages which lead to the central tower. Here, however, the feeling gave way to another of melancholy contemplation. I stood in the centre of the court, looking around upon the numberless objects which here claim individual attention, and address the spectator in a voice of distinct and fearful intelligence. Where the light struck the wall, the colouring of the stucco was still fresh and perceptible. The arches sprung, and the walls arose, with a durability of design, a steadiness and solidity of structure, which showed that they had suffered infinitely more from the violence of

circumstances than from the crumbling effects of time. The massiveness of the structure was apparent, while its fair proportions were every where defaced by the symptoms of outrage to which they had been exposed. Here and there the dismantled frieze and gaping crevice bore testimony to the fearful convulsions with which the very foundations had been shaken.

As I ran over the historical records with which my memory furnished me at the time, and identified them with the place where I stood, the deeds of other times were brought more immediately under my eye. I seemed to be in contact with the performers in those midnight orgies, those fearful dramas, of which the solitary courts had here been the frequent theatre. Every castle on the Rhine has its story of siege and storm, its traditionary annals of beauty and chivalry, its haunted chambers and mysterious accompaniments. Of these the Rheinfels has a more than usual proportion. The stranger descending the river may listen for hours to the boatmen, while they rest on their oars, and pour from their overcharged memory the wildly embodied legends to which the feudal towers, under whose shadow they float, have given a "local habitation and a name."

* * *

I ascended a small spiral staircase, constructed in the centre of the wall, and landed on the top of the rampart, from which the scene appeared more beautiful than ever. The castle on the opposite shore was strikingly contrasted with light and shade. Its deserted halls appeared as if illuminated for some festival. Here the wall concealed, and there the window transmitted, the rays of light, falling like a shower of pearls upon the mossy battlements. The beauty of such scenes is familiar to every one, and that very familiarity renders us indifferent, and at times insensible, to the charm they impart. He, who for the first time places himself on the west side of some ancient cathedral or castle, and will watch the silent advances of the moon, progressively lighting up the pile, till oriel, statue, arch, and pillar, are delineated in all their minute and varied proportions, will long remember the hour, and cherish the impressions to which it gave rise. But it is only the young and buoyant heart that can feel the influence of such moments in its intensity. It requires some degree of pious or poetic fervour to give them their due zest. While I sat in silent contemplation of the scene, the pleasure it bestowed was mingled with more sombre and qualifying reflections. To me, the enthusiastic

season of youth was past. The tide of poetry had ebbed for ever. Flowers, which fancy had painted as the heralds of substantial harvest, had crumbled in my grasp, like the fabled apples of the Dead Sea.

* * *

From the base of the ramparts, springing from the granite rock, to the water's edge, the space is occupied by a succession of vine terraces which give the precipice a luxuriant and imposing aspect.

I sat in one of those window-seats, peculiar to ancient castles, which, from the massiness of the walls, offered a convenient and pleasing resort for the ladies of the castle, when the labour of embroidery was enlivened by the sounds of the lute.

It was from this window that the fair Griselda had so long watched the blue waters of the Rhine, upon which the young Count of Eigendorff first embarked on his way to the Holy Land, and it was from this window that she first hailed his return.

They were seated in the banquet hall, now a mass of rubbish and weeds; the Baron, her father, presided at the board. The wreck of that band of chivalry, which, five years before, had followed the bannered cross, were ranged beside him. The cup went round the circle, and each recounted his tale

of some bold achievement, witnessed or performed; the memory of the gallant dead was recalled by the applauding survivors, and a prayer muttered for their repose. Among the lost number was the young Count of Eigendorff. The Red Knight of Eberstein who had seen him fall under the cimeter of the infidel, was now the approved suitor of Griselda! As he related the distressing tale, he paid a just tribute to the valour of the dead, and prayed fervently for the repose of his soul. "Few of the Rhenish nobles," said the Red Knight, "have died with better grace, none more lamented."—"And none," added another, "whose actions in the field did better service to the sacred banner under which he had enlisted."

"Such eulogiums," interrupted the Baron, "are the spontaneous homage of gallant spirits; the heart that swells at the mention of noble deeds will always be the first to achieve them." — "As honour," replied the Red Knight, "is the soul of chivalry, and a brave deed the test of a soldier, so are these martial virtues the most prompt to bestow the tribute of applause where it is best merited. Had the young Count of Eigendorff been present, his scars would have been more eloquent than our speech, and the voice that is now raised in humble tribute to his memory,

his living presence had hushed into silent admiration."

These words of the Red Knight were closed with an appealing look to *one*, on whose ear he flattered himself the words had not fallen in vain. A deep and half stifled sigh was all they elicited; and the next moment the being who was at once their object, and the presiding divinity of the place, disappeared.

"It is only the first day," resumed the Baron, "that we have been able to drag her from the window. Three months of mourning have made a sensible impression upon her health and appearance; but her confessor has informed me to-day, that, if nothing occurs in three days from this to confirm her *dream*, she will consult her own happiness, and bestow her hand on the Red Knight of Eberstein."

The Knight made a profound obeisance.

"So that," continued the Baron, "I trust my illustrious guests will honour the castle of Rheinfels with their presence till the result of the said dream be made known."

"And pray, may I presume to ask the *substance* of the dream?" enquired the Lord of Drachenfels.

"I will tell you the *subject* of it," answered the

Baron; "it was such as maidens dream who are in love, and, as her confessor tells me, a right remarkable dream; for myself, I have no faith in dreams."

"And I," interrupted the Lord of Drachenfels, "have *every* faith in them. I shall support my belief by matter of fact, such as to each of my companions in arms now present, must be as familiar as the name of his mistress." All eyes were now directed to the speaker.

"It was the eve of St. John," pursued the dreamer; "we halted within a league of the walls of Damascus. Vespers had been chanted throughout the camp — the sentinels were posted — the crescent was glittering over the ramparts. A band of fifty knights bound themselves by a sacred vow, that before sun-rise they would plant the cross in its place, or perish in the attempt.

"The eastern gate was fixed upon as the storming point. Our arms were minutely examined, and found to be in order. The better to prepare our bodies for wielding them with effect, we threw ourselves down under the awning of the tent to seek an hour's sleep. The young Count of Eigendorff was to lead the assault, and all were confident of success. A better soldier never lifted arm against the Saracen, and woe is the day that our

brother of Eberstein witnessed his fall." — "Woe is the day!" responded every voice. — "Finding the Count was resolved to watch, in spite of our solicitations that he would snatch an hour's repose before mixing in the fearful drama, about to be enacted, I closed my eyes, and, wrapt in my cloak of *cramoisie*, fell asleep. At the same moment a shrill bugle...."

Before the Count could articulate the word, the Baron started suddenly on his chair, — each guest answered by a simultaneous gesture.

"Methinks," said the Baron, "the blast is familiar.... list!" A shrill bugle note from the water struck the ear — the listeners gazed upon one another. "By St. John," exclaimed the knight of the dream, "it is!... the same, by my creed!" The Red Knight looked pale; — the note was repeated.... "Rudolf!" cried the Baron impatiently to his squire, "see who comes." The squire disappeared for an instant, and returned. "It is the bugle of Bacharach!" said he; "and the note of tributary acknowledgment."

"What seest thou at the mast?" hastily interrogated the Red Knight. "The boat," answered Rudolf, "as far as the moon serves, bears the griffin standard." — "But the bugle," rejoined the Baron, "I would have sworn it was.... nay,

peace to the dead."—"Peace to the dead!" echoed the Red Knight."—"Let the signal be answered," commanded the Baron: "we accept the friendly salutation, but —" interrupting himself, "let us resume our places;—and now, Sir Drachenfels," continued he, "to the dream." The knight, who appeared absorbed in profound reverie, returned with some difficulty to the narrative of the dream.

"It was under the circumstances already described," resumed he, "I had drawn my cloak of *cramoisie* over my eyes, I had addressed my orisons to that protecting cross whose soldier I was—under whose glorious banner I had fought. My thoughts were divided between Damascus and Drachenfels." The speaker paused. The attention of the listeners was again interrupted. The music from the Rhine rose in a full and fresher swell. "By St. Goar!" exclaimed the Baron, placing his ear to the open lattice, "this is *not* the bugle of Bacharach!"—"It is friendly no less," interposed a knight.—"Friendly!" retorted the Baron, "ay, many a goodly castle has been taken under the mask of friendship! Rudolf," he continued, "see that the sentinels are on guard. Soft sounds may close with sharp swords;—warn my daughter to her apartment in the west turret."—"There can be no *fear* of surprize," insinuated Drachenfels.—"*Fear*,"

added the Baron; "caution precludes *fear*. The word was never pronounced within these walls." — "Nor should it be felt," continued another, "though all the spears of the palatinate were bristling under the bastions."

"Thou hast rightly said," answered the Baron; "hearts inured to strife, accustomed to reap their harvests of steel, have no room for *fear*. How now, Rudolf?" he resumed, "whence this agitation? Answer me instantly. Answer on thy life!" Every hand was at the same moment on the hilt of his sword. "Are the gates secure? is my daughter —" Before the Baron could proceed with the question, or Rudolf interpose an answer, the mysterious bugle note was succeeded by a shrill female shriek. "Treason!" vociferated the Baron; "to arms!" The swords sprung from their scabbards; they dashed into the court, and beheld a lifeless form in the arms of a stranger! "Die — villain!" exclaimed the Baron, as he recognised his daughter, and made a longe at the stranger, "Let thy blood wash out the insult."

The intended victim started back in a consciousness of his danger, evaded the thrust, turned towards the speaker, while the moon shone full in his face! The point of the Baron's sword dropt harmless on the ground — his arm was suddenly para-

lysed at the sight, and he staggered back into the circle. A deathful pause ensued. The knights looked at one another, — they spoke not, they moved not, they scarcely breathed, — their lips were convulsively clenched, — their brows contracted, their eyes widely glaring, and their whole features and attitude presenting a mingled picture of fear and ferocity, — like a band of gladiators, whose countenances retain, under the pressure of death, the stamp of the fierce passions with which their living forms had been agitated.

"I knew," muttered the Baron, recovering himself, "that *this* was not the arm that would have quailed to any thing human!" — Drachenfels was forcibly reminded of his dream, and the Red Knight of Eberstein! ... Where was he? He had suddenly disappeared from the circle; but the sound of a horse at speed along the heights gave evidence of the rider.

Griselda slowly recovered from her trance; breathed a deep sigh, like one who awakes from a deep sleep; and her eyes, as they again opened on the light, met the warm and impassioned gaze of the young Count of Eigendorff!

"I knew," she said, with a faltering voice — "I knew it was thine — my Bertrand's bugle-note! But how? — why? — when? — no! — it

is! it is!" The sentence was broken. She threw her white arms convulsively round his neck, while her voice became at once unintelligible and delirious with joy.

The Baron, at the recommendation of the confessor, who held the sacred symbol of his faith between him and the suspected group, ventured to approach. The rest followed his example, and, after a cautious and severe scrutiny, admitted the palpable evidence of flesh and blood.

"Behold," said the confessor, "the *accomplishment* of the dream!" — "And the total *annihilation* of mine!" sighed the Knight of Drachenfels. — "Yes," proceeded the monk, "our prayers have been heard." — "Heard!" interposed the former; "by the cross of St. John, if thy prayers be of such efficacy as to convert a skeleton into a thriving suitor, thou mayst expect small hire from the living; — for me — I will none of thy acquaintance." These words were followed by a courtly obeisance to the Baron and his brother knights, and in a few hours the speaker was in the lofty towers of Drachenfels.

Most of the other knights followed his example. For the *dead*, there is no more certain way of hazarding the loss of fame, and the good opinion of friends, than by paying an unexpected visit to

the *living*. So thought the young Count of Eigendorff. "But while there is *one*," he added, "for whom I should have gloried to die, there will be one for whom I shall rejoice to live!" — "And one, too," added the weeping beauty, "who, next to the happiness of sharing thy fortunes, aspires to that of sharing thy tomb," — and she sobbed convulsively. — "Tomb!" resumed the Count, "I have brought thee trophies!"

The Baron led the way, and they adjourned to the hall. The following day the vows of the lovers were solemnised at the altar. The echoes of St. Goar were wearied with acclamations. The young burnt incense before them, the old pronounced over them their fervent benedictions. The songs of troubadours have transmitted their names to posterity, and drawn tears of joy from many a bright eye by the story of Bernard and Griselda!

In commemoration of this event, the bugles were accustomed on every anniversary night to assemble in boats on the Rhine, to harmonise their notes to the "March of *Eigendorff*." The ceremony is now laid aside; but there are few travellers who pass a night at St. Goar without sending the bugles across the river, and making

experiment of the celebrated echo which resides in these rocks.

On my arrival at St. Goar, I determined, for once, to revive the old custom. With this view, I directed three of the best post-bugles to be in waiting, and, attended by the *Incledon* of the place, to cross the river and strike up exactly at eleven o'clock. They were punctual. The first note of their concert struck my ear as I descended from the tower. The plan succeeded. The pauses were judiciously filled up by the half song, half recitative, of the boatmen, and concluded with the Bugle Song.

Who watches from yon turret high
The waves that float
Our bugle note?
The zephyrs sigh, the rocks reply,
"It is thy lover's bugle note!"

Who watches from the lattice pane
A mailed coat?
A crested boat?
Who starts to catch the mellow strain,
That wild and melting bugle note?

Whose heart is throbbing in the hall,
As round the moat
They wheel the boat?
And warlike trumpets from the wall,
Sing, "Welcome to thy bugle note!"

Oh! lady, hush thy heart's alarms;
They quit the boat,—
They scale the moat;—
"Tis thine!"—She rush'd into his arms—
"I knew my Bertrand's bugle note!"

Ems, July 1st.—During His Royal Highness's periodical attack—now happily over—I have very seldom left him even for an hour. I have watched, as on a former occasion, six nights in succession. I have seen him under the pressure of much personal suffering, exhausted by a series of spasmodic attacks, surprised by their sudden accession or unexpected recurrence; but I have never seen him lose his temper or self-possession. The perfect composure with which he waits the result is a lesson in practical philosophy, which it is edifying to observe and pleasing to commemorate.

* * *

Schwalbach, July 10th.—We have made our way hitherto through a tremendous storm of thunder, lightning, and rain. It came on as we cleared the heights of Nassau, in such hearty good earnest, that in five minutes the road was flooded, and the postilions so blinded with the lightning and slanting drift, that it was with difficulty they kept their seats. The leaders every few seconds wheeling round from the flash and the blast left the postilion but one alternative — that of resigning his hat or

his command. He preferred the hat, and grasping it with all his force, intrusted the convoy to the discretion of his horses, which soon brought us to a dead halt. The horizon was so circumscribed, that we could discern nothing beyond the dark ravines by which the road was flanked, and felt not a little apprehension lest the carriages should capsize under the increasing violence of the blast, to which they were completely exposed on this inhospitable eminence.

It seemed as if the powers of the air had uncorked one or more of those tremendous "spouts" to which mariners look with such apprehension. The personal experience which I had on the coach-box to-day has impressed me with more correct notions of a water-spout than any description which I have yet read. It was quite a drenching scene! Nothing was felt but water; nothing seen and heard but the alternate flash and crash of the lightning and thunder; — introduced and dismissed with a thousand "*sacrament*" from *schwager*, stooping forward over the pommel of the saddle, and holding his hat with increased jealousy. The leaders having ceased to fear, ceased also to obey, and with inverted traces looked him sympathetically in the face, — an insult which, but for

the hat, had met with summary chastisement; but the whip hand being fully engaged, he was crippled in his resources, and in this situation must have appeared ridiculous even in their eyes, if not in his own. Patience, however, as usual, overcame; and on arriving here the scene was diversified by a very agreeable and unexpected incident.

It is impossible for their Royal Highnesses to preserve a strict *incognito* in this country. The circumstance of their intended halt any where is too flattering to the innkeeper to be treated as a political secret. The news spreads like wild-fire, and long before the arrival of the royal *cortège* a band of musicians is in attendance to give melodious utterance to their "Willkommen!" This is an ordinary occurrence, — but the music this evening was much better than usual; more varied and more select. The band was also more numerous, animated, and persevering than common, and presented a charming *mélange* of vocal and instrumental harmony. The performance concluded with the following serenade: —

Chorus. — Wirst du, preis der prinzessinnen!
Dorten Ludwigs herz gewinnen,
Der dir lauter glück verspricht —
So vergiss doch Sachsen nicht!

Wirst du Sachsen glücklich machen
Wenn dein volk mit lust und lachen,
Witz und künste höher treibt:
Werden dich die dichter ehren:
Denk, dass auch in unsern ehören
Deines Namens Denkmaal bleibt!

I had the Duchess's commands to present the band with three *louis d'or*, but what was her surprise to hear that the whole were from the village of Steinbach, — the faithful subjects of her Brother, — and the first to welcome her on her return to Meiningen, though at the distance of a hundred and fifty miles!

Such an occurrence — if not intentional — was, at least, a very pleasing coincidence, and few "Welcomes" have ever been better timed, or given in better tune.

ALTENSTEIN, July 15th. — Yesterday the Grand Duke of Weimar, the Princes of Barchfeldt, Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, the ministers of Gotha, Hilburghausen, and Coburg, dined here.

The Duke of Meiningen gains a wide accession of territory by the late arrangements, and the partition of the duchy of Gotha.

* * *

On Saturday morning an unhappy man, once a bold dragoon, who thought himself ill used

by his spouse, and restricted in his schnapps, went suddenly into the wood and shot himself.

I saw him in excellent health and spirits but half an hour before the commission of this dreadful act; he was in good circumstances. His widow is not greatly surprised or distressed by the catastrophe, but continues to supply her customers with beer as usual. I am lodged, for the present, in a chamber of observation.

* * *

17th. — To-day, one of the finest in the fine month of July, was devoted to an excursion. The scenery between Altenstein and Eisenach, particularly that portion of it where the latter breaks at once upon the view, is considered among the richest in Upper Saxony.

On quitting Altenstein, the view on the right is bounded by the heights of the Thuringen, presenting a vast amphitheatre of waving forest — towering in successive stages, till it meets, and melts away in the distant horizon. Here and there a huge rock emerges from the green and undulating mass, dividing it into distinct regions. The smoke, which at intervals rose in spiral columns from the recesses, was such as is often taken advantage of by painters of forest scenery, but I never observed the real effect so powerful as

at the present moment. Clumps of pine — the *sublimes cupressi* of Saxony — arose at intervals in stately pre-eminence over the oak, the birch, the ash, and the linden, till, thickening with the ascent, they usurped the whole of the higher summit, and threw a sombre hue over the flanks of the forest.

* * *

20th. — In expressing his opinion of men and things, the Duke is always frank and explicit. Whatever be the subject upon which he chooses to communicate his sentiments, they are invariably followed by a statement of the premises from which his conclusions are drawn.

For example: — "This is my opinion; and I'll tell you why;" — or, "There I differ from you; and I will give you my reasons."

His Royal Highness expresses it as his decided opinion, that the Catholics of Ireland must and ought to be emancipated. This event, he thinks, may be delayed for a session or two, but will be carried ultimately. For this, as usual, he assigns emphatic reasons.

21st. — The visit to Louisburg is delayed till the 27th. Prince Leopold has been here for two days. Every fine day — and with one exception every day has been fine — dinner has been served

under the great linden tree, with a numerous band contributing fresh airs to the entertainment. — There are other airs which are less desirable; for when a puff of wind rustles the leaves over head, I have a shower of sprawling insects in my plate. Fortunately, however, the atmosphere has been perfectly still, and it has not rained insects more than once. . . . Mrs. F—— is to accompany His Royal Highness on a visit to the Queen. On the third day we shall reach Deinach.

23d. — Visited the Wartburg yesterday, and dined with His Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Weimar, at his beautiful forest residence of Wilhelmsthal. Returned highly gratified with the series of amusements which had been prepared for the visitors.

Upon leaving Altenstein we proceeded direct to Eisenach, where the party was received by the hereditary Prince at eleven o'clock. Droshkas were in readiness to convey us to the Wartburg, which has undergone various repairs and improvements since last year. Here we spent upwards of an hour in walking over the different apartments. Some of these contain a very curious collection of antique armour, — very interesting, — and two coats of mail, with a particular history attached to them.

Visited also the chamber where Luther completed the first German translation of the Bible, and where the devil made a personal attack upon his greatest adversary. Shown the inkstand which the latter threw at his satanic majesty in the heat of contest. . . .

This over, a severe storm came on. The party were introduced to a collation, and very agreeably entertained by the Duke and his suite till the weather had in some measure abated. This eminence, in fine weather, commands, perhaps, the finest panorama in Germany, and is much resorted to by strangers. At half past three o'clock we arrived at Wilhelmsthal to dinner. The company was very numerous: the apartment quite in the style of an Italian banquet-hall. I had the honour of an obliging reception from the Grand Duchess, who afforded me the additional gratification of conversing for some time respecting England and this country, — in what they were similar or dissimilar. I made a remark upon the "Athens" of Germany, which Her Royal Hignness was pleased to acknowledge in terms very complimentary to England.

Her dress was as plain and unpretending as her speech; but both were calculated to make an impression never to be forgotten. In appearance,

voice, and manner, she was more like Mrs. Joanna Baillie than any other lady I have ever met.

Wilhelmsthal is a romantic and highly embellished retreat. A strict adherence to classic taste pervades the whole, and well becomes one of the most literary and enlightened sovereigns of Europe, — the patron, friend, and companion of Schiller, Wieland, and Göethe.

* * *

Saturday, 29th. — From Heilbronn to Ludwigsburg is one continued garden, varied with hill and dale, richly wooded, and fertilised by the Neckar. Last October the river rose to an unprecedented height, and so suddenly, that the first intimation had of its approach was its flowing in at the doors and windows. It was at night, — the sleeper dreamt not of floods till the house acquired the motion of a vessel at sea, — he started up, knee-deep in cold water, — the most disagreeable interruption to a pleasant sleep that can well be imagined. The consternation which immediately spread through the villages bordering the Neckar became general. All rushed to the rescue of what appeared to each the most valuable. The houses, generally of wood, which had stood for generations, perfectly satisfied with their position and proprietors, now smit with a sudden passion

for emigration, moved along the surface of the flood, bearing their alarmed inmates along, till, arrested by some rising ground or plantation, they waited, like the ark on Mount Ararat, the secession of the waters.

Much grain was swept away, and cattle lost; but, happily, the sacrifice in human life, if any, was inconsiderable. The great difficulty, when the river returned to its ordinary level, was to compel the stray houses to return home. So firmly were some of them rooted in the foreign soil, that they were demolished and removed piece-meal. To guard against a like recurrence, it has been proposed by some of the heads of the villages, that every house shall be provided in future with a bower anchor and cable! The bridges are all rebuilt or rebuilding; and at present the river flows very tranquilly, whilst the inhabitants continue to sing —

"Flow on, thou shining river."

* * *

In passing through Stutgardt we observed the outworks of another splendid palace, now building under the king's immediate directions. The situation is well chosen, where there is so much to choose, and commands a charming view of the

capital, vine-covered hills, valleys, towns, and villages. The most prominent feature round Stutgardt is the mausoleum built by the King to the memory of his late consort, the ci-devant Grand Duchess of Oldenburg. It stands on the pinnacle of a lofty hill, formerly crowned with a strong castle — the cradle of the Wurtemberg family.

From Stutgardt to Deinach the road becomes exceedingly picturesque, winding through an oak forest, abounding in what may be called park scenery. We halted in one of its most picturesque solitudes, and took luncheon under the friendly shade of an *oak*, — a tree for which His Royal Highness evinces a decided partiality.

Numerous villages are here interspersed — swarming with an industrious and apparently happy population. Near Calw, on the skirt of the Black Forest, the scenery assumes a strikingly romantic character. The road serpentines along the banks of the Neckar, here in its infancy, overshadowed with rocks, where the pine thrives in great luxuriancy. The banks of the river form a beautiful riband of meadow, and are kept in the style of an English lawn. Groups of houses and hamlets, with their little church spires and whitewashed chimneys, half seen and half concealed by the trees, open on the eye at every interval.

From the summit of the wooded rocks which enclose the valley a ruined tower or château leads the mind back to the days of chivalry and romance. The valley opens a little, and inscriptions carved on the rocks, by the road side, announce the immediate vicinity of Deinach. Suddenly, at a turn of the valley, a lofty tower presented like an eagle's nest on the pinnacle of a rock, and fringed with ilex and pine, points out to the traveller's admiration the ruins of Sablestein.

As these first burst upon the view, at the extremity of a long vista of pines, it is difficult to imagine any thing more striking and picturesque. His Royal Highness expressed his admiration in terms that did full justice to the scenery. A few yards further we came in sight of a Doric temple overhung by dark pine-forests. We passed several neat rural alpine cottages, half wood, half stucco; a church, two royal offices running parallel with each other, and forming a street or market-place between them, closed at the extremity by an arch, and a few paces in advance halted at the door of the Queen's château.

* * *

Tuesday, August 1st. — Left the palace of Louisburg this morning at eight o'clock, and

taking the cross roads, traversed a country little known to tourists *en poste*. The natural fertility of the country is unrivalled by any thing I have yet seen — highly cultivated, populous, and productive. All seem to enjoy the chief blessings of life, peace and plenty, while labour is greatly abridged by the natural fertility of the soil. Great part of the acclivities opening to the south is covered with luxuriant vineyards, and the lower districts with abundant crops of wheat. In a field of a hundred acres I observed only a single reaper! Here, as at home, the scythe has been introduced, and the necessity of bands of reapers superseded. This is one of the melancholy instances where the progressive inventions have supplanted the *physique*, and brute mechanism the efforts of manual industry. Here the harvest field is no longer a scene of festivity. The sickle, that primitive instrument of rural life, has disappeared at the approach of more wholesale weapons. But the consequence of this partial triumph is already apparent, and thousands to whom this season was wont to yield the well-earned bread of cheerful industry, are now more forcibly reminded of their own insignificance, — a feeling too apt to engender disaffection and disgust. While the mechanical philosopher views

these innovations as the triumph of genius, the moralist regards them with a deeper scrutiny: and while both are discussing their practical utility or moral tendency, the attentive observer judges of them only by their consequences.

PFORZHEIM, two o'clock. — There is an air of high antiquity about this place. The houses exhibit in their exterior all the varieties of style, architecture, and capacity, which have prevailed in Germany for the last five hundred years. The principal houses are framed with oak beams, the intervals filled up with brick and stuccoed, and presenting externally a chequered, tartan appearance, from the variety of colours and frame-work employed. Some of these habitations are richly ornamented with carved work; that sort of substantial embroidery which flourished during the age of pictured arras, and appears to have been only transferred from the canvass to the oak. Those public fountains, so common in every town of Germany, are a real embellishment, offering a true specimen of the useful and ornamental. It is a never-failing place of agreeable rendezvous, where the traveller is sure to see at all hours specimens of the beauty and costume of the peasantry. Many of these have fine features and proportions; and moving off with the filled pitcher

nicely poised upon the head, with a deliberate and graceful step, heightened and improved by those greatest of all blessings, health and cheerfulness, they offer a picturesque subject for the pencil, and suggest pleasing ideas to the mind.

Scenes of happiness and prosperity, presented in the simple and natural language of those with whom I converse, take a lasting hold of the memory and the affections. Moving along through scenery such as I can but very faintly describe, I am tempted every now and then to exclaim, *Hoc erat in votis!*

RASTADT, ten o'clock. — I have arrived too late to see the castle, considered the Versailles of the grand Duchy. The stag-horn museum, and the death-chamber of Louis the great, the spot where the French deputies were murdered in 1798, I noted on a former occasion, in returning from Switzerland.

BAD-BADEN, 3d. — From Rastadt to Baden there is a delightful drive of two leagues. The road is flanked by continuous rows of poplars, remarkable for their stateliness and redundant foliage. Through these, vistas are constantly opening over a beautiful and animated country, bounded on the left by the serrated ridges of the Black Forest, and on the right by the Rhe-

nish chain, the blue mountains of the Vosges. The road more immediately leading to the baths passes through a rich meadow, flanked on either hand by luxuriant vineyards; and higher, by forests of pine, through which, at intervals, grey rocks, assuming the most picturesque and fantastic shapes, obtrude their naked scalps upon the traveller's attention. The most striking feature in the landscape is the romantic ruins of the ancient fortress. In the centre of the valley stands the modern town, — Civitas Aurelia aquensis, — overlooked by its feudal château, and skirted by numerous gardens and villas.

Eight o'clock, evening. — The hour for enjoying the rich and varied combination of scenery here presented is sunset. Whoever would evince his ardour for the picturesque, or the slightest pretensions to romantic enthusiasm, here let him gaze and be grateful, for nature exhibits few pictures so highly embellished as that which now expands before him.

Eight o'clock, morning. — Antiquarians and others affect a great deal of mystery respecting the old use and wont of this castle. An investigation of its subterranean labyrinths does not clear up the mystery. These infernal vaults must have been imagined and excavated for the perpetration

of deeds that shrunk deeply into the recesses of the earth to secure impunity and concealment. Our guide has made up his mind on the subject, and assures us, that they are nothing more or less than the mere *locale* of those fearful "secret tribunals," from whose horrid machinations there was no security, and from their decision no appeal. This conjecture is probable. A slight survey may convince the most incredulous, that nothing could have been better imagined as a theatre where Murder might calmly celebrate her bloody orgies. I have walked through the dismal labyrinths with a strong, but painful, curiosity. The doors, composed of one solid block of stone, movable by a ball and socket, of immense weight, and shrieking dismally as the guide wheels open the ponderous mass, are highly characteristic of the place.

We were shown the mouth of a pit, which, as the climax of all contrasts, retains its original name —The Maid's Salute. This was originally covered by a trap-door, which, the instant a criminal trod upon it, flew suddenly open, and precipitated the wretched victim upon instruments of torture and destruction, or — as it was called by way of refinement — into the "arms of the Virgin!" Some years ago, as the cicerone relates the circumstance, a favourite spaniel, overcome by the

allurements of scent, was precipitated, in the very act of smelling out the secret, into this dismal well. Means being taken to extricate the rash adventurer, they were attended with important discoveries, such as fragments of ancient habiliments, bones, knives, wheels, chains, &c., all clearly indicating their frightful destination. — "Thus," added our antiquated cicerone, with a triumphant sneer, "the nose of a spaniel accomplished more for the instruction of the curious traveller than all your *posse* of antiquarians for the last two centuries." It was true, and though the truth of the remark did not sanction its sarcasm, the party laughed unanimously.

One of the stone doors was worn into deep grooves by the long and reiterated friction of its massy bolts. It was secured *outwards*. How must the heart-blood have run cold as the harsh grating of these bolts for the first time inflicted their torture on the victim's ear, and left him to commune with spirits in darkness and despair.

* * *

Noon. — The great rendezvous of fashion, gaiety, and gamesters, is the *ci-devant* college of Jesuits. What a profane transformation! Here, every thing that can administer to the vices, tastes, and pursuits of the company, is abundantly sup-

plied. The great saloon is of magnificent proportions, richly ornamented, one hundred feet in length, forty in breadth, and between thirty and forty in height. Opening into this once sacred space, is a long suite of other apartments, each destined to supply some specific purpose in the weighty business of amusement, and all conspiring to the one great end in view — to lengthen life by "shortening time!" Here, the epicure is enticed by the evil suggestions of his palate, and that palpable display of delicacies which would have seduced even the founder of La Trappe. For the politician, and those who, breathing in a world of romance, scoff at realities, there is a neatly fitted up library, presenting an abundant stock of all that is wonderful in politics or incredible in romance. Further on in the choir, — reduced to the lowest depths of desecration, — you hear the clatter of dice, the clink of gold, and the muttered curse of the gamester, as he risks his last coin on a throw. Of this, I had both ocular and auricular testimony. The passion of gaming is here pursued to a frightful extent. At this hour the room is crowded to excess, not by idle or inquisitive spectators, but by active and desperate adventurers. From this unhappy and demoralising passion, there are on record more than one tra-

gical result. The guide never fails to instance that of an English lady of distinguished family, who fell an untimely victim to this all-degrading propensity.

These are the vices of the people. The place is as beautiful as can be well imagined. The more rational part of the visiters, avoiding these dangerous extremes, employ themselves in such excursions as offer the greatest attraction. With these the neighbourhood abounds, and presents to the invalid a never-failing and salutary pastime.

Four o'clock. — Went to see a famous cascade in the forest, with a hermitage near it, where visiters may rest, take refreshment, look at the towers, the trees, the rocks, with the roar and rush of the waters constantly in their ears, till they are satisfied to return quietly home. The foot-path is excellent, and serpentines through a most romantic gorge of the mountain. To the votaries of nature, in her more eccentric and fantastic humours, this excursion offers high attractions and pretensions. Seated on a rock, with a book in her hand, open like nature's, we passed a most sentimental looking young lady, with an expression of that pathetic oriental languor, which is so formidable to young poets, and the readers of

J. J. Rousseau. — The theory of animal magnetism is a very popular theme at present.

Returning from the fall, we met the ex-Queen and her beautiful daughters proceeding to the same spot. There is a dignity about this lady, a mild and placid expression of countenance, an intelligence of eye and amenity of manner, which have gained her as many hearts as she lost subjects by her transfer of the Swedish sceptre. This was a gratifying circumstance, and gives a more permanent interest to the few incidents of the day. She may with great justice be described as one whom her birth, virtues, and misfortunes, have alike conspired to render illustrious. There is another excursion, which, though entirely differing in character, will amply repay the toil with which it is purchased. Pursuing a steep, serpentine path, shaded by the rich linden, and overhung by the more indigenous pine, we reach, after about an hour's exertion, the ancient family fortress, now, like its once powerful inhabitant, a mere name in the page of history! At convenient intervals along this winding path rustic chairs are placed, each opposite some interesting vista of champaign or forest scenery. The view from the windows of the ancient hall is unique in

its kind, and much frequented by painters and other lovers of the picturesque. The building is a mere mass of ruins. Trees warp its walls and spring from its hearth: and such a hearth! so lofty and capacious! What must it have been with a large pine blazing in it, a cold winter's night, gates barred, sentinels posted, warriors unmailed, maidens chanting to the distaff, or listening to the troubadour!—*Those* were the times, and *these* all that have survived them—*ludibria venti.*

The baths are supplied from thirty different sources, each possessing its own peculiarity, qualities, and specific temperature. The Brubrunnen 55°. 5″ Reaumur. The Kuhlenbrunnen 43° Reaumur.

The Butté.—In approaching this we enter the interior of the rock, where four sources fall into one, of 52°, 53°, 45°, and 40° respectively. The principal source known to the Romans, those great patrons of the bath, is the *uhrsprung*, which still retains its original white marble casing. It is said to yield, with very little variation, 7,349,440 cubic inches of water in the twenty-four hours, rushing through the rock with great impetuosity. Those just enumerated are but a very small proportion of the springs of Baden. Each has its

votaries and list of *facts*, in support of its wonder-working qualities. These waters have the enviable peculiarity of accommodating their especial virtues to *every case* properly recommended.

The Gasthof, where we sojourn, is another instance of fortune's freaks. It has changed its name from "Capuchin Convent" to "Court of Baden," and its destinies from fasting and prayer to feasting and revel. "*Hier lebt mann herrlich alle tage;*" and the *table d'hôte* at which we dined to-day well merits the countenance of the traveller, and the especial patronage of the *gastronome*. We leave this afternoon for the Murgthal, or, as it is called, the "Vale of Enchantment."

GERNSBACH. — This little place is crowded with a shoal of pedestrians, painters, poets, and musicians, all on their way to, or from, the Vale of the Murg. They are fiddling, harmonising, reciting, drinking, smoking, and singing. In the latter department, three students from Tübingen display uproarious excellence.

HERRENALB, twelve o'clock. — We halt here for an hour. The morning has been delightful, clear, calm, and sunny, with just so much of a cloudy fleece suspended over the forests as to render their peaks here and there indistinct, to delight the eye, and allow a little play for the

imagination. Thus far we are pleased with the Black Forest beyond anticipation. From Gernsbach to this the road undulates incessantly, and at every turn presents the country under a new aspect. The scenery is composed of ruins, rocks, torrents, rustics, and rustic villages; orchards, hamlets, with the blue smoke curling lazily from their thatched roofs, water-mills in motion, pine-crowned precipices, peasants with their three-cocked hats, village girls in their forest costume, and flowers in their hair; now and then a hunter; a car drawn by a sluggish ox, the wheels turning round with the axle-tree; in the back ground the ruins of Eberstein, glimmering through the pines, and shooting its highest turret into the blue atmosphere. Then, in the villages, there is the lowing of cattle, the cackling of geese, the grunting of the real unsophisticated *black* boars of the Black Forest, the bleating of goats, the romping of children, the scolding of mammas, the shuffling of shuttles, the clang of hammers, all accompanied with the hearty salutation of "Guten tag!" as we pass their door, or meet these good industrious people on our road. These objects and circumstances, however common in themselves, are presented to us under such an endless variety of forms, and combinations, and contrasts,

that we are every moment surprised by their novelty, though it be only a modified repetition of the same things. Wood and water, like the precious metals, admitting of numberless varieties in shape, form, and manufacture, are beautiful or valuable in all.

N. B. — I must not forget an interesting party of five pilgrims making a tour of the sanctuaries, and now on their way to Lichenthal. The leader is a patriarch of seventy-five years or upwards; snowy locks over his shoulders; *en chemise*, and chanting as he goes. The next is a stout *baur*, of repulsive countenance, coarse features, but with a fine harmonious voice. The other three following in a string, are "flowers of the forest," with gipsy eyes and faces, varying in age from fifteen to twenty-one. What can they have done? Not much yet; but perhaps they wish to do something more, and are in quest of absolution per advance. They ask no charity, and this being out of character, their piety gains credit by it. It is the performance of a family vow, and is to be noticed with respect and silence. It is not uncommon here, in cases of domestic calamity, or on the accession of unexpected happiness, to carry their thanksgivings to some favourite shrine, in the same family order as exhibited by the party now passing. The

shrine of Tryberg, in this forest, has witnessed many thousands such.

The Monastery. — What utter desolation do these once sacred walls present as we survey them from without! What utter desecration when contemplated within! Herrenalb! — a name once pronounced with hat-in-hand, at whose sanctuary the incense burned for centuries, — is now the habitation of a simple land steward and his family! These, however, though fearing God and honouring the King, are little at their ease, and look with considerable alarm to every succeeding night, — as well they may. The good brethren of St. Bernard still evince their abhorrence of the sacrilege here committed in divers times and manners. The times are nightly; the manners in every shape, form, sound, and shadow. Sometimes single; sometimes in a body; as if they meant to re-establish a real *spiritual* church on earth. Then they groan, chant, scare the cattle, and frighten the children. Were it not for this last, indeed, as the lady very properly observes, "she would not care a pine-top: — in the body, or out of the body, she never feared monk or man, — but sometimes the children will not go to bed for fear of the *beadsmen*; or if they do, ten to one but they

are screaming every five minutes, 'mutter, mutter, — die mönchen, die mönchen!'" Then she has to run through the long, cold, cloisters to send away the monks, and pacify the children. One fortunate circumstance is, that the former always glide off whenever she approaches, in respectful silence, without offering her the smallest insult in manner or gesture. This, to her, is the strangest part of all, — so different from the monks of Friedenthal. There, she could not cross the court after dark without having her skirts plucked at, with other manifestations of worldly mindedness, which greatly moved her compassion; sometimes, indeed, her censure. Still they were most incorrigible and persevering; and always after vespers, just like *die nachteulen*, most frequent and most to be feared. True, — she knew more than she would tell, — but as I seemed anxious to know something of the fearful adventure of the last abbot, she would relate what she knew personally. It was an extraordinary story, but perfectly true: her grandmother had told it "again and again." At this moment, however, the postilion expressed such impatience to be off, assuring us, that unless we made despatch we should not reach Wildbad till long after nightfall, that I reluctantly gave up

the story of the last abbot; and the more so, as in collecting facts it is always desirable to quote good authorities.

* * *

NEUENBURG, six o'clock P. M. — Compelled to take shelter from a sudden and violent storm of hail, thunder, and lightning, which overtook us about a league from this, and continues with unabated fury. Such a storm, in such a region as this, is as sublime as can be well imagined. The roar of the thunder among the mountains and rocks, the flashing of the lightning through the deep recesses of the pine forest, — the red rush of torrents called into sudden existence, flooding the road, or falling in foam from the heights, — the groaning of the forest, — the rattling of the hail, dissolved at length into one continuous and impetuous shower, — with the cattle scudding past in search of deeper shelter, — and the pilgrim or the wayfarer crouching under the beetling cliffs or caves by the way-side, — offer a few of the most striking features in this magnificent and sudden revolt of the elements. For such a spectacle the Black Forest is a most appropriate theatre. The scenery this afternoon, and since we left Herrenalb, has been more sombre and impressive in its character than that of the morning, — more rea-

dily affecting the imagination than the external senses. The path is, as it were, strewn with monastic ruins, and eloquent in traditionary lore. Every brook we pass, every rock that flanks the road, and every morsel of shapeless masonry that clings to the precipice, detains us with the story of other times.

Here, in this deep vale, a holy father laid his quieting unction upon a troop of goblins. There, a sister of Frauenalb was seduced back to the world by a demon-hunter, and every night at twelve o'clock knocks loud and long for re-admittance at the deserted door of the convent. Alas, there is none to open! — her sisters have all returned to the world or to the dust! Here, again, — where that miserable-looking yew makes thriftless growth, — the postilion lifts his hat, crosses himself, — for here a holy Bernardine was murdered, cruelly murdered, by a ruthless bandit, who took from him the little food he had been collecting for his convent, and sent his body in a sack to the abbot. This appalling and most sacrilegious deed is related in two different ways; the wicked party staunchly affirming that, instead of collecting alms, as he pretended, the good father was overtaken with the bandit's only daughter in his haversack, whereupon he suffered the pains of

martyrdom on the spot. But to all this, the postilion says nay; that it is an arrant invention of the enemy; for that the said haversack did contain nothing but a barley loaf, a few small fishes, and a kid of the goats. "Now," says he, "it is the said *kid* that the malicious and profane have made such a handle of, — *da haben sie es, ich weis es wohl*, — it was nothing but a kid."

His defence was left incomplete by the approach of the present storm. We were on foot; for it is only the pedestrian who can see this country to advantage, — when the postilion carelessly observed, *Das wetter ist trübe!* . . . then, "*es heitert sich auf!*" and with this he opened the carriage-door, and advised us to take shelter. There appeared to us little or no change in the sky, but we soon saw the advantage of being weatherwise in such a country. The postilion's exclamations, as we crept slowly up the steep, ran on to a climax in the following interrupted soliloquy: — "*Es hagelt entsetzlich . . . es donnert und blitzt unaufhörlich! Mein gott! Welch schreckliches gewitter!*" In this manner he apostrophised the weather, rallied his half-drowned horses, and made constant but fruitless efforts to revive his extinguished pipe, till we found shelter in this singularly romantic and secluded town.

The most striking objects we have observed by the way are the singular and almost artificial colonnade of rocks near the road to Frauenalb, and an ancient bourg, within a short distance of this, equally remarkable for its stile of architecture and romantic position. It stands so as to occupy the whole summit of a conical and rather precipitous hill, fringed to the base with bright exuberant foliage, through which are scattered a few straggling pines. All this is enclosed by an immense basin, the sides of which, covered with wood, rise to a level with the castle, and give it the appearance of a fine natural circumvallation, only interrupted by a natural mound or draw-bridge, which supplies a medium of intercourse with this feudal fortress.

In such a fortress as this, isolated like the eagle in his eyrie, the chief could shut his gates and sleep after a hard day's plunder: for a shower of arrows, a stratagem, or the sword, were all that the assailants could bring against him; and against the one he could provide, the others he could despise. But when powder was brought into play, the feudal chief, along with his independence, lost his ferocity; and the cannon once pointed at his walls, did more for his civilisation

than all the events between the reign of Charlemagne and Sigismund.

WILDBAD, ten o'clock. — During our halt at Neuenburg we were fortunate in catching a sunny interval to visit the ancient château. The ascent is very steep, but the view it commands well repays the exertion by which it is purchased. I wish to remember it, however, rather for the incidental than the natural beauty it presented at the moment. This was occasioned by what painters of landscape call "les accidences du soleil." The sun's rays falling here and there upon the forest, colouring and kindling the exhalations as they steamed up from its recesses after the shower, produced an effect singularly beautiful. Being of more rare occurrence, the scene had all the charm of novelty; and has left us a thorough conviction that painters do well in selecting such hours as this for the study of mountain and forest scenery. The pleasure was yet further enhanced by reflecting that the magnificent spectacle on which we now gazed was the result of that very storm which had just passed away, and now slept with a radiant smile upon its cheek.

From Neuenburg to this the road follows the direction of the stream, which at every hundred yards receives a fresh tribute from the ravines

ramifying among the mountains on either side. Here the forests are composed almost exclusively of pine, which gives the country a sombre aspect; but the little valleys which every now and then open on the eye, as if to invite the traveller to their recesses, exhibit the most refreshing verdure — the "beau gazon," — such as bordered Calypso's isle.

We have now reached *terra cognita*; and although yesterday and to-day we have acquired a tolerable notion of the Black Forest, we have still four days between this and Schaffhause; and the scenery in prospect, though varying in quality and combination, is equal, or superior, we are told, to that already passed. As we cannot yet judge for ourselves, we cheerfully take the report of others; but it is extremely difficult to anticipate any thing that can surpass the scenery of the Murg, the Alb, and the Ens, — *nous verrons.*

Here the legend "Frauenalb" was narrated to me in words to the following effect: —

"At that glorious epoch of human history, when a man's merits were estimated by the weight of his sword, — when the only fire-arms he had to encounter were ladies' eyes, — lived and flourished the 'hochgebohrner graf und herr, Erchinger of Magenheim.' He was a gallant tilter,

much given to wine and good fellowship, with many other manly qualities; and in forest sports a second Nimrod.

"At the precise time the following veracious document was recorded, he inhabited his ancestral castle in the forest of Stromberg, and entertained at a jovial festival the Durchlauchtigster Duke of Swabia, their Excellencies Albert of Simmern, Berthold of Eberstein, and sundry other tilters of renown. A quarto volume would not contain all that ought to be written and believed concerning the feats of this knot of knights, — the casks they drained, or the deer they slew: suffice it to know, that they are all faithfully recorded in the chronicles of the Counts of Erchinger.

"But as there is ever something to creep upon our most convivial moments — to damp the heart's festivity, and dash the cup of pleasure with the necessary quantum of alloy, — so it was in the present instance. The Count, though surrounded by all that maketh man joyful, was grievously irritated by the daily visits of a stupendous stag, which, though constantly within reach, and hunted day after day, none of the party could either take or touch.

"The stag moreover made them personal visits, and these invariably at the hour of dinner. So

emboldened was he by long impunity, that he would thrust his antlers in at the very door of the banquet-room, and survey the guests with such unceremonious indifference, or even defiance, that it deranged the whole entertainment, and greatly irritated the host.

"On one of these critical moments the Count lost all patience, and dashing the cup from his hand, swore, by the beard of St. Gingulph, that the said stag should be a venison-pasty for the morrow's dinner! It was a bold oath, but the Count was a bold man, and bold sayings well became him.

"The next minute the banquet was deserted. The Count mounted his fleetest steed, and the whole company followed his example. The horsemen were succeeded by a host of retainers; and the wide forest of Stromberg answered their shouts in a thousand echoes.

"Albert of Simmern, however, being ably mounted, soon outstripped the others, and with rapid course shot far into the depths of the forest, —the stag still before him, but in shape and speed such as he had never followed in green-wood chase.

"Here, all of a sudden the stag disappeared, and in its place an appalling figure presented itself,

from whose aspect Albert, though a knight of tried and dauntless courage, shrunk back trembling and aghast! He crossed himself most devoutly. The figure appeared, and told him to calm his apprehensions, and follow him. Albert obeyed; and, led on by his unearthly guide, soon found himself in a beautiful meadow, on the margin of which stood a magnificent château, such as he had never seen. Arrived at the gate, he was received by mutes, who took his steed, and made silent obeisance. His guide cautioned him not to speak, but follow, and do as he should direct.

"They next passed through a long suite of anterooms, and entered a banquet-hall, where was seated a gorgeous prince in the midst of his courtiers.

"The latter rose at the sight of Albert, bowed, resumed their places, and proceeded with their banquet. Albert kept his hand on his sword, for the scene was inexplicable and suspicious! He gazed with astonishment upon the precious and richly chased vessels as they passed and repassed, but always in profound silence.

"Having spent an indefinite space in this mysterious company, his guide beckoned him to withdraw. He saluted the company, received their salutation in return, and repaired to the gate,

where lackeys held his horse. He mounted, — the servants disappeared, — and again entered the forest, preceded by his guide.

"At length Albert mustered courage to question the latter respecting the château, and what he had seen.

"'Listen,' said his guide, with a hollow voice, 'and thou shalt hear! The chief whom thou sawest at banquet was thine ancestor *Ravenstern*, who fought with valour and success against the Saracen. But as he oppressed his vassals, aided and abetted by us, his servants, and treated them with flagrant cruelty and injustice, *we* are now suffering the just recompense of our deeds, till it please Heaven to relieve us from the fearful ban of its displeasure! The aim and end of my visit is to leave thee a solemn warning not to indulge in the like propensities, on the pain of punishments that have no earthly name! Behold the path; go in peace: but ere thou goest, gaze for a moment behind thee, and behold how the glory of earth vanisheth away!'

"At these words the phantom disappeared. Albert turned round to look; and where the moment before the castle stood — a gorgeous pile, fire and flame had now burst forth, while deep groans of agony and despair from the midst of

the conflagration fell thick and fearful upon his startled ear.

" Seized with a paroxysm of terror, he fled at full speed to *Mogenheim;* but was hardly recognised by the Duke and his comrades, for his beard and locks had become white in the short interval of separation!

" As soon as composed, he related the mysterious circumstances that had succeeded the chase, and obtained of Count Erchinger permission to erect a church on the spot where he had met the apparition.

" Berthold of Eberstein, whose devotion was greatly excited by the extraordinary circumstances of the vision, made also a vow, on the spot, to consecrate a nunnery in the Vale of Alb. The convent of Frauenalb remains to this day in faithful attestation of his vow, and a glorious monument of his faith and piety!"

* * *

Wildbad is one of the few places that improve on better acquaintance. A more delightful or salutary retreat for the invalid, for the man of scientific pursuits or contemplative habits, is not to be met with in all the Circles of Germany, and in this opinion I am strengthened by the testimony of one who has repeatedly made the tour of all

the "Circles." Voilà une vallée telle qu'Ossian les décrivait dans sa verve! ce n'est pas le lieu des gens de plaisir. Mais c'est précisément ce qu'aimeront à trouver les personnes d'une vie paisible qui veulent jouir de la nature dans un petit cercle d'amis, et n'aimeraient pas à n'emporter de ces sources de santé, que des remords cuisans—*On en revient le cœur bien satisfait!*

DEINACH.—There is a visible change in this romantic retreat within the last few weeks. Every thing proclaims the absence of the good Queen, and every voice calls for her return. The palace gates are shut, the grass is already green on the threshold. Of all her retinue, only a *concierge* remains. The tents are struck; the bazaar is closed; even the musicians, generally the last to quit the Baths, have moved off. Still the company is numerous; but composed of a different and inferior class. After the Queen's departure few of the *Herrschaft* prolong their visit. The lodgings, consequently, become reduced to one half their rent, and every thing else in proportion. Then comes the season for the small *Adelschaft*, the *Bürgerschaft*, and a few of the richer heads of the *Baurschaft*. These are the company at present. But there remains nothing of the bustling, active gaiety, the mirth and music, arrivals and departures, which so lately

made Deinach one continued scene of rural festivity. One place can scarcely differ more from another, than Deinach differs at this moment from its former self. Nature, however, remains unchanged, or rather improved. The foliage is richer in tint, except in the never-varying pine. The tower of Sablestein, and the temple of Wilhelmshöhe — as we descended the steep this evening — appeared as striking and original as at first sight. There is no place in the Black Forest like Deinach.

Sunday, three o'clock P. M. — Dined at the *table d'hôte* for the first time; met the minister, the *amtmann*, and other resident functionaries. Received that cordial welcome which is no where better understood or expressed than in Germany. All felt the change that had supervened upon the Queen's departure, and looked forward with delight to her next visit to this favourite retreat. There were upwards of twenty at table, and the viands such as would have done credit to *Very* or *Robert*.

* * *

HERRENBERG, Monday. — Reached this at nine o'clock last night, through Calw and Wildberg. The country here is more open, cultivated, and productive: the forests still occupy the heights,

while the lower grounds yield abundantly in corn, wine, and tobacco. From Deinach the road is hilly and serpentine, commanding many fine views over the adjacent country. I have observed, however, nothing particular in the external appearance of the country to engage attention. This little town, like most of its Swabian contemporaries, preserves in its own archives the record of many wars, feuds, and contentions; but, however much these may interest or edify the inhabitants, they are too uninstructive or unimportant — too much mixed up with national events — to demand separate and especial notice. Even superstition, that rapacious gossip, is silent in her own territory: her tales of enchantment have fled back to the forest, and find in its congenial solitudes and fastnesses a more permanent sanctuary.

The only objects we have visited are the ancient château or fortress on the height, commanding the town, and the church. The former is a mass of ruins, but affords an extensive and varied prospect; the latter is a good specimen of church-building, such as it was when every member of the community was ambitious to evince his piety by contributing — if but a stone — to its construction or decoration. An ancient, venerable Gothic church is, of all monuments fashioned by man,

that which most nearly interests the heart. Our ancestors built with a provident anticipation of the future: they foresaw, probably, the decline of that enthusiasm which, with them, was the guardian spirit of religion; and intended, by buildings like the present, such monuments of their own piety as should witness against the profligacy of after-times. Their anticipations would appear to have been well founded. There is little church-building in the present day; almost nothing that will transmit to our descendants of the next century, any very exalted idea of their pious progenitors.

TÜBINGEN. — The approach to these academic shades is pleasing from the soft but striking landscape in which it is embosomed, and interesting from classical associations. The château and observatory are the prominent features. Numerous parties of students are recreating on the high road, others strolling, or seated on the benches under the trees, and all enjoying their *otium cum dignitate* — beer, wine, and tobacco. I observe several in Greek costume, from the Ionian and other islands of the Archipelago. This is holiday time; and every one appears anxious, by word and deed, to improve it to the best advantage — to "taste

life's glad moments while the wasting *taper* glows." And the taper that here wastes in the shade has imparted the vital spark to at least fifty pipes within the last half hour.

Tobacco appears to be to the German what opium is to the Turk — exerting a soothing narcotic influence over the senses, and inducing that dreamy, delicious sort of stupor which snatches him from the realities of life, and conducts him through the flowery fields of romance. It is said to be almost a specific in cerebral excitement: here such cases, it is reported, are numerous — often formidable; and if so, let these hot-headed youths smoke on! Ex fumo dare lucem. It will be for the peace of their country.

We have made the tour of the university. In this there is little to remember, and nothing to comment upon. Its long established reputation renders it very independent of encomium; as much so as it is superior to censure; and both have been alternately and lavishly bestowed upon it.

Its professors are men equally distinguished for their talents and erudition — for their success in teaching — and for the zeal, intelligence, and assiduity, with which the various departments are conducted. To these merits and qualifications,

the numerous and distinguished individuals whom they annually send forth into the active spheres of life, bear the most honourable testimony.

We now enter upon a new, romantic, forest country, with the "elysian valley of Steinach" and the castled heights of Hechingen before us. We must expect, however, to arrive late at Altingen, as the road is a constant alternation of height and hollow, or, more properly, mountainous. But by those who reside in such a country as this, little peculiarities of surface are quite overlooked. A mountain is but a gentle ascent, and a precipice but an easy declivity. So it is in life, as in travelling — habit equalises the road — and its asperities are no longer formidable than habit has rendered them familiar. We have now passed the Neckar.

ALTINGEN, ten o'clock. — The lateness of our arrival here has surprised the landlord, and all his establishment, in bed! After considerable parley, and abundant space to survey the premises externally, the door of hospitality opened, and we were ushered, by a half-accoutred hostler, into this large, solitary, and well-sanded apartment. A sort of rushlight, making darkness visible, glimmers in niggardly welcome at the extremity of a long deal

table. Upon this our luggage is placed. The postilion reminds us of the *trinkgeld*, and the almost forced march by which we have arrived. — "Speed and security are his great forte! — hopes, therefore, their *herrschaft* will courteously bestow a *gulden* or so additional, for *schnapps*." He retires satisfied, and in token thereof makes a prolonged scrape on the sandy floor. There is nothing eatable in the house. That don't signify — the landlord assures us we shall have kaffé in less than an hour! "There was fine *kalb-fleisch* and *saur kraut* not more than three hours ago, but then it had been clean snapt up by some wayfaring wolves from Engen! There *were*, also, beds, and very much at our service; but at present they were all occupied by the same party! The diligence, however, would take *them* all off a few minutes past five o'clock, and then" — What then? "The said beds would be well seasoned, warm, and fit for the *herrschaft!* .... But, if the herrschaft declined waiting till five, he had fresh hay, one empty room besides the present, and three mattresses. Would they prefer this?" ... Certainly — their excelenz would. Had he any wine? "*Ja, freilich*—he had wein and *sehr-gut!*" What more? "Ganz schwartz brod!" Any thing else? —

"Kaffé!" That of course—but had he nothing solid, substantial! "O, ya, he had käse, and potato-salad, and—nothing more!"

The hay is brought, the mattresses spread, another light put on the table, and we are in hourly anticipation of the promised banquet. I employ the interval in noting my cursory remarks on the objects seen and imagined in the three last stages. Of the objects *seen*, the most striking was the ruined castle of Hochenzollern, the *berceau* of the royal house of Brandenburg. One of the most important events that occurred during the council of Constance was the elevation of Friedrich of Hochenzollern to the above electorate. The Emperor Sigismund, wishing to make a progress into France and Spain, but not being provided with the necessary funds, *negotiated* a loan from Friedrich of Hochenzollern. As security for the repayment, the latter received in pledge the march of Brandenburg. The Emperor, unable to discharge the debt, made a definitive sale of the province, and dignity therewith connected, to his banker, who, for the sum of 400,000 florins, was invested with the electorate of Brandenburg, and founded the royal dynasty of Prussia. L'Enfant, in his "Histoire du Concile de Constance," pays a very high and merited compliment to this en-

lightened prince,—"dont les actions font l'éloge!" The view from the ramparts of this castle is said to be one of the finest in Germany. In the arsenal are preserved a curious and extensive collection of ancient weapons and warlike accoutrements,—at least, such was held out to us as one of the inducements to spend a day at Hechingen. The latter is a very agreeable, cheerful town, with ornamental grounds and other embellishments in the modern taste. It is the residence of the prince of that title, whom I lately met at Deinach.

The beautiful valley of Steinach, with its richly combined imagery, with the fertility, industry, and happiness, which here meet the eye, has made an agreeable impression on our minds. It appears, with but a very few exceptions, a second *Tempe*.

When we left Bahlingen it was dark, so that I can only record the objects *imagined*. This is entirely a forest country; and the deceptions into which the eye is led on the approach of dusk are still farther improved by the imagination. Trees appear embodied—the rocks assume every variety of shape, and appear, at times, as if walking from the cliffs. The files of stunted pines which sentinel the higher rocks, relieved by the sky on which they rest, look like an army in array,—

still better if the post-bugle be heard at the moment. Those flitting balls of fire which traverse the forest to mislead benighted travellers, are too frequent here; and in the course of a twelvemonth much mischief, it is feared, must accrue from such companionship! In parts where wood had been recently cut, there was a glimmering phosphorescence about the old roots and bark, which looked very suspicious. Once or twice we verily apprehended treason, for these winking lights very much resemble a flash in the pan;—and a flash of the pan in the Black Forest could only proceed from the pans of banditti! Sometimes, too, we were startled by a shrill whistle,—a signal, no doubt, for surrounding the carriage. The postilion said "it was only a night-hawk;" but we knew that postilions are too often in league with such night-hawks, for the pillage of quiet passengers. We could well remember the Romance of the Forest and the Mysteries of Udolpho; but we were now mysteries to ourselves, while those of the Black Forest seemed to multiply at every step. There were also realities to contend with: several parts of the road were so steep, others again descended so rapidly, that to relieve the jaded horses in the former case, and to prevent personal risk in the

latter, it became expedient, in both instances, to alight and walk. In one of these rapid and rather dangerous descents, our drag-chain broke. This accident occasioned full half an hour's delay: but the delay in itself would have been little, had it not occurred in that very spot from which, of all others, the postilion was anxious to make his exit with all speed. The descent is over-arched by tall gloomy pines, whispering, groaning, and knocking their heads together at every breath. There is a tremendous precipice on the left, with a wild torrent boiling through its frightful abyss; but so deep and dismal, that, while the ear can hardly catch its roar, the eye shrinks back with giddy horror from the contemplation. Assisted by an awakened imagination, we heard the frantic screams of the lady — the terrific shouts of the Baron — the yelling of the fiends — the crash of the car as it bounded over the precipice, committing its mangled victims to the yawning gulf, and adding one more tale of horror to the annals of the Black Forest! Such, in a word, is the story of the spectre postilion; and such the scene where but an hour ago we were repairing our drag-chain.

But the banquet is served, the couch is spread,

and I would gladly drown such disquieting records in supper or sleep.

* * *

Tüttlingen, nine o'clock. — We have just halted to breakfast, — a repast doubly welcome after the wretched commissariat of the post-house.

For the last half hour we have skirted the left bank of the "dark rolling Danube," slowly gathering strength, depth, and rapidity till at length it shows what mighty things spring from small beginnings. When we meet again there will be no symptoms of that tiny stream, on whose banks we now sit down to breakfast. Between Vienna and Belgrade it is so capacious, that during the wars of Christian and Moslem, its waters became the theatre of naval engagements.

Heights of Engen. — A halt. The first view of the snowy Alps, the frontier mountains of the Tyrol, the bright lake of the Bodensee, the ruined castles of Hohenstoffel, Hohentweil, and Hohenkraken, each perched on the pinnacle of a rock, and all bursting upon the eye at the same moment, constitute one of the most splendid and imposing landscapes that painter has ever embodied. The morning is extremely favourable for the exhibition of such a picture, and we have alighted to enjoy the contemplation from different points. To the

admirer of nature in all her magnificence this is worth a pilgrimage. The sublimity of the Alps is gradually softened down to the beautiful and the picturesque, and finely contrasted with the green valley of the Rhine; this, again, with the castellated rocks stationed like sentinels along its borders, and relieved in the fore ground by dark undulating forests of pine. The Alps, to be seen to advantage, require peculiar accessories of light and season; and at this moment their glittering precipices are isolated in a sky of the richest ultramarine, which gives them an effective prominence and minuteness of outline, quite surprising at this distance. Some think that clouds, lightning, and thunder, are indispensable agents, if we would see the Alps in their glory. For my own part, I am so much pleased with thus contemplating them in their beauty, that I can well dispense with them in their terrors. The latter I have already experienced on more than one occasion, and therefore draw the contrast feelingly — always preferring the smiling to frowning beauties.

Falls of the Rhine. — Through the scenery, opening and shutting at every turn of the road, we reached Schaffhausen early in the afternoon. Having examined the chief objects of attraction in the town, and the public gardens, we crossed the

river and proceeded to Lauffen. The situation of this castle is an enviable one. Mæcenas, it is recorded, was cured of morbid watchfulness by the falling of water. His villa at Tybur may be called the "palace of streams;" but all the falls of the Tybur are but as the hum of a summer bee compared with that which serenades the inmates of Lauffen. How soundly had Mæcenas slept in such a *cubiculum* as this, if (for a moment doubting the historian) he, who had a constant stream of adulation, poetic and prosaic, flowing in upon him from all quarters, could really be in want of a soporific!

From the little temple on the precipice, the fall was seen to great advantage; but we found it much more effective from the scaffolding erected under the cliff, — the very *penetralia* of the waters. Here, indeed, the spectacle was fearfully sublime; for in addition to the natural magnificence of the scene, there was the sense of personal hazard, — a circumstance absolutely necessary if we would have a taste of the true sublime. The quivering of the planks on which we stood, the deafening roar of the cataract, the vast waters churned in an instant to foam, and the cloud of tortuous vapour in which we stood involved, were powerful auxiliaries in making a strong impression, and elicited

from us, almost unconsciously, exclamations of astonishment, no less sincere, though less complimentary to the river, than that of a celebrated painter at the falls of Terni. *

CONSTANCE. — To-day we reached this city by a delightful route along the river, and through a district proverbially fertile in corn and wine. The approach is striking and picturesque. To the traveller who enters it from the north, the bridge, with its massy roof and ponderous beams and buttresses, is an imposing novelty. The streets as we advanced had a melancholy and deserted appearance. The houses seemed as if their tenants had long since passed away. There was a sombre magnificence about them, which arrested the attention, and carried the mind back to times and circumstances, which give a more than ordinary interest to their locality.

Visited the cathedral early; were shown the mutilated bust of Huss, which still supports the pulpit, and typifies the triumph of Romish power over the professors of heresy.

An immense square flag was pointed out, with a brass plate in the centre, denoting the spot where that martyr heard the anathema of his spiritual judges, and his sentence "*to be burnt at the stake!*"

* Wilson.

THE COUNCIL CHAMBER. — Here numerous relics and records are preserved of that important epoch, and of the personages that figured at "the Council." The chairs which the Emperor and the Pope occupied, are religiously preserved in their primitive situations, with the mouldering tapestry under which they sat. There is also a dressing comb of Her Majesty the Empress, as the cicerone assured us, but which would form no ornament to a toilet of the present day.

Near the door stands the hurdle on which John Huss and Jerome of Prague were conducted to the stake. It has numerous mutilations, attesting the visits of pilgrims, and the veneration which they pay to every thing connected with the names and martyrdom of these illustrious reformers.

The Franciscan convent, adjoining the cathedral, is now in a state of complete dilapidation. It was in a tower of this convent that Huss was at first imprisoned, till a cell above ground appeared too great an indulgence for a person charged with heresy.

We were thence conducted to the convent of the Dominicans, on the edge of the lake, by which it is nearly surrounded. This vast and pompous edifice is a ruin like the other, and now used for the profane purpose of a dying and stamping

factory. The contrast is singularly striking. Every object around forcibly contrasts its original splendour and destination with its present desertion and degradation.

The epitaph of the Bishop Chrysolora still speaks from the wall, though partly effaced. He was a man of distinguished learning and piety, and has a strong claim upon posterity, as one who contributed more to the revival of letters and encouragement of the arts than any man of his time. The two last lines are expressive: —

> Quo moriare loco nil refert, undique cœlum
> Pœnarumque domus mensura distat eadem.

We were next shown the dungeon where Huss was immured up to the time of his martyrdom. It exhibits a true picture of inquisitorial severity.

10th. — To-day we paid a visit to the suburb of Bruel; where in a green, open field, our guide pointed out the spot where Huss and his disciple Jerome were offered up to the great idol they had so fearlessly denounced, and perished in the flames.

The guide removing the long grass showed us a black, charred stake driven deep into the soil, which continues to indicate the centre of the original pyre. Formerly a stone bearing the arms

of the city, with the date and circumstances connected with the *auto-da-fè*, occupied the spot for ages, but was latterly removed by order of the modern "Council."

From this spot a red clay is produced, with which likenesses of the brother martyrs are modelled in bas-relief, hardened in the fire, set on jet, and, with a short inscription attached to each, sold to strangers. As relics, few things could be better imagined. The pious Hussite who exhibits these kindred memorials to his friends in Bohemia, will be readily pardoned for indulging and inculcating the belief, that the clay thus moulded into their resemblance, once formed a portion of that animated frame, which his martyred countrymen resigned to the flames. *

WOLFSBERG, — a picturesque villa in the direction of Wintherthur, commanding a most extensive and varied prospect, bounded by the mountains of the Tyrol, and the higher ridges of the Black Forest. The grounds are tastefully laid out, and richly embellished with trees, shrubs, and flowers, native and exotic. The proprietor is one of Napoleon's old officers; and, having es-

* For some original and interesting particulars on this subject, see a small anonymous work (by the Author), entitled, "John Huss, or the Council of Constance." Rivingtons.

caped the inhospitable climate of Russia, and favoured by some of the many chances of war, retired with his wife, a lady of agreeable manners and accomplishments, to this beautiful and romantic retreat. On trial, however, with a large mansion and a limited establishment, the irksomeness of solitude and a longing for society began to be felt. Amid the dull uniformity of domestic life, the soldier longed once more for the bustle of the camp, and those stirring, kindred spirits with whom he had spent so many campaigns. The beauty and sublimity of the scenes amidst which he found himself suddenly established, were, for a time, soothing and exhilarating. But the feelings which a state of perfect repose, succeeding to a life of peril, suggested, were but of short duration. The pleasing excitement which fresh scenes and fresh occupations had occasioned, gradually wore off, and at length the charms of the Wolfsberg, and the magnificent amphitheatre of lake, and vale, appeared only as an uniform and extended solitude, where a man feels himself annihilated, as it were, by the vastness and infinitude of the objects around him. " Point de fêtes, — point de spectacles, — point de soirées, — point de Palais Royal, — enfin personne pour m'addresser la parole; je m'ennuiais, voilà, ce que c'est, que d'être seul ! "

At this critical conjuncture, a happy expedient

presented itself; namely, to invite travellers, invalids, and others, who visited this part of Switzerland, to make their sojourn under his hospitable roof as *pensionnaires*. These were limited as to respectability and number. The accommodation was of the first description, and the *pension* proposed a mere trifle. The plan succeeded immediately, and at this time the house is full. Amongst the number are Colonel M—— and Doctor B——, who assure us that the liberal principles upon which the establishment is conducted are above all praise. The society is select, and mostly intellectual. Their mornings are spent in drawing, music, reading, or in excursions among the romantic passes of the mountains, for which the ladies and invalids are supplied with ponies. They dine early, fare sumptuously, have champagne every day, and after dinner either resume their morning's amusements, or make parties on the lake which washes the lower verge of the pleasure grounds.

At twilight they assemble in the drawing-room, or on the fine terrace in front of the villa, where conversation, music, dancing, or cards, contribute to the formation of a truly Parisian evening. This is the general routine; but as the family is intimately known and esteemed by the Duchess of St. Leu (ex-Queen of Holland), who has a

princely villa at a little distance on the same heights, the company are often invited to her *soirées* and concerts, which my friend the Colonel speaks of as combining every thing that can either instruct or amuse. The Duchess herself is the very model of female taste and accomplishments,—fascinating every one with whom she enters intoconversation, and confessing, I am told, no small partiality to the English who mix in her parties.

When winter approaches, and the Alps assume a more inhospitable look, the host and hostess remove, with as many as choose to continue under their care, to their house in Paris. From this, like birds of passage, they again return to the Alps, when the gay season is over, and the rational one succeeds.

On taking leave we were shown over the apartments, which appeared to be kept with all the neatness, and more than the elegance, of our secondary villas in the neighbourhood of London.

Island of Lindau. — This morning we took leave of Constance, skirting the lake by way of Arbon, Roschach, and Rhineck, we crossed the Rhine, entered the Austrian territory, spent a short space at Bregentz, and arrived here about nine o'clock.

The weather has been delightful, and every object on the route has appeared to the greatest

advantage. We were particularly struck with the scenery which the post station between Arbon and Roschach commands. It combines all the essentials of Swiss landscape — mountain, lake, and forest, on the one hand; on the other, green pastures, abundant harvests, troops of cattle, frequent towns and hamlets, each with its industrious and cheerful population, and all bearing the stamp of prosperity or contentment.

ROSCHACH is a beautiful little town, and with its bustling quays and the magnificent bay expanding before it — barges continually lading and unlading, dropping anchor, or hoisting sail — it has peculiar attractions in the eye of the traveller and many inducements to prolong his stay. Its port is the most frequented on the lake, and its corn-market the great emporium of Switzerland. The crops of Swabia are here imported and distributed in waggons over the different cantons. It is no unusual thing, I am told, to see a hundred four-horse waggons leave Roschach in a morning, laden with wheat.

The steam-boats lately established on the lake, and now monopolising a great portion of freightage, have produced here — where sail and oar were the poor man's sole inheritance — much dissatisfaction among the inland mariners. Thus,

while philosophers exult in the march of intellect, the poor, industrious man suffers great privations, or is partially ruined.

RHINECK. — Halted here for a couple of hours. A private family, in our walk through the town, observing from the window under which we passed, that we had mistaken our supposed route to the tower, instantly despatched a servant with instructions to attend us to the desired point of view, as well as to some others, and which he performed much to our satisfaction. Such attentions are not unusual in Switzerland.

The tower commands a bird's eye prospect of its once subject bourg, vale, and lake, which are proverbially fine. The castle rises in mutilated masses, and is partially covered with vine leaves and bunches of grapes, like luxury and ruin, hand in hand.

On arriving at the ferry, the river was very much swollen and rapid. It was apparently not without hazard that we embarked the carriages in a crazy ferry-boat, employed and sanctioned by the government.

We observed near Bregentz a singularly isolated rock rising abruptly, and almost perpendicular from the plain, the summit of which is crowned with a chapel, and the back ground waving in lofty gradations of pine. This feature in the even-

ing sun had a pleasing effect. In times when the country was covered with forests, and pilgrimages the business of every day, these *visible* churches were extremely useful both to priest and pilgrim. They served as landmarks, and instructed the pious way-farer where he might at all times obtain prayers for his pence; and woe to him who wittingly passed by without depositing his offering!

On entering Bregentz there is a fine specimen of a covered bridge, built entirely of wood, and exhibiting a naval style of architecture which is both curious and instructive.

On reaching the gate, sentinelled by Austrian troops, the formality of viewing the passport was again, for the third time, strictly observed. Suspecting all the world, and suspected by one another, these functionaries trust their fellows no farther than they see them.

A short way north of the walls, we passed the Bavarian frontier. The sun was sinking slowly on the western verge of the lake, whose waters flowing in purple and gold, broke in soothing and prolonged murmurs on the beach. As the hour advanced the colour changed to a bright rose, which seemed as if reflected by the distant glaciers of Appenzel. Night closed upon us as

we passed the long bridge which connects this interesting little island with the land.

LINDAU, in the Lake of Constance, 12th.—The first object of this day's survey was *Die Heidenmauer*, attributed by antiquaries to the time of Constantius Chlorus, but by others to a much later epoch. To whomsoever it owes its construction, it is an extraordinary monument of art, and evinces a stability of design and execution on the part of its founder, for which it would be difficult to account, unless by admitting its Roman origin.

The church of St. Stephen, the buildings of the abbey of nuns, the bridge, and various objects of inferior interest, occupied the remainder of the day.

A short distance from the bridge are several beautiful gardens. One, in particular, running along the water's edge, and richly stored with botanical productions, proves an irresistible attraction to the lover of nature, embellished by art. Nothing can be imagined finer than the position it occupies. The scenery it commands from its shady avenues and green alcoves, combines the expanded waters of the lake and the distant mountains of the Tyrol and Appenzell.

Lindau was formerly called "little Venice,"

and certainly — magna componere parvis — there are many points of resemblance between them. Its insular peculiarities, mountain strand, fleet of boats, and the commercial bustle which still pervades its little streets and market-place, all conspire to remind one of the mistress of the Adriatic. Two steam-boats ply between this and Constance, calling at the different ports and villages, and, at stated periods, as at Geneva, making the circuit of the Lake. These vessels were built by the King of Wurtemberg, who occupies the château of Friedrichshafen, a considerable portion of every summer and autumn, — like Pliny in his Larian villa.

Towards evening, we took a walk in the direction of Langenarghen, and by a path that follows the sinuosities of the Lake. This shore is extremely rich in vineyards, and sprinkled with villas and hamlets, which evince, by their keeping and construction, a thriving population and a fruitful soil.

It is usually said, that the scenery on the Lake of Constance is tame and uninteresting compared with that in which nature has imbedded the "Leman." This generally received opinion is the cause why so few of the annual tourists to Switzerland visit this district of the Rhine. These

shores, indeed, cannot boast of the same classical recollections which give such a hallowing colour to those of Geneva. On this point they have little or nothing to offer. They have received no harmonizing influence from having been the residence of poet or historian. The natural beauty and sublimity of the scenes in which these Swiss and Swabian shores abound is, nevertheless, of a very striking character, and such as may well arrest attention, even after a survey of the more frequented, but less accessible, districts of Switzerland.

On our return home the sunset was magnificent, and went down in all the glory which we had so often witnessed from Lausanne and the Jura, and which we had scarcely expected to behold any where else.

'Twas summer-tide, and nature's brow serene
Breathed gladdening thoughts, congenial with the scene;
Around all beauty, — all above sublime, —
Charms to detain the flying steps of time.
Frequent, along the waters' flowery marge,
Half shade, — half sunshine, — floated pleasure's barge,
While glad, from vintage ground, the *vigneron*
Poured forth the pathos of Helvetian song.

What beauty flashes from the brow of night!
How sweet yon summits laved in setting light!
With feudal fort and clustering hamlets strewn,
All softly harmonised in hue and tone —

The white wall rising from the water's brim,
Far o'er the steep the *chalet* glancing dim
From clouds that gather on the glaciers' rim!

The murmuring breeze just stirs the mountain larch,
Heaven's starry outposts strew the deepening arch,
And twilight reigns; — but still yon glacier glows
In gorgeous lustre; and its burnish'd snows
Break forth in blushes, where the sunbeams sleep
With lingering fondness on its rosy steep!

Dews glisten o'er the grass, — the shrinking flower
Has bathed its buds in eve's ambrosial shower.
The mountain flocks are penn'd, and from aloft
The moonbeam falls, all tremulously soft,
While silvery vapours hovering o'er the vale
The day-light passeth like a parting sail!
Around the bay, now glimmering and now bright,
The frequent lattice gleams in fitful light.
Far up the mountain ridge, from deep ravine,
Like forest-phantoms, flickering lamps are seen,
Which, as night's shadows round the wanderer close,
Conduct his steps from pastime to repose.

There freedom's social home — the chalet's hearth —
Is warm'd with mountain pine and native mirth,
Whose genial blaze and homely shelter throw
A barrier 'twixt the blossom and the snow.*

It was through scenes, such as are partly embodied in the preceding lines, that we retraced our steps to the inn, highly gratified by the objects

* « Council of Constance; » see note, page 231.

that had passed in bright review before us, and the soothing impressions they had left upon our minds.

LAUBHEIM. — Before leaving Lindau, we had this morning the pleasure of observing the sun rise, as we had last night that of his setting. The terrace behind the inn was the theatre of observation; and as the light burst from the summits of the Tyrolese Alps, and converted the light vapours that brooded over the lake into fleecy gold, the spectacle excited the highest admiration. A person who has formed his estimate of the sun from the effect and appearance he presents through a London atmosphere can form no conception of that orb as he discovers himself to the native of the Alps. To the one, he is indeed a monarch in disguise; to the other, the brightest emblem of the Deity.

On calling for our bill and noting the items, we were agreeably surprised to find, that although the fare had been both excellent in kind, and abundant in quantity, the charge was little more than one half of what we had uniformly paid in the previous inns of the route. That was, no doubt, owing to the small number of travellers, especially English, who stop or sojourn in this place. It is in such a situation that a family might

exercise — what with so many it is a first object — economy in the true meaning of the term. But, in the island of Lindau there is no *spectacle!* no theatre! few or none of the legitimate resources for dissipation! and to these important *desiderata* is attributed the lack of English residents.

At nine o'clock we lost sight of the Lake of Constance, not without regret: our next object is to visit Ulm, then proceed to Stutgardt, and thus complete the *circuit of the kingdom of Wurtemberg.*

From Lindau to Neuravensburg there is a succession of luxuriant vineyards interspersed with corn-fields, and at intervals herds of cattle grazing on the outskirts of the forest, or sprinkled along the green recesses that occasionally open on the view. A herd of cattle is one of those animating features which is seldom to be met with in German landscape. The champaign country is always under crop, while the forests are still so extensive as to offer spontaneous and abundant support to the herds during the greater part of the year. Goats and geese are universal; — the latter, at this season, present a very miserable appearance. Most of these observed to-day have been denuded of the valuable part of their feathers. Their necks and inferior part of the wings appear as

carefully plucked as if they had been intended for the spit. This is the annual custom, and as regular as sheep-shearing in pastoral countries. The unfortunate animals must suffer excessive torture in this operation; but such is the hard tenure upon which they hold their lives, and to which even *custom*, I fear, will hardly reconcile them.

The peasantry are robust, cheerful, and laborious. The population keeps pace with the fertility of the soil, which is very productive. There is little appearance of poverty, and none of destitution. There seems a very equal distribution of the comforts of life, and health and frugality are apparent throughout. Numerous buildings of recent construction, with various other indications of growing prosperity, every where meet the traveller's eye. They complain, however, of a redundant population, and every year emigration, to a certain extent, takes place.

At Waldsee we passed the shrine of *Beta* the *Beneficent!* The convent is still in spiritual repute; and, with the aid of its patron saint, continues to exercise a ghostly influence over the pilgrims who annually resort to it.

WALDSEE is pleasantly situated; and, in ad-

dition to the moral advantages of the convent, embellished by a small crystal lake, which adds to the natural beauty of the scene.

BIBERACH. — The scenery here began to assume a bolder character. The Wurtemberg Alps rose on our left in a lofty continuous chain, waving with forests, through which at intervals, on the higher ridges, grey fortresses and castellated remains were distinctly traced on the horizon. In the days of the Holy Empire this was a free and Imperial city, and contains in its archives, I am told, the record of many brilliant events. Her happiest days, however, if not her brightest, originate with the Wurtemberg monarchy. The town is a great thoroughfare. The bustle of business and the bales of merchandise, piled in the streets, give it an air of great commercial importance and domestic prosperity. It communicates with the Danube by means of the river Riss, which flows through it, and contributes beauty and fertility to what is considered one of the most picturesque and productive valleys of Swabia.

About half a post beyond this we were overtaken by one of those sudden hurricanes which are so common in Alpine regions, and such as we had already experienced on the road to Wildbad.

The thunder, lightning, and hail roared, flashed, and fell with such appalling fierceness, and in such rapid succession, that the postilion was compelled to halt, face to the right, and await in apparent anxiety the slackening of the storm. It lasted half an hour, and exhibited all the terrific attributes of those tornadoes which, almost annually, breathe desolation over some of the richest tracts of Switzerland. They are prevalent at this season, and where they fall often inflict total destruction on the harvest.

I remember an instance where such a visitation occurred, in a fertile spot between Berne and Argovia. The crops were ready for the sickle; but in ten minutes after the hurricane commenced not a stalk was left standing. The whole crop appeared as if trodden under foot, and the grain unhusked among the unreaped stubble. What rendered this distressing fact the more remarkable was, that the ravages of the storm were restricted to a few small fields skirting the high road, the crops of which were literally buried in the soil, and heaped over with destructive hail.

Ulm. — Alighted at the Baumstark at ten o'clock. Made a general survey of the town. The first object was the bridge over the Danube. From this we had a view of the opposite, but flat

and uninteresting, frontier of Bavaria. On the stream were numbers of barges, employed in the conveyance of merchandise to the various depôts stationed along the river. In this navigation there is no labour required beyond what belongs to the steersman. The barges float gently down with the current — ad rivi arbitrium — but never to return! — facilis descensus Averni! — After having completed their long and circuitous voyage, they are broken up or transformed into new shapes and capacities. Such would appear no very inapt illustration of human life and its destinies.... Not far from the bridge is the residence of the uncle of the present King of Wurtemberg, a prince of mixed talent and eccentricity.

Our cicerone enquired if we intended to visit Böblingen, assuring us that there was nothing in all Germany more deserving of the stranger's attention. We had never even heard of this as an object of curiosity; but on the faith that it was well calculated to inspire both, we ordered horses, and in less than an hour stood in front of the great altar at BÖBLINGEN.

Far from diappointment, the visit and the objects it here presented were in every respect calculated to please, surprise, and astonish. I can recall nothing of a religious character on this side

the Alps with which it may be compared. It is a vast edifice, such as might well have become the disciples of St. Dominic in their proudest day. The whole is classical in design and decoration; but the pious founder must have been dreaming of the treasures of kingdoms at the time he gave his sanction to the plan. He knew, however, the means and the character of the holy fraternity for whose local habitation it was intended, and they who kept the conscience could command the purse. It remains a most imposing but unfinished monument of the church triumphant. The political changes which so long distracted Europe, and the disrepute into which the Jesuits fell, caused a sudden divorce betwixt the building and the holy brotherhood. The former was profaned and suppressed; and the latter, driven from their cherished sanctuary, became "pilgrims and wanderers on the face of the earth."

It is fully anticipated by the pious, nevertheless, that these venerable fathers will yet be restored to their ancient power and privileges, and that their return to Böblingen will be like the advent of the Jewish Messiah.

The church contains many splendid models of groups and statues, which were to have been executed in marble had it pleased Heaven to

prosper the convent! There is a portrait of the last Superior, in features and expression highly interesting and intellectual. The organ is magnificent, and would do credit to any cathedral. It was played for our gratification; and the imposing solemnity of the sound was infinitely increased by the solitude of the place, the breathless silence of the cloisters, till their awakened echoes, like an invisible choir, received and rolled back in prolonged responses the deeply thrilling and harmonious anthem. This exhibition seemed to realise all that our minds had hitherto conceived of the sublime in music.

From the chapel, or rather cathedral, we were conducted to the library, where an intelligent *curé*, the solitary representative of the suppressed college, and the only resident within these sacred precincts, received and showed us all that the library contained of literary treasures and rarities.

On retracing our steps across the spacious court, the grass at every step disputed possession with the pavement, waving in seeming triumph over this monument of a religious and frustrated ambition! Such, too, must one day be the fate of all those palaces and princely habitations I have lately visited. Their splendid halls and crowded courts will become darkened and desolate. Weeds

will wave and the owl screech over the hearths of kings. The peasant's cabin crumbles but in earlier decay. That which awaits palaces is as certain. I often remark with what rapidity and pertinacity nature resumes her possession. Wherever there is a remission of the busy hand of man, her inroads are conspicuous. She scatters her seeds in the crevice, wreathes the walls and towers with her mantle of ivy, spreads her green carpet over the marble court, every hour adding to her possessions, till the ensigns and the art of man are obliterated in her all pervading livery!

* * *

GÖPPINGEN. — We have to congratulate ourselves on the uniformly delightful weather which has accompanied us on this excursion. There is no substitute for sunshine; and the same object, visited under opposite conditions of the atmosphere, or seen through the qualifying medium of clouds or sunshine, differs as much from itself as one object does from another.

The mental and corporeal faculties of man are eminently under the influence of external nature, varying in proportion to the various circumstances under which it is presented to him. As the sun is said to impart its brilliancy and colour to the gem and flower, and to call forth a new creation

by its rays, in like manner our thoughts take their hue from the hour. Our minds, like barometers, are elevated or depressed according to the weight or elasticity of the atmosphere we breathe.

A beautiful day, like the present, is no less an intellectual than a sensual enjoyment. I have so often felt this personally, and seen it verified in the experience of others, that I am willing to attribute much of the physical health and mental phenomena which have been invigorated or developed by a *course* of travelling to the influence of scene and sunshine!

An Italian proverb says, "Dove non entra il *sole*, entra il *medico!*" and there is much truth,—more, perhaps, than is generally admitted, — in it. Air and exercise are the best of all medicine, and applicable to a great many more cases than they are prescribed for. How many are at this moment in the hands of the apothecary, languishing in a sort of hopeless endurance, whom a few days' drive through a country like this would restore to comparative health and enjoyment!

An illustrious personage, after leaving the inn of Wernecke, on a beautiful morning of last month, observed, as the fresh air flowed in at the open windows of the chariot, he felt as if fanned

with roses — an expression which conveys a perfectly accurate idea of the soft and balmy odours with which the atmosphere is impregnated during this season of fruits and flowers. Almost all the great roads in Saxony, Wurtemberg, and Bavaria, are skirted by fruit-trees. Under these, great quantities of odorous plants and flowers are continually giving off a portion of their aromatic properties, so that the traveller is regaled with a succession of sweets. This is particularly felt in the morning, when the flowers first open their cups, and offer, poetically speaking, their fresh incense to the sun. He, however, who would dream of Araby, must travel while the trees are in blossom, and follow the banks of the Neckar, the Maine, or the Werra.

Our route to-day has been through the Eden of the kingdom, and over one of the best roads of Germany. From the ascent above Ulm we had an excellent view of the country beyond the Danube. The landscape is the very reverse of that on the left bank, — green and pastoral in appearance, intersected here and there by formal rows of poplars, and closed in on the back-ground by a long mountain barrier.

From the centre of the town the Münster rises triumphantly, throwing into shade and insignifi-

cance the highest edifices in its neighbourhood. Gardens, nurseries, and orchards occupy the chief space between the walls and acclivities, and the road is enclosed by rows of luxuriant poplars, forming a shady avenue up to the gate.

This part of the route has been greatly improved of late years, and many of the difficulties which originally attend all mountain roads modified or overcome. Rich valleys, wooded hills, hamlets, churches, orchards, vineyards, a sparkling stream or sheet of water, are the general features of the landscape; and often so grouped as to offer the most tempting subjects for the artist. On the higher grounds, this general outline is varied with masses of fantastic rocks, feudal ruins, castellated heights, pine forests, and through these, at intervals, the arch of some foaming waterfall.

GEISLINGEN. — At the entrance, and overhanging the precipice, on the right hand, are some very striking towers and fortifications; but of such apparent singularity in shape and construction, or so transformed by the flood of light which fell upon them at the time we entered, that they seemed as if hewn out of the mountain-rock, and totally at variance with the common rules of mural architecture.

Alighting at the inn to change horses, we were instantly surrounded by a score, at least, of old women and children, each with an assortment of curiosities in the art of turnery, and all pressing us to buy. We found it impossible, thus situated, to advance a step. All showed, all praised, their tempting ware at the same moment, and with vociferous commendation. No partial compliance on our part could, in the least degree, soften their importunities. The more we bought the more we were compelled to buy; and the satisfaction expressed by one, was the signal for a fresh claimant to advance. It was not till we had purchased the ground by inches, that this clamorous deputation took leave—to waylay the next arrival. Their good-humoured faces pleaded in their favour, and we readily forgave them the zeal employed in the furtherance of this peculiar branch of provincial industry. On purchasing a few toys to-day, we could indulge the gratifying reflection that its simple but industrious artisans would have better pay or more employment to-morrow. A reflection like this is an enviable one; but which all, so disposed, may cheaply earn, and richly enjoy. What is often denied to the deserving or the industrious, is as often thrown away upon the idle or the importunate. The chief end of all charit-

able acts is to encourage industry; and the only sure guide to so desirable an end is discrimination. As a favourable symptom of the industry practised and inculcated by the poorest class in this country, we observe no beggars congregating about us at the different stations, nor in the name of God and the saints claiming a hereditary interest in our purse.

Industry, and that happy feeling of independence to which it is so powerfully conducive, seems every where felt and reflected from the faces of those we meet. Here the disciples of St. Francis would drive a most precarious trade, and might starve, long before the people dreamed of winning heaven by supporting them.

On quitting Geislingen, the scenery became more and more interesting, varied, and beautiful; the hamlets more frequent and populous; the vineyards and orchards more luxuriant and diversified; and the effects of native industry and a kindly soil most pleasingly developed.

After the labours of the day, the youth of Germany have the custom of repairing, every fine evening, to the little summer-houses, every where seen in the outskirts of their towns and villages, and generally under the auspicious and classic shade of the vine. Here they sing their national

songs in concerts, dissipating the cares of the day by lively carols, and the all-powerful antidote of music. I have listened to these village concerts with an inward pleasure and satisfaction, which would have been ill exchanged for the elaborate harmony of more finished productions. This evening, at every pause or ascent on the road, these vesper melodies fell softly on our ear, — consecrating the hour of twilight, and conjuring up dreams of Arcadian scenes and shepherds — the classic Utopia of poetic imaginations!

It is refreshing at times to steal from the cold realities of life, and seek a temporary refuge amid the glowing regions of fancy and fiction. These evening sights and sounds were eminently calculated to produce such effect; and by indulging the reverie they inspire — the invisible influence which they exert over our spirits — the latter are invigorated, and we return with renewed zest and elasticity to the sober business of life!

This, indeed, were pleasant enough, were it *true*. Unfortunately it is only the language of an affected and false philosophy, and incapable of realising the hopes it holds out. The more the imagination is pampered and indulged, the less capable is the mind of sustaining with dignity the cares and vicissitudes which are the natural ac-

companiment of life. The vivid delineations of fancy may dazzle and amaze—only to mislead; while the powers of reason, regulated and matured by a steady aim, and assiduous cultivation, shed a still freshening light on our progress through life. While "fancy only gilds the cloud, or steals but a feather from the wing of time," reason triumphs over the world, and anticipates immortality by slow and steady progress.

Eleven o'clock. — This is one of the most beautiful moonlight nights which I have witnessed in Germany, and the freshened air which has succeeded the twilight makes a walk beyond the gate a real enjoyment. The ruined heights of Hohenstauffen are described on the horizon in faithful and rugged outline. The tragic tale of their last lord clings to the mouldering towers, and claims a deep and powerful interest in the regrets and sympathies of every feeling and generous breast.

STUTGARDT. — We entered this "City of Vineyards" early in the afternoon. The view of Stutgardt is picturesque by whatever route it is approached. The glimpses which we caught of its patriarchal towers and palaces as they alternately glimmered through the long and lofty avenues had all that air of novelty and power of effect which are so seldom experienced a

second time. Every vista was closed by some romantic or commanding feature in the landscape. Of the former, the outline of hills crowned with the mausoleum, and the forests of the "Solitude," — of the latter, the tower of the cathedral, the turrets of the ancient ducal palace, and the burnished crown on the cupola of the new, fix the attention, and impart to the whole an air of cheerfulness and originality. The crown, however, like the gilded dome of "The Invalides," tends much more to impose upon the eye than to improve the landscape. But there is no set of rules framed with so much accuracy, as to enable us to pronounce what is to be respected as an infallible instance of good taste, or deprecated as the reverse.

* * *

If the contemplation of scenes where nature luxuriates in primeval beauty, and where the sum of human happiness is proportioned to the treasures she dispenses with so liberal a hand, be that which brings with it immediate pleasure, and promises the most agreeable retrospect, we have already enjoyed the one in its fullest sense, and with confidence anticipate the other. In retracing the map of many journeys, that of to-day will long stand forth as one of its sunniest spots.

The scenery through which we have passed has been often compared, and I think with justice, to some of the finest in Italy. Painters and poets resort to it as their own delectable province. A thousand times have its features been transferred to the glowing canvass of the one, or embodied in the equally glowing stanzas of the other.

I have made several sketches on the road, with which it may be pleasing one day or other to refresh the eye, when the vivid colouring of the originals shall have been dimmed by time or circumstances. A sketch, however rude, if taken on the spot, is perhaps the best of all souvenirs. The scene which struck me most, and in which the mind felt the deepest interest, was the ruins of Hohenstauffen.

At Plochingen I alighted to examine a remarkable bridge over the Neckar, built by a very cunning and experienced pontifex, and a fac-simile of that which lately existed at Schaffhausen, to which almost every mechanical genius in Europe had made, at one time or another, a professional tour. The present, however, in span and dimensions, is much inferior to its original and great prototype; but as a work of art it claims immortality for its founder, and challenges the

admiration of all modern engineers. To the inexperienced it appears little less than a miracle, and is much more like a "devil's bridge" than many that pass by that name.

We were struck in passing through Esslingen with the primitive architecture displayed in the houses. Many of them bear marks of great antiquity. It is still the custom in Germany, as well as in Switzerland, to consecrate their wooden domiciles with select texts of Scripture, to instance the piety of the founder, and to secure the habitation against the devil and his enchantments. This custom dates from remote antiquity, and still prevails more or less in all countries. I observe, however, that stanzas from some popular *poets* are fast superseding texts from the *prophets;* but whether the foundation may not be endangered by such rash innovation, is a question that concerns the builder.*

Palace of Ludwigsburg, August 17th. — Arrived this morning at eight o'clock. Found His Royal Highness dressing, and in excellent health. Colonel and Mrs. F. had just taken leave of him on their return to England. Mrs. F. is a lady of most amiable manners and cultivated mind. With

* Distiches are frequently placed over the entrance to villas. — See Vol. I. p. 212.

a taste directed to the picturesque, her pencil has found in these countries a new and extended field for employment.

* * *

"Well, how was the shandrydan repaired? Were the wheels thoroughly laced, and those most merry upright springs securely braced?"

"O yes, a carpenter was here this morning from four o'clock till seven, overnailing and overhauling it, and swears that himself would journey to the devil or Donnyscl'ngen in it, if there was no chance of its breaking down on the road."

"So, he's a bold confident fellow, the carpenter — but what do *you* think? — you remember the three escapes we had between Wurtzburg and Heilbronn."

"Can't say I do; — but R—— and myself have taken every precaution in our power, and the servant has promised that, as soon as any accident occurs — such as the snapping of an axle, or the wheels running away from the body — he will instantly call his master!"

"A right trusty fellow; — such servants are a treasure, neither to be bought nor sold: but in case of a broken limb?"

"Why, we did not broach that — it's professional — perhaps he would lace it up again, as we did the spokes this morning, or look on, for he's never at a loss."

"I dare say not, unless it be at the loss of his master; but here comes R——! Well, R——, how goes exchange; — how many guilders for the pound sterling?"

"Not so good as at Meiningen; only twelve florins and thirty kreutzers for the pound! Nothing to be made by gold — at least by *sovereigns* — a trick has been discovered lately which has brought these into great discredit."

"Sovereigns into discredit! — with republicans. I suppose."

"Yes, with publicans, at least. A gentleman of 'the sister country,' as it is called at home, has been travelling a good deal in these parts, making liberal purchases, chiefly in 'convention thalers, which he received in exchange for his guineas, — fourteen, and thirty-five kreutzers for every guinea! Capital exchange! Now, however, it turns out that his *guinées* are all *sovereigns**, and that the Irish gentleman is an arrant Livonian Jew!"

* *Mistakes* of this kind not unfrequently occur. In the less frequented roads, the gold sovereign is unknown.

MÜNNERSTADT, 26th. — I am often surprised at the mendicant propensities of the travelling *bürschen* on this road. Wherever they are overtaken, they pursue the carriages with cap in hand, and a degree of perseverance, which, if employed in their studies, might lead to something better than a *kopfstück*. The scene is often amusing. In *meeting* the carriages, they run back the way they have just come, with equal assiduity. Their importunities are always repeated in good humour, and seldom fail in the result. North or south seems a question of pure indifference to them. They interpret the *direct* way to be that, and only that, which holds out the fairest chance of remunerating the runner.

MEININGEN, 27th. — The Germans ride with grace; and by their peculiar habit of throwing the steed more on his haunches than is customary with us, he is never what is called shaken in his fore legs. An English horse, I am told, which has become useless for the saddle at home, may, according to this equestrian system, be rendered quite efficient for the field. The weight of the rider being uniformly thrown backwards, the horse is never overstrained in his fore legs. An officer here tells me that by their method a horse is rarely, if ever, known to break down; but he wonders

how an English horse is ever kept up, considering that *his* rider throws the whole weight of the body forward, and adjusts his saddle to the shoulder, instead of the spine of his horse. "We, on the contrary," he continued, "ride on the mariner's principle, throwing our luggage abaft, in order to insure the safety, and accelerate the speed, of our boat."

* * *

28th. —I dropped in at a small bachelor's party this evening, and just in time to hear the conclusion of a warm debate on the respective merits of black and blue eyes. Both, it appears, are doing mischief, — but perhaps unconsciously.

"Do you still affirm," demanded one, "that black eyes are to be compared to blue?"

"Not only to be compared," answered the other, "but to be preferred —

Alba ligustra cadunt dum *nigra* leguntur!"

"What do you mean by *leguntur?*" demanded the advocate for the blue, suddenly turning round.

"Consult the *text*," answered the former; "I know but of one interpretation; Heinsius and Clavisius, and —"

"Nay, nay," interrupted the other; "spare me the authorities if you please; I merely asked you

a simple question, and you answer me with a *variorum*.... If your *text* be like our *priester's*, it will admit of more meanings than one. I ask for information, what do you mean by *leguntur?*"

* * *

His Serene Highness is exceedingly and deservedly popular among his subjects, whose loyal attachment to his person and government is conspicuous on every public occasion. Private acts of benevolence on the part of the sovereign are of frequent recurrence. To such young men of his subjects as evince any particular talent in the departments of art or science, his liberality is evinced in a degree suitable to the case. They are allowed a pension, and provided with other facilities for prosecuting their studies in foreign countries, by travelling and observation. These liberalities are continued for such a period as shall enable them to return proficients to their native country. In grateful acknowledgment of this paternal interest in their advancement, the painter, or architect, on his return from Italy, devotes the first fruits of his study to the embellishment of his native city, or the gallery of his excellent sovereign.

28th. — Marriage is a nervous ceremony. On the present occasion it is more so than usual. *Che sara, sara,* — what must happen who can help? The

best thing that can be done is to meet one's fate with manly bearing, and not to falter at the very "horns of the altar." It deters or undetermines the young; while to the experienced nooseling it affords malicious satisfaction. He who thus trembles at the commencement, may die ere the surrender. Never shake in sight of the enemy. Never slacken your fire, while he sponges his gun. Never let a slavish fear smother a bold sentiment. Thousands who could never act the hero have looked it, inspired the world with the belief, and spared their own flesh and bone much fatigue and trouble.

Take a wife as you would take a fortress, said the old captain; don't stare as if moonstruck, and tremble as if, like the rock of *Ehrenbreitstein*, she were impregnable! Strange that any thing so gentle can appear so *formidable!* It is inexplicable. It might be worth knowing why *one* trembles, and the other stands so firm. But one little hour ago and she was all the world to him; — now she is only a wife; — that little word which conjures up such a multitude of reflections — a world in itself. With what indifference liberty is at times thrown away; — sometimes for gold, — sometimes for glory; — here it is all for love. Every martyr it is hoped will gain his crown. —

May she "do her spiriting gently," and the noble *ritter* in due season obtain his — "finis coronat!"

* * *

September 5th. — Returned from a six days' excursion to Hesse Cassel and Göttingen, &c. In point of situation and embellishment, Cassel is the finest town I have yet seen in Germany. The summer palace, the temple of Æolus, the water-works, the Gothic castle, the gardens, and numerous other objects, which could not be comprised in one day's survey, are proverbial for their beauty and elegant variety.

* * *

Munden, at the confluence of the Weser and the Fulda, is a picturesque old town. Here a large body of Hanoverian troops were exercising in the meadow. The country around has a very rich and cultivated appearance. Upwards of two thousand gardens, I was told, embellish the town and immediate suburbs. Passing through Dransfield, we were directed to observe the lava with which that town is paved.

This frontier of Hanover is very populous and fertile, but loses in beauty and appearance as we advance. The cipher at the village post-office on the road exhibited on its sign a genuine English

G. R. IV., which attracted the eye, and called forth home-felt associations.

* * *

Though I have seen several, and been in company with some, of the prime spirits of the age, I have met none who bear any resemblance to Blumenbach; none from whose conversation I have derived, in a very limited visit, so much solid and original information.

He invited us to drink tea with him at five o'clock, and spend the evening in his family circle. We were punctual in observing this primitive hour, and found the distinguished philosopher surrounded by a scientific coterie, and full of animated and literary anecdote. He had just given his fiftieth anniversary lecture, and opened the hundredth course delivered in this University. He dwelt with much satisfaction on his visit to England thirty years ago, and the attentions shown him by the King and Queen.

* * *

Next morning the Professor showed me his private museum, highly interesting in subjects of professional study, and beautifully arranged. The more remarkable objects with which it is enriched have been long familiar to men of science, and

attracted corresponding attention in every country where learning is cultivated.

In alluding to the passion for honorary and ornamental trinkets every where evinced on the Continent, he showed me a bunch of human teeth arranged as ear-rings, and formerly worn as such. "No race of human beings," he added, "has yet been discovered, so barbarous as not to possess a manufacture of personal ornaments. These teeth — the spoil of an enemy — may serve as one instance in proof." The more a nation becomes civilised, the less studious it becomes of showy dress and personal decoration. Witness the dresses worn two centuries ago; observe also the sober or showy colours which are supplied to the different markets of the world. They afford a very fair criterion of the civilised or semi-barbarous state of each.

We were subsequently conducted through the library of the University, and thence to the Botanic Gardens. The former contains upwards of 120,000 volumes, and is receiving daily accessions; the latter comprise a very extensive collection of medical botany, and are beautifully kept.

* * *

ALTENSTEIN, 6th. — On reverting to the sub-

ject, I have ascertained from a gentleman * deeply conversant with ancient and modern history, that the St. Boniface whose rock is in front of the château here was an Englishman, a native of Devonshire, and educated in a monastery at Exeter. In 719 † he set out for Rome, was honourably distinguished by the Pope, and shortly after received his command to proceed into Germany. His first labours were in Thuringia — the district where I now write — and eminently successful. Hence he carried his mission into Hesse, built a great number of churches, founded monasteries and bishoprics; and latterly, in 746, built and endowed the famous abbey of Fulda, in this neighbourhood. His disciple Burchard was the first bishop of Wurtzburg.

In 755, while engaged in his Christian mission among the Friezelanders, he was waylaid by a horde of barbarous natives, and, with the body of clergy who attended him, inhumanly murdered on the 5th of June, in his seventy-fifth year. His body was conveyed to Mayence, and thence to Fulda, where it was enshrined, which subsequently became a place of great resort among pilgrims.

* R. H. Esq.

† Vide "Britannia Sacra." Butler's Life, &c.

The "Analecta Bonifaciana" contain a long enumeration of the miracles.

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WILDECK, 11th. — This morning the royal party took leave of Altenstein, to make a visit to His Serene Highness the Landgrave of Hesse Rothenbourg, previously to their quitting the country. This is the Prince's summer residence, and extremely picturesque.

In one of the cross roads through the forest today it was found necessary to alight, dislodge the imperials and luggage, and to support the carriages by ropes and manual efforts, assisted by the postilions; a measure requiring much strength and caution, but which, after some labour and risk, was successful.

12th. — Employed the morning in walking over the grounds, which are as remarkable for their natural variety of soil and situation, as for the artificial embellishments which have been lavished upon them. A considerable number of French *émigrés*, it appears, found shelter and support during the long and eventful period in this hospitable retreat. The generous and philanthropic dispositions of the Prince were exerted to the utmost in their behalf, and have since become proverbial. Those whom he could not restore to

their country he admitted to his society, and supported with unwearied bounty.

I was attracted in my walk through the grounds by a low, thatched, hovel-looking receptacle, constructed in a retired part of the wood, and bearing upon its door the annexed lines: —

> Quand on a tout perdu, quand on n'a plus d'espoir,
> La vie est un opprobre — la mort est un devoir!

It was constructed by these unfortunate men, and during their exile here had something more than an equivocal meaning.

Dined at two o'clock. There were twelve princes and princesses at dinner. During the repast some excellent *Tokay* was handed round, and which, I understand, was a present from the canonical vineyard of the celebrated Prince Hohenlohe, who, some time since, received a high church appointment in Bohemia.

* * *

Was shown a remarkable cellar, excavated in the centre of a hill, and containing an immense supply of wine. This must be always the case where wine is comparatively cheap, and where it forms the principal or only beverage at meals.

His Highness has here an extraordinary collection of parrots, upwards of three hundred, and

comprising, I am informed, every known variety of the species. They have been procured at great expense, and form altogether the most noisy and unruly company I was ever introduced to. But, I suppose, as in other cases, one must bear with their chatter for the sake of their *beauty*.

Their dialects appear to be fully as various as their plumage. The latter is in every imaginable shade and colour from bright scarlet to a raven black.

His Highness's physician is a man of learning and science, and has travelled much in his professional capacity.

We are to leave this to-morrow morning, and sleep at Fulda. This family is nearly connected with that of Meiningen; the Princess, I believe, is a cousin of the Duchess.

Note. — The snails of this country are a very superior race to the black or grey snails of England. Their coat is of the richest golden colour, with a pair of jet-black horns, which give a fine bold relief to the whole exterior, and are, says *Naturforscher*, highly symmetrical and interesting features! They do not here, as in England, draw *in* their horns on the approach of a stranger, or any mischievous stripling who may thoughtlessly trifle with their feelings. Sensible of the protection and

patronage accorded them by royal and imperial edict, they unsheath them boldly, and have nothing to fear but the soup-kettle, — and even that never occurs more than once. Ulm, through which we lately passed, rears an immense *crop* annually; and, besides home consumption, exports, I am statistically informed, to the amount of four or five millions every season.

FULDA, 14th. — The following are not the first stories of the kind which I have heard, but they have left a more than ordinary impression. It was half-past eleven, we sat at the mouth of the cavern, under the lonely castle of Liebenstein. My narrator was a dismal, cadaverous, long visaged stranger, whom I had become acquainted with at the baths, and liked for his *solemn* eccentricities. It was his custom to walk every night after supper to this elevated and solitary spot, to burn, as he said, a pipe of incense to the moon, and I agreed for once to join him in the sacrifice.

He had finished the third pipe, when suddenly suspending the smoke, he made signals of approaching speech.

"There is no telling," he said, "whether a man be dead or living — at least there is little anxiety manifested to know. The living and the dead are buried indiscriminately! Nailed up in their last

dormitory, hurried off to the church-yard, a few tons of earth shovelled over them, and left breathing probably in the agonies of unutterable, inconceivable despair! Horrid, horrid! In all the wild circle of human imaginings, there is no agony to be named with this! It differs as widely from all other horrors, as the joys of Heaven and the torments of Hades!"

I enquired if any recent circumstance had led to this subject, or whether he alluded to the story of the "Baron ——," who was buried alive at Pöplinau?

"No," said he; "I allude only to very recent facts, what I know to be facts; I have property in the same *commune* where they occurred, and have the testimony of my own steward in corroboration! Poor Nanine!" he continued; "there was not a better heart or a blither face in the whole principality!"

I begged him to state particulars, as I felt a profound interest in every thing having relation to suspended animation, and was still a sceptic in the belief of sepulchral *resuscitation*, because my reasoning on this head was not to be shaken by any thing short of *fact*.

"Listen then," said he, somewhat impatiently; "here are facts at your service. On the 1st inst.

the young person I have just named was struck by lightning, and, contrary to custom, was interred the following afternoon. Much blame was attached to this precipitate consummation. Dissatisfaction was so loudly expressed, and fears so openly surmised, that to prevent tumult she was publicly disinterred on the 8th. But what was the horror of the by-standers when, on removing the lid of the coffin, it was apparent to every eye that she had come to life in the grave! The extremes of agony and despair were frightfully evident in her person. Her face, hands, arms, and breast were covered with lacerations! She lay on her left side, her eyes wide open, her shroud in tatters, and covered with blood! Four fingers of the right hand were forced deep into the mouth. She had evidently seized this last suggestion of despair to close her horrible existence!

"A second case occurred only six weeks before in another village.

"The eldest daughter of a *wagenmeister* died suddenly of apoplexy, and on the fourth day she was interred. Three or four hours after the ceremony, a *yager*, who was shooting near the village, perceived that his favourite spaniel had suddenly left him and was no where to be found.

"The following morning, to the surprise of every

one who heard it, the dog was found beside the new grave, scratching away the mould with great eagerness, and howling piteously.

"The circumstance excited immediate and painful interest. The church-yard was filled with the population. Horrible suspicions circulated in whisper, but none dared to act without advice and authority from the *burgomaster*. The latter, insensible to the entreaties of the people, ridiculed their apprehensions, and declared that he would permit nothing to be done but in the presence of the physician of the department. Before the latter arrived two days had elapsed, the dog still continuing sentinel, and howling at the grave, upbraiding, as he well might, those who looked idly on.

"The coffin was disinterred and opened in the presence of the physician. They found the ill-fated young woman turned with her face downwards, her grave clothes soaked with blood, and her person covered with bruises and lacerations!

"The burgomaster was apprehended, and is now in the fortress of K——, but the circumstance has produced a dreadful sensation in the commune."

The stranger had commenced his third "relation," and would have proceeded; but I assured

him *two* instances would suffice for one night, and he obligingly desisted. I have thought of him and his subject ever since, and have no idea when I shall forget them. There are various ways of making one's self remembered, and the stranger, I think, adopted one of the most likely.

FRANKFORT, 16th. — His Royal Highness is much affected by the continued indisposition of the Duke of York. He has been reading the papers which arrived this morning, as well as private letters, and has risen from their perusal with symptoms of much uneasiness. He now expresses considerable apprehension for the result. "Still," he observes, "the Duke of York has an excellent constitution, and may get over it."

* * *

AUX TROIS COURONNES, MAYENCE, 22d. — In the right corner of the fire-place sat a knot of Prussian officers, scarcely distinguishable amid the volume of smoke that issued from their pipes. On the opposite side were four others, who had just finished supper, and ordered in an additional flask of *Markbrünner*. They had returned by the boat from Frankfort, and in their conversation dwelt with great delight on the beauties and amenities of that place. The burden of the conversation was supported by a young gentleman in

black, who wore glasses, and made it distinctly understood that he was a student of Oxford, and now on a peregrination of health and observation.

The second, from the intention he expressed of being in Yorkshire by the end of the month, it was not difficult to perceive contemplated a late campaign in the moors. He fervently hoped the birds would not be so shy as last season, but he was still undecided whether, on the ensuing occasion, he should give the preference to the repercussion lock.

The third, from his casually alluding to some alterations to be made in his chambers — "Harcourt buildings" — I set down as a gentleman travelling through the courts of law to the peerage.

The fourth, on closer observation, proved to be a German student, who had completed his allowance of time and cash, and was now on his way back to the University of Tübingen. . . .

"For my own part," resumed the Oxonian, "I do not think I shall ever acquire a relish for that very delicate luxury — *saur kraut*. I never observe it at table — which I have hitherto had the misfortune to do nine times out of ten — but I exclaim, *O dura ilia messorum!*"

"You must confess, however, that their venison is exquisite, and their method of dressing it unrivalled?" observed the third.

"I admit," said the former, "that their *gibier* is more accommodating to a Christian palate, but I deny that it is any where to be met with in such perfection as from the kitchen of Christ Church — *compertum habeo!*"

"My dear fellow," interrupted the lawyer, "in this case you can never have dined at Guildhall, or supped in St. Madgalen's."

"*Hoc* (*nunquam*) *erat in votis*," replied the Oxonian coldly.

"For myself," interposed the squire, who appeared nearly overcome with the evening wassail, "for myself, I prefer Rhenish wine to all others, and the little fair-haired Fraulein von Himmelstadt has argued me into the belief that there be things in this country still better worth loving than its wine."

"I observed she looked tenderly upon you this morning, and, if I mistake not, with something very much like a mutual pledge in the eyes of both — nunc dicendum est quid sit amor!" observed the collegian.

"Why," rejoined the squire, "as on all occasions, I like frankness, I will tell you without

reserve, that, had I not made a positive engagement with my friend Dudley to try the new percussion lock with him on the moors, I should not so soon have quitted the banks of the Rhine."

"What!" interrupted the lawyer, "sacrifice an amour to the moors! and beauty to a brace of grouse! Consider, my dear sir, I beseech you, that you are now in the illustrious land of chivalry, where, a thousand and a thousand times, life has been staked to a lady's eyes! Why, it was only last night that you sighed like a furnace to the lovers of 'Rolandseck!'—seemed to grudge them in your very soul the happiness of dying for one another."

"*Nec deficit alter*," interposed the Oxonian: "I support the same testimony, but with this additional evidence, that he repeatedly awakened me during the night with repetitions of his conviction that 'chivalry was not yet extinct; nay, that enough survived, if properly called into action, to eclipse the records of Hohenstauffen, and even Roland 'the brave'—more by token, that himself knew of one, whom he should not name, but *one* who felt a spirit stirring within him not inferior to that of any *preux chevalier* of ancient times!'—Delicacy prevented my requesting the favour of the name; it is, nevertheless, one to whom we

might all of us feel proud of being known, and one who would deprecate the idea of sacrificing the smiles of a Rhenish maid to a season on the moors.—*O mores!*"

At this address the squire shook off the lethargy to which he had partially yielded, adjusted his cravat, poured the remainder of the flask into the green goblet before him, and emptied it at a draught.

"Since our friend," resumed he of the Temple, "has set us an example of candour, and as that character is equally becoming in us all, I will confess that *I* am by no means insensible to the witchery of female charms, and have been under the guidance of some fair spirit ever since I quitted Eton. Is it surprising, then, that, with all my natural susceptibility, I should have found myself incapable of observing, without some amiable emotion, charms like . . . Is it surprising? I would ask. . . ."

The sportsman, who listened with apparent *sang froid* to the last clause, caught, unawares, the eye of the speaker, in which there appeared to lurk something of suspicious import; again applied the cup to his lips, which little interpreted his thoughts, and observed, with extreme gravity —

"I cannot say that I am a judge of the grape,

but I'll swear that this *hochheimer* is the best beverage I have tasted in the provinces."

"My dear friend," observed the Oxonian, we were speaking of the Fraulein von Himmelstadt, not exactly of your *hochheimer;* but as good wine should never be drank but to a good toast, I will give you the fairest in this or any other country, — The peerless Caroline von Himmelstadt!"

"In a bumper," vociferated the Templar.

"And from a fresh flask!" added the toastmaster; — and in the same breath addressing the third, — "What say you, my gallant Nimrod?"

"Oh!" said the Templar, "I'll answer for him; — all fire, love, and enthusiasm!"

"Here then, gentlemen, and upon your legs — (though I will aver that any or all of the three would be proud to kneel to her) — here is to the peerless Fraulein von Himmelstadt!"

"The peerless Fraulein von Himmelstadt!" echoed the Templar.

"The peerless —" the remainder was inaudible: — there was a slight tremour about the upper lip as the sportsman pronounced the words — he drained the bumper, however, and in silence resumed his place.

"Yes," pursued the collegian, "I protest the

wine improves in flavour; and, in my estimation, as much excels all others as the fair toast we have just had the honour of drinking excels all that is else fairest on the Rhine — *qualis luna inter ignes minores!*"

"Precisely so," added the Templar, and the wine, I dare say, not a whit inferior to the *centum clavis depositum* of old."

"True," responded the former; "but had the Roman lyrist sojourned for a month on the Rhine, he had transferred his praise of *Falernian* to the Fraulein von Himmelstadt."

"I have no doubt of it; — he would have drank inspiration in the gaze; — her figure — her voice — her eyes — her complexion — "

"Her figure," interrupted the student, "is the 'ne plus ultra' of female loveliness. Her stature such as neither oversteps nor restrains the free and full developement of beauty. Her elastic step," he continued, with an indefinable mixture of gravity and enthusiasm, — "her elastic step, I say, is like that of some celestial spirit that alights to tread our earth for a time, but is ready to take wing at the first signal that recalls it to its inheritance. Her voice — you remember the air she sung in the grotto — the music that flowed from her lips was an irresistible talisman, breathing

sounds, and awakening sensations, which carry their appeal directly to the heart. And then her eye," pursued the painter," her eye is all Oriental! — its very reflection is light — but light, my dear Nimrod, which, like the lights of the *spesser wald*, is too apt to lead its votaries astray! Happier is the heart that has sighed in comparative darkness, than the eye that has once basked in its lustre."

"Why, truly," interrupted the lawyer, "the question might become subject of legal enquiry." — "Her complexion, too," resumed the speaker, "what say ye to that? — observe how the white and the red rose strive upon her cheeks!"

"Yes," interrupted the Templar, "not unlike the rival roses of York and Lancaster; — the red overcomes to-day, the white to-morrow."

"Her forehead, too, is the fairest temple of intellect eye can look upon — its pearly whiteness still enhanced by her jetty ringlets, which wave like ebon over a bed of ivory! —"

"Hold! my good sir," hastily interfered the hunter: "here your simile is at fault. I protest that her tresses are *fair*, and I insist that you instantly expunge the *jet* and the *ebon*. I repeat that her tresses are *fair*, and require you, sir, to retract, — instantly to retract, or —"

"Patience, my dear knight," calmly replied the other: "I crave you a thousand pardons:—did I really say *jetty* ringlets?—surely I must have been describing my own little Charlotte! You know I am an engaged man, and in that case the tongue will sometimes betray the wanderings of fancy—say affection. Pardon me, then, my dear fellow:—said I that the Fraulein was dark?—I retract most cheerfully, and declare that she is fair—fair as—"

"As Aurora," interrupted the Templar.—"Or the moon," continued the other: "it was by the softened light of the latter that we last beheld her, or at least it was twilight with a little moonshine in it. Her fair arm rested on her harp, the sounds of which, heightened by her voice, had just died in luxurious pathos upon the ear. Her dark eye, expanding as the light withdrew, drank the fading lustre from the sky, and rested in silence and serenity upon the little picture of 'the Hungarian Minstrel,' which our friend had craved the honour of laying at her feet. I have always considered twilight as the hour of love, the auspicious moment for lovers. Never is female eye so irresistibly beautiful as when under its mysterious influence! When the expanded pupil absorbs the diminished light of day, to dispense it afresh

with a power and an eloquence which reach the heart."

"Yes," continued the Oxonian," this is the hour when the eye appeals not in vain! when even the voice undergoes a fresh modulation — when the heart assumes a serenity and a sensitiveness which fly alike the early, and the ripened, day. As the lustre of the diamond is most conspicuous in the shade, so is the loveliness of woman's eye in the dim and shadowy hour of twilight. You understand?"

As the conversation proceeded in this strain, it was interrupted by the arrival of more guests, who became clamorous for their *abends-essen, mit thè und kaffè und schnapps*, which, as may be supposed, checked the easy flow of sentiment, and chilled that genial current of the soul, into which our heroes were fast advancing.

The guests consisted of a fresh detachment of military who had arrived by the *Water Diligence* from the fort of Ehrenbreitstein, but who, it appeared, had found the cabin of the Diligence very far from being so well provisioned as their late camp on the Moselle.

In my attention to the conversation of this party, I found, on turning round, that one of the former had left the room unobserved, and that

his companions were now interrogating the *commissionaire* respecting his movements. The latter assured them, "that on leaving the *saal*, he proceeded immediately up stairs, and went to bed."

This, however, instead of quieting interrogatories, appeared only to multiply them; and the *commissionaire* was at length so hard pressed by law and divinity, that he was obliged to confess that their companion, mounted on the landlord's fleet *Oldenburg*, was already far on his way to Hattersheim. "Ay," interrupted both in a breath, "and to Himmelstadt too; . . . but," continued the lawyer, "we shall know more of this." Buttoning up his *redingote* to the chin, and taking the whole width of the *saal* in two gigantic strides, he disappeared, and muttered, as he shut the door—"*We shall know more of this!*"

The Oxonian merely looked round as his companion left; and ejaculating, "Tantæne iræ animis *juridicis*," quietly resumed his position, and divided his attention between the flask and a folio sheet of the Kölner Zeitung, appearing in all things, what he had declared himself, *an engaged man*.

I was suddenly called away; but in the Templar's last words, "I also *hope to know more of this!*" One thing appears evident, that the Fraulein has

once more escaped from the convent, as the *yager* seemed to predict. *

COBLENTZ, 23d. — Slight accidents, or illness, are frequently occurring among the servants; for in travelling the duty of loading and unloading the carriages is attended with great fatigue; and in the various sojourns there are other circumstances equally unavoidable, and no less inimical to health.

In every instance where one or other of them is taken ill, His Royal Highness evinces the most humane and feeling concern for their recovery, and never fails to see them personally, and to make particular enquiries.

Such questions might, under other circumstances, imply nothing beyond a personal interest; and it is only from the sympathy in which they originate, and the characteristic humanity with which they are made, that they derive their value and importance.

ANDERNACH, 24th. — Stolberg is the gem of a beautiful, though circumscribed, valley on the Vicht, containing about 1800 inhabitants.

The houses are isolated, or in groups enclosed

* See vol. i. p. 289.

in gardens, with avenues, ponds, and other rural embellishments, all giving it an air of industry, comfort, and security.

Three churches belonging to different persuasions, and built upon three distinct eminences, present a very picturesque effect, from being overhung by the ruins of an ancient château which crowns the height.

This place is indebted for its embellishments to a few French refugees, who, from being the victims of intolerance, found in this retired valley protection to their religion, and encouragement to their industry.

About a league from Stolberg, near Gresenich, there is a small sepulchral mound, in commemoration of that fidelity which no mortal bribe could corrupt, and of that unchanging bond of love which death alone could dissolve.

A French soldier, recently married, served under Dumourier. Events thickened around. Every day brought its death-roll, and the warm hearts of *yesterday* swelled the mortal catalogue of *to-day!*

His young bride, however, undaunted by the present, and unshrinking from the still greater dangers that seemed to await them, clung to her

husband. Her affection kept pace with the destruction that threatened them, and even acquired fresh ardour at its approach. Her courage equalled her affection, and hope promised a speedy reward to both! The midnight march, the bivouac, the ambuscade, the attack, the retreat, had alternately inflicted upon her delicate frame the ravages of terror and fatigue. But that heart, so tremblingly alive to the safety of *another*, forgot and neglected its own! In vain he pressed her to retire, and, in the bosom of her family, calmly wait the issue of the campaign. She shuddered, she shrunk with disdain from the selfish, the lonely security, which this seemed to promise. With a spirit that rose superior to every privation, she was ever at his side — a ministering angel that soothed him under all his toils, or shared where it could not soothe.

This spirit of the purest devotedness to her husband appeared to gather new force as her exertions multiplied. But the body, under the constant watchfulness to which it was exposed, and the unequal conflict it had to maintain, began to evince symptoms of exhaustion from which she attempted in vain to rally.

Other circumstances, too, which brought with

them a new succession of hopes and fears, called aloud for personal consideration, and some relaxation from the attendant rigours of a moving camp.

Still her resolution remained unshaken; and now she had cause to summon all her fortitude, for in three days a decisive battle was expected. The opposing troops had chosen their position, and answered the summons of Dumourier with a haughty defiance.

From this time a melancholy presentiment took possession of her mind. A weakness, which no eye had hitherto witnessed, and for which she herself could not account, betrayed her into frequent tears. When she strove to address her husband in those animating words which, on many a previous battle-morn, had inspired hope and fortitude, sighs choked her utterance, and she could only throw herself into his arms and weep.

Here the conflicting duties of husband and soldier, of loyalty and affection, struggled for ascendency. His hand was the right of his country, but his heart was hers! She observed the struggle, and in a moment all her former energy returned. "No, my husband," she exclaimed, "this becomes not a soldier's bride! A momentary

weakness has betrayed me, but now it is gone, and I will make thee amends for these tears, so unseasonably shed. Thou shalt have smiles, and glory, and victory; and I shall only live to be worthy of thee!"

The young soldier pressed her with enthusiasm to his breast; he spoke not a word, but raised his eyes in silent supplication to heaven, invoking protection for her, and success to the arms of his country!

The bugle sounded! In an instant the arms piled in the centre of the camp were in the hands of the troops. The enemy approached by a rapid and unexpected manœuvre. The Austrian eagle floated vauntingly above her dense columns, and the roar of artillery announced a fearful crisis.

The combat thickened, and where were they? Like a fortress in the sudden storm, he hurried to his place in the van; a chivalrous spirit of adventure, and a patriotism which no circumstance could damp or subdue, stifled for a time the yearnings of affection, and steeled his breast for the struggle. The fixed in purpose, the firm in principle, are never unprepared. While the irresolute and wavering may shrink at a shadow, the former exult amid substantial dangers, so they be

found in the path of honour. Fear, indeed, may fling her chilling visions across the imagination, as they hear the startling note of preparation; but in the heat of the combat hope is ever predominant.

She, with a proud but palpitating heart, took her station on a small eminence to the right, which overlooked the combatants, and from which, in her excited imagination, she could distinctly follow the movement of her husband and his troop.

His heroic stature was ever before her eyes, his voice thrilled on her ear like the shout of victory, and the standard he bore floated proudly in the morning sun! She exulted in the belief that she met his eye, and that he acknowledged her well-known signal. This, indeed, might be fancy, but stript of this consoling idea, what were life to her?—A heartless, hopeless reality.

She gazed with strained eye and breathless anxiety, as the contest became general, and the dense smoke rolled in sulphurous masses at her feet.

They charged—they broke—they rallied—they returned to the charge, but the standard of Dumourier disappeared!

She saw no more. A fatal persuasion that the day was lost, and the fate of her husband sealed, flashed across her brain, and with that impression, she sunk powerless to the earth.

It was not long, however, till she opened her eyes in the arms of her husband, who now laid at her feet an Austrian standard. The bugles, too, responded to victory, while the remnant of the enemy's line was seen in precipitate retreat. It was a moment of speechless emotion.

This was indeed a resurrection to her:—her husband not only safe, but crowned with hostile trophies! His comrades, too, as they passed in eager pursuit of the enemy, offered him their hasty, but hearty, congratulations on that day's exploits, and recognised him by the flattering epithet of "Le Brave!"

They now moved onward in quiet and security, selecting the easiest path to reach the place of encampment for the night, which was already in view.

The pursued and the pursuer had disappeared beyond the wooded acclivity which overlooked the field of their late fierce contest. Here and there the combat seemed partially resumed; but it was only the stray shots which an occasional straggler

fired at random, as he followed in the wake of the victorious troops.

The ascent was steep, and covered with copse-wood, through which a variety of serpentine foot-paths conducted to the summit. To her, whose countenance expressed a fear, or a faintness, which her words would not avow, every thing that affection could suggest was eagerly employed to facilitate the ascent.

"Dearest Henri," she said, as they proceeded, "when will these dreadful scenes give way to the peaceful hearth! When, under the shadow of our own vines shall I call thee husband, and pursue the calm tenour of our rural industry? Though I glory to share in the cares and hardships which our bleeding country exacts from thy hands, still I feel that my affection tends rather to encumber than advance" — she here hesitated — "and there are other cares under a fonder name."

"Cheer thee! — cheer thee! my beloved, — life, indeed, were but a small price for such devotedness as thine! To-day has decided the fate of the campaign. Another week, and thy soldier shall only fight under *thy* banner, and all his future ambition thy smile shall well repay!

Our honey-moon was on the height of St. Orme. Woes and warfare have followed us ever since; but cheer thee! before the autumn leaf falls, we shall *press our own grape in the Valley of St. John!* Cheer thee! cheer thee! We shall sleep soundly to-night! — yes, thanks to our country's arms, — we shall sleep soundly to night!"

Alas! the words were prophetic, and scarcely uttered, till, with a wild and piercing shriek, she sprung to his arms! A flash! — a shot! — and they fell transfixed by the same bullet!

A rustling of the leaves on her own side of the footpath had roused her attention. In a moment her eye caught the musket of an Austrian *tirailleur* levelled at her husband's breast; — to see and to save him by the sacrifice of her own life was the act and impulse of a moment. Alas! how frail, but how devoted was the shield which her love had interposed between him and death! In vain her hand was raised in its helpless effort! — in vain she strove to shelter him by her breast! The treacherous shot conveyed its fatal summons; — they sank together, "and sleep soundly to-night!"

Aix-la-Chapelle, 25th. — The Dragon d'Or is full of company to-night. A great many tourists are now returning from the banks of the Rhine; one of the latter, sorting a portfolio of sketches,

hummed over the following lively air with a gravity of face and manner singularly contrasted with the subject: —

S'en allant en pélerinage
L'Hymen se joignit à l'Amour:
Pour charmer l'ennui du voyage
Ils se déguisaient tour-à-tour.
Mais, dans leurs routes clandestines,
On reconnut les voyageurs;
L'Hymen marchait *sur des épines*,
L'Amour voltigeait *sur des fleurs*."

Then, turning to his friend, he enquired, "Did I tell you my adventure last night?" — "No," said the friend, "not *last* night's adventure: any thing new?" — "Why, nothing *very* new, but rather odd, and what I am likely to remember; for you hear I am quite hoarse, and have caught cold by it. It happened when I went up stairs. You, of course, a ten-o'clock man, were fast asleep, and quite insensible of the privations to which I was so suddenly exposed. Knowing," he continued, "that the strangers last arrived were separated from me only by a thin partition, I approached my dormitory with as little noise as possible. I always respect the sleep of others, and expect similar courtesy in return.

"The windows of these inns are, as you well know, far from air-tight. The free and fresh currents, liberally admitted, produce an occasional

concert not much inferior to that of Æolian harps. It was under these circumstances that I stood last night on the landing of the second floor in the centre of the long gallery, and listened to this music. My right hand was on the latch of the door, and in my left I held a conducting light. But the window had been left ajar, and a sudden puff from that quarter extinguished it in a moment! This I felt as a real misfortune; for, when travelling, I always shave over night, and arrange my toilet for the morning. It was past twelve, the house perfectly quiet, the staircase dark, and *various* other obstacles to my descent presented themselves. I therefore resolved to oppose philosophy to misfortune; and, shutting the door gently, groped about till I found a convenient chair whereon to deposit my wardrobe for the night. It is of no consequence, thought I, as I commenced my operations, I shall step into a comfortable bed; and, when there, why it will not be worth remembering, whether a candle or the stars lighted me to it.

"Having deposited my coat and cravat on the chair behind me, I stept to the bedside to arrange the bolster and pillows after my own fashion; for if I neglect this precaution, and go to sleep with my head horizontal, I feel the con-

sequence the whole of the following day. The French, indeed, always tell you to sleep with but one pillow, if you would sleep a refreshing sleep; but I suspect the French of a strong desire to keep *down* our heads whenever they can, and I feel an equally strong desire to hold mine up. I consider this as only one of the many points upon which our opinions, or our prejudices, are never likely to harmonise.

"Before I had reached the bedside, however, I was called to attention by a pretty sharp rap at my door, followed, in the voice of a squeaking Abigail, by the query, — 'Pray, ma'am, at what time will you please to be called to-morrow?'

"Here, thought I, is a little mistake, the girl has forgot the number of her mistress's apartment. The rap and question were again repeated. 'So, so,' said I, 'this is a little manœuvring,' and opened the door with the best intentions in the world — to direct the voice to apply elsewhere.

"The moment I did so, the candle she held in her hand shone full in my eyes; I could scarcely see her owing to the glare; but she saw me, and that distinctly; for I had no sooner popped my head out, than she shrieked and fled precipitately to the further end of the gallery. I was amazed. I attributed it to the dishabille in which I appeared,

added to a scarlet nightcap, carefully fastened under the chin, as is my fashion in travelling. Before, however, I had time to trace this sudden effect to any sensible cause, I felt a slight propulsive force applied to my left shoulder, and immediately thereafter the lock of my own door turned twice upon me, followed by a smart ring of the bell. The thing appeared more and more inexplicable. I fancied myself under the power of an enchanter's wand. My situation at the moment exceeded any thing I could possibly have fancied. I stood sentinel at my own chamber, which some invisible power had shut and bolted against me. Besides, the best part of my wardrobe was on the other side of the lock. I went in pursuit of the voice that had disappeared at the extremity of the gallery; but there I found neither voice nor echo. I now began to look to consequences, and to some means of providing for the night, which, to me, had commenced rather unpropitiously.

"Having a character for keeping remarkably regular hours, and a desire to maintain that character, I felt myself in no inconsiderable embarrassment how to act; — appearances were against me — and God help him whom *appearances* are against! — they are often more prejudicial than facts. I felt that my dress was scanty, and observing, as far

as I could by the touch, I discovered that, although scanty, it still *exceeded* that of my own property, while the exchange probably might be even less flattering to the owner than it was to myself. I felt perplexed and irresolute; but the circumstances in which I stood would not justify delay.

"Observing a candle approaching, I took the chance of owing my deliverance to it, and placed myself in an anticipating position between the balustrade and the *boudoir*. I did not wait long. The figure approached in all the peculiar graces of her capacity. I presented myself to her attention and sympathy, but the surprize my doing so occasioned had nearly proved fatal to the slumbers in that part of the inn. I did my utmost, in pantomime, to quiet and re-assure her. I thought I had succeeded at last, and claimed her sympathy and assistance. I appealed to her as a fair countrywoman of my own, — a *very* fair countrywoman. She was affected by my peculiar circumstances; but as she had only arrived that hour herself, she felt embarrassed how to act. I begged only to have the use of her candle for a minute, to enable me to read the numbers of the several doors. She complied with great good nature; but as I was about to take it from her hand, a part of my surreptitious wardrobe, brought accidentally into light,

threw her into such a convulsive fit of laughter, that I became seriously alarmed for the peace of the whole establishment. Besides, what concerned me still more nearly, my health, even my reputation, was at stake. 'Good heavens, sir,' she exclaimed, with the most serio-comic face, and fixing an intent look upon a portion of my wardrobe, — 'Good heavens, sir, where *have* you been? Where *can* you have been?' — 'Where . . .' I interrupted her in a most subdued and conciliatory tone. 'These questions,' I answered, 'concerned me infinitely less than one that now suggests itself, namely, Where *shall* I be for the night?' But without at all noticing the last emphatic query, she only continued in a half-smothered fit of laughter, to make replies to her own questions: 'Why, sir, you must have been in No. 9.! You must have been in .... you must .... indeed, sir; — that I am sure is mississ's .... and that is mississ's too, for it is my own making. — Where *can* you have been?' This last addition I thought perfectly unnecessary. 'Oh, my poor master! did he but see this, and were quit of the gout, how he would .... would? ay, that he would!'

"Speak of the devil, says a proverb, and he'll appear, and sure enough the old gentleman (not the devil) became visible at this most critical junc-

ture; the door of No. 8. opened slily to an angle of forty-five degrees, and forthwith a red fiery nose, peeping from under a sky-blue night-cap, protruded itself from the partial opening, and exclaimed, 'Get along, Baylis, I say, get along instantly, and undress your mistress.—A pretty young person for your situation, forsooth!... but I'll....' The door shut violently, and cancelled the last pithy sentence, while my fair companion in dilemma retorted, as he turned the key twice in the lock, — 'There you are, you old Methusaler! and rightly served too! — I'm sure I sha'n't say a word — you shall worm nothing out of me, old gouty-toes! This is what comes of marrying a pretty young lady like my mississ, who might be your grand-daughter.... old.'—

"'Baylis?' exclaimed a small, shrill voice, through the key-hole of No. 9. 'Coming, ma'am — coming!' A consultation of a minute or two took place at the door, and appeared to occasion much merriment to both, but left myself in greater suspense than ever. An explanation, however, seemed to have taken place; for returning with a portion of masculine accoutrements in one hand, and a candle in the other, my deliverance was announced as at hand. A hasty exchange of commodities took place, an expression of mutual satis-

faction exchanged, and, on the part of the lady's *gentlewoman*, a more especial assurance 'that the thing should be kept a secret from the old gentleman as long as possible.' I retired, and trying every chamber door with new and lately acquired caution, till I came to 18., which having the good fortune to ascertain as really *unoccupied*, I found at length the blessing of an undisputed pillow."

Here the narrator concluded his personal reminiscence; and, despatching the last of a pint of Volnay which stood before him, bowed to the right and left, and retired. I followed his example, not to sleep but to commit to paper such portions of his interesting narrative as I could remember.

SPA. *Hôtel d' York*, 25th. — In passing through this territory four years ago, trade and activity appeared to be only recovering from the languor in which they had been sunk during the exile of the house of Orange, and the iron sway of Napoleon. But on the present occasion every thing has a new aspect; the surrounding country produces a more abundant harvest; the farm-yard gives evidence to the success of agriculture; art has multiplied her resources; various objects of luxury have been introduced, and the towns and villages have received many additional embellish-

ments. The intercourse between the rich and poor, the mutual pledge of support and dependence, seem to be cheerfully tendered and accepted. The peasant and artisan, by their general appearance, bear ample testimony to the healthful productions of their native soil, and the wholesome administration under which these provinces flourish.

The abundance of coal in this district is a source of great comfort to the poor during the winter months, which latterly have been extremely severe. To this indispensable article of domestic economy the Flemish kitchen owes its peculiar charm. Here the fire is never extinguished, but in one bright continuous blaze still welcomes the traveller. If in winter, and he has passed the heights of Battice, he will not object to take his seat by the cheerful well swept hearth, and the glittering implements of culinary art, which recommend the Belgian kitchen, pronouncing, at the same time, a benediction on the memory of *Houilleux*.

Having made arrangements for the *progress* of the following day, and meeting with nothing of interest in the "Journal de Liege," I entered the *table d'hôte*, where a party of citizens and travellers were shortening the evening, after the Belgian fashion, with "bière blanche de Louvain," tobacco,

and politics. It is in such places, and among such persons, that the curious in character and national peculiarities, may occasionally glean something original.

No two nations can be more strikingly opposed to one another, in their thoughts, habits, sentiments, and even costume, than the Gaul and Batavian. The Belgian occupies an intermediate station, morally and geographically, between the two, and participates in the general character and peculiarities of both. With a considerable portion of the *amour propre* of the one he combines a large share of the selfishness of the other. His antipathy to the Dutch, and his partiality for the French, are equally predominant. *Tête Hollandaise* is an epithet of such opprobrious import, as to be instantly resented by the Belgian to whom it is applied. He is jealous of his personal rights and advantages; vociferous and irritable in debate, — —, particularly in politics; — and arrogant to a ludicrous extreme on the subject of native valour and national importance. Speak of what or of whom you will; commend the wisdom of this, or the proverbial courage of that, he will still answer you in the words of Cæsar, "*Horum omnium fortissimi sunt Belgæ.*"

The evening had passed rapidly, and the guests were about to separate, when a *maître charbonnier*, by way of finale, proposed the memory of "the immortal *Houilleux*, their countryman and greatest benefactor! A man," he added, "who taught them to seek in the bowels of the earth what till then the wide forest of the Ardennes had with difficulty supplied, — an inexhaustible source of fuel." The toast was drunk with enthusiasm. "This discovery," resumed the speaker, "did more in the way of civilisation than a century of legislature. Good fuel," said he, "is the source of good fellowship. By this social intercourse was extended and improved; for this our Belgian ancestors, deserting the sullen fastnesses in their forests, where from time immemorial they had been warmed only by the transient blaze of the pine, or the oak, welcomed the *houille* as the immediate gift of Heaven. The rich tracts of forest, no longer necessary for the winter hearth, were hewn down, and assigned as the legitimate province of the ever humanising plough! Yes," exalting his voice, "the immortal *Houilleux* was a true benefactor of these happy provinces; worth a hundred St. Gudules, St. Ursels, and the rest of the fraternity, who, you will recollect, with all their prayers and penetration, were never able to

discover a single *houillière*." This sentiment was echoed by every one present.

"Hubert Goffin" was next applauded for his extraordinary courage, patience, and humanity, and these under circumstances the most appalling which the imagination can conjure up. A compliment of such force, and a summary of so many ennobling qualities, awakened my curiosity to learn something of the individual who had founded a title to such golden opinions, and I was accordingly gratified with the annexed detail:—

"Near the gates of Liege, on the Brussels road, a fearful accident, connected with the subject of our conversation, and attended by very interesting circumstances, took place on the 28th of February, 1812, and which," said the *maître charbonnier*, "since you are disposed to hear the story, I shall cheerfully recapitulate.

"At eleven o'clock in the forenoon of that day, a sudden rush of subterranean waters forced in a portion of the intermediate embankment, which confined those of a neighbouring pit.

"At this moment one hundred and twenty-seven miners were at work in it. Thirty-five escaped on the first alarm; but the rush of water was so rapid, and the danger so imminent, that fathers, forgetting the sentiments of nature,

flung back their children into the water, in the struggle to save themselves!

"But, thank Heaven, Goffin, the engineer who had the direction of the works, was at hand to snatch them from that death to which their unnatural fathers had abandoned them. He had already one foot in the bucket, and caught hold of his son, a boy of twelve years old, to save him by an immediate ascent, when suddenly recollecting himself, 'If I ascend,' said he, 'my companions must perish! No! I will either save, or perish with them!' So said, he ordered three miners who had imbibed the same devotedness, to conduct their comrades into a part of the works directly over the shaft called *Mamunster*. Here were seventy-four who still survived the catastrophe! Their companions had perished almost instantaneously. Shut out in a moment from the whole world, and every hope cut off, the devoted band gazed in silent horror upon each other;—their features rendered ghastly by the ominous glimmering of some solitary lamps that still flickered along the black walls of the dismal abyss. To sustain the few hours of miserable existence that remained, nothing was left but the loathsome water of the pit!

"To distract their attention from a contemplation

of such accumulated horrors, Goffin directed them to attempt an opening with their pick-axes as far as the shaft of another pit. The miners had already excavated upwards of three fathoms, when it was discovered that they had mistaken the direction! In a moment a horrifying explosion apprised them that they had come upon some old works, the confined waters of which rushing in, would have speedily swallowed them up. Goffin, however, never lost for a moment his presence of mind. He instantly pointed out another passage which promised a more prompt and favourable issue.

"Discouraged by the horror of their situation, and the total failure of their first efforts, — exhausted with hunger, tormented with a burning thirst, and nothing wherewith to quench it but the stagnant water in which they stood, — breathing, at the same time, a noxious and deadly atmosphere, — they were attacked, one after another, with most violent headach and vertigo; and, feeling their strength rapidly sinking, gave themselves entirely up to despair. All burst into tears, deploring their hard fate — the distracting state and suspense of their wives! — the destitution and tears of their orphan children! — the horrors of a lingering dissolution in the bowels of the earth! — famine — frenzy — despair — all painted in such

appalling colours as an imagination excited by such circumstances alone could paint, — they gave themselves up as infallibly lost.

" While they implored the Author of their being to be propitious in their last moments, children were heard, with their feeble voices, craving the paternal benediction!

" Alone in the middle of this distracting scene, Goffin and his son shed not a tear. By little and little they succeeded in rallying the dejected spirits of their comrades, whose fears gave place to astonishment as they heard a stripling, under twelve years, thus address them: — ' Of what use are your tears? you are children — not men! we must labour, — we must exert ourselves to the utmost, were it only to prove to those who shall survive us, that we have at least done our duty, and been courageous to the last!'

" Vanquished by such unexampled fortitude in a child, the workmen submitted to be led into the fifth gallery. Having arrived at its extremity, they thought they heard a distant sound of mining apparatus. A feeble ray of hope sprung up in their despairing hearts. They commenced the work afresh; but their paralysed hands scarce able to support the weight of their pick-axes, the work proceeded slowly and doubtfully.

From long disuse in the management of these implements, Goffin suffered more fatigue than any of the others.

"As they proceeded, a fresh calamity befell the exhausted sufferers. Their lights were burnt out, and they had now to prosecute their task in total darkness.

* * * .

"At the news of the terrible accident that had occurred at the Beaujonc, the active magistracy of the department made all possible despatch — adopting every means likely to rescue the unhappy victims, whom this dreadful catastrophe had engulfed in the earth. At first, they tried by the incessant working of the pumps to drain off the water, but in vain. Troops of miners came hurrying from every point to save their fathers, brothers, or friends. Ably directed by the engineer Migneron, they excavated a gallery from the shaft of the pit *Mamunster* to that of *Beaujonc*. The workmen were relieved at short intervals by a constant succession of fresh hands. The work proceeded rapidly, and without a moment's interruption. The mine was fired in the hope of being heard by some despairing individuals of their comrades who might still survive.

"Their suspense was very shortly relieved, and

they had the delightful satisfaction to know that they still existed by the distant sound of their pick-axes.

"Upon this their efforts were redoubled, — fresh strength and animation nerved every hand and heart. They vied with each other in the noble and heroic task of rescuing from a cruel death men who for *four days* entombed in the bowels of the earth, had already suffered every agony of mind and body.

"On the fifth day they were able to communicate by means of the sound. They learnt that seventy-four of their number still survived, and were able to administer some relief to their distress by liquids conveyed through a tube; but there was still a whole day required for finishing an excavation of twenty-four fathoms, to complete their deliverance.

"An anxious multitude surrounded the pit, composed of their distracted families, who had suffered all that the most distressing apprehensions could inflict.

"The scene was most affecting. Wives — children — brothers — sisters — crowded round the rescued victims, who, on returning to the light of day, seemed more like ghosts than men. Many of them could not support themselves without aid;

others, on reaching the light, staggered, as if intoxicated from the effect it produced upon the brain. Others, again, seemed bewildered by the crowd that welcomed them back to life, and made no reply to their salutations, — an oblivious stupor chained every sense and chilled every affection. On the other hand, a burst of tears, and that brief apostrophe which is ever the interpreter of sudden and powerful emotion, witnessed the recognition of the late distracted, and now restored, families!

"But the picture was soon clouded, and fears painfully verified. The feverish anticipations of many were at once blighted and cut off — for there were those that returned not to the arms of kindred or the warmer welcome of domestic love! Twenty-two remained buried in the pit! A breathless enquiry ran from lip to lip. Their names were pronounced, — a deep silence ensued, but no answer was returned! — The tears and broken ejaculations from their widows and orphans went to every heart; and here the extremes of sorrow and rejoicing were met.

"The next moment Hubert Goffin, holding the heroic child in his hand, came forth the last, and was hailed by one universal shout of gratitude and admiration. Every tongue invoked benedictions upon his unparalleled devotion. People at a dis-

tance hastened to present their homage to a man of such distinguished courage and virtue. The whole country resounded with his name. His heroism became the subject of many a song, while the government, to express its just sense of such unexampled courage, presented to him, whom Rome would have honoured with civic crowns, the cross of the Legion of Honour and a pension for life."

NAMUR, Tuesday 26th. — The scenery along the banks of the Meuse may justly be considered as a miniature picture of that on the Rhine.

Here is the same succession of images, the same natural features of landscape, and similar embellishments of art. Castles, fortresses, and châteaux, crown almost every height; villages and hamlets are clustered along the banks at short intervals, and tenanted by an active and healthy population.

This beautiful river is the great channel of communication between the southern and northern provinces. Numerous barges, laden with interchange of produce, are constantly floating to and fro upon its bright waters. Several extensive manufactories have been erected on its banks, affording immediate resources for the unemployed, and a strong stimulus to national industry.

Bouvignes, a short distance from this, is a

pretty little town on the margin of the river, and possesses amongst its civic records many striking features of national and individual interest. Of these, the inhabitants are fully sensible, and plume themselves accordingly upon the imposing attributes with which poets and historians have invested them. There is something in the consciousness of being the hereditary representatives of illustrious names and actions, which stimulates the possessors to deeds calculated to preserve the lustre bequeathed them. There can be no doubt that, thus fostered, noble actions may, and have become as much the heritable property of particular families, as its own patronymic or family feature. Hence the force of good example is illustrated, and its infinite importance fully accredited. Upon the same principle the force of bad example is equally powerful in its consequences, and the flagrant acts of one individual have often actuated the conduct, and particularised the character, of a long line of descendants.*

These reflections have been suggested by spe-

* "Imperiosa gens Claudia diu Romæ floruit, impigra, ferox, superba: eadem illachrymabilem Tiberium, tristissimum tyrannum produxit: tandem in immanem Caligulam, et Claudium, et Agrippinam, ipsumque demum Neronem, post sexcentos annos desitura."— Gregory.

cial reference to *Bouvignes*, which is but another name for every thing that is amiable in man, or *heroic* in woman! With the ladies of this place beauty is a very secondary consideration: personal bravery and patriotic enthusiasm are their special virtues and attributes. Possessed of such endowments — real essentials in all good governments, the men of the place are kept in excellent discipline. If upon any great emergency it becomes expedient to rouse their subdued fires into a patriotic flame, the ladies take this duty entirely upon themselves. Pointing emphatically to "Heart-break Tower" they exclaim, "Remember your grandmothers!" the effect is electric, the watch-word is instantly followed with a clenching of fists, and a clashing of armour. The inspiring word "grandmothers!" kindles in their breasts a thousand indescribable emotions! — restless for fight — ripe for the scythe of war — the ladies fan their enthusiasm, and marshal on to the threatened frontier their vigorous and invincible phalanx.

Enquiring by what powerful association the unwarlike cry of "Grandmothers" was made to inspire a courage approaching almost to infatuation, I received the following answer: —

"In the year 1554, when besieged by Henry II.

of France, this town had the temerity, or courage, to hazard an assault.

"Its inhabitants, in consequence, unable to obtain quarter, threw themselves for the most part into the Sambre, and the remainder were instantly put to the sword or perished by the hand of the executioner.

"Among a small devoted band who shut themselves up in 'Heart-break Tower,' resolved to defend it with their last breath, were three knights distinguished for great personal bravery, and of high family connection. Their ladies, three of the most beautiful women of the country, learning their determination, instantly vowed to share the fate of their husbands, and followed them into the Tower. It was an affecting spectacle.

"At one time they were observed fighting intrepidly, each at her husband's side. At another, bestowing the most tender and sympathising attentions upon the wounded.

"During the night they assisted in repairing the breaches made in the wall; every moment encouraging the soldiers by their discourse, and animating them by their example. The attack was protracted, obstinate, and bloody. At the third assault, the three knights, in a shower of murderous bullets, fell, mortally wounded.

"Disdaining, therefore, a life of tears and widowhood, and each animated with a last desire to avenge her husband's death, they had now nothing to fear, but sought death at the point of the sword.

"Heading a handful of their devoted followers, they rushed to the breach. Their little band soon purchased immortality with their blood, and died — but from *them* death seemed to fly.

"The French, with a gallantry becoming their nation, refused to strike, and made repeated efforts to take them prisoners. But in this, perhaps, there was more of premeditated cruelty than kindness.

"On the point of being taken, and dreading the insults of a licentious soldiery, they made a feint and retreated, as if to abandon so unequal a combat. In a moment they flew to the top of the Tower, and stood upon the battlements, each holding her sister's hand. The eyes of the besiegers were riveted upon them. They gazed on each other, then addressed Heaven in a simultaneous and imploring voice. The next moment they sprang from the battlements and perished, — victims to their own unsullied honour, and conjugal devotion!

"Every year the good people of Bouvignes

celebrate the anniversary of these courageous women, whom they honour under the name of

'Our Ladies of Crèvecœur!'"

* * *

An estaffette having been despatched last night to order horses, and advertise the hotel of the intended arrival, every thing was in thorough good order. The dinner was ready to be served, the lights burning on the table, the cellar had sent forth its best, and the host and hostess stood with candles in their hands to receive the illustrious strangers, and conduct them to their apartments. To facilitate accommodation, every chamber door was inscribed in chalk with its destination; namely, *Chambre de Maître*, *Chambre de Dame*, *Chambre de Domestique*, &c.; a plan which is always adopted under similar circumstances, and prevents much confusion.

Dinner was served up in the best style of the country. It was no small addition to the entertainment to observe the cheerful, but anxious, faces that surrounded the table, all eager to anticipate the wishes of their illustrious guests. From time to time the *maîtresse d'hôtel* looked in to observe whether every dish were in its proper place, and if such and such other delicacies were

relished by their Royal Highnesses. Every time the door opened, a curious face took advantage of the occasion to obtain a cautious, but most gratifying peep of the table.

Later in the evening another party, no less curious, continued a minute inspection of the English carriages drawn into the court, one admitting, that, "with a few judicious improvements, such as he would beg leave to suggest, they might be rendered little inferior to those manufactured at Brussels or Liege." But this, as it turned out, was the opinion of the saddler and blacksmith, who had a small *fabrique de voitures* of their own.

A courier, however, one of their countrymen, was opposed to this opinion, treating both the *fabriques* of Brussels and Liege with derision; and, at the same time, recording his opinion in words little relished by the blacksmith and saddler.* In a few minutes a warm altercation ensued, and every sort of windy missile flew from mouth to mouth, in all the rich variety of Flemish, Dutch, and French.

"I tell thee," said the blacksmith, addressing the courier, "I tell thee that thou knowest just as much about a *voiture* as —" — "As the wise

* The saddler, all over the Continent, is the monopoliser of this branch of trade, — *fabriquant de voitures.*

men of Mechlin know of moonshine *", added the saddler.—"Ay," resumed the blacksmith, "or the clock of Liege knows of politics."—"*Voiture!*" rejoined the courier, raising his voice; "the last *voiture* ye contrived to foist upon an honest traveller, only five months ago, broke down before he had reached Bergheim! and no wonder, — it had been twenty years on the road, —came into your *fabrique* for a few florins; where, after receiving a new coat of varnish, it was passed into the hands of an unsuspecting traveller for forty Guilleaumes, to whom it was stated to be a *voiture de Vienne*, which an *Englishman* had left on his return home, and could heartily recommend as an excellent and commodious vehicle! Now, forsooth, ye come to offer your most acceptable services for the probable endangering of life, and the certain destruction of property. Go, go," he added, "put out the moon†, if ye will; but —" A shake of the head finished the sentence, and a burst of laughter from the bystanders accompanied the blacksmith and his friend through the *porte cochère*.

A visitation of this kind is of ordinary occurrence. There is nothing a blacksmith is fonder of unravelling than the mysteries of a well-built

* National proverb. † Belgian proverb.

English carriage. He very seldom quits it without discovering some flaw that demands immediate repair. Many an excellent travelling carriage has been endangered by such repairs, and ultimately left in the hands of the *fabriquant de voitures*. The courier's charge is only one of the *ruses de voyage* practised on unsuspecting travellers. In these three journeys, however, any attempt of this kind has been effectually prevented by the unremitting caution and vigilance of Blake, an excellent and trustworthy servant of the Duke's.

* * *

BRUSSELS, 27th. — On the way from Namur this morning, their Royal Highnesses spent some time at Quatre-bras, Belle Alliance, and Waterloo. At the former, the spot was pointed out where the gallant Duke of Brunswick fell so gloriously. At the second, the monuments along the road were observed with deep interest and sympathy. The personal reminiscences of the guide, communicated in minute detail, set the events of the battle once more in array before us. The position of the British and French armies — the station of the rival commanders — the scene of the various desperate rencontres — the decisive charges of the Life Guards and Scots Greys — the spot

where Picton fell — with numerous other localities of the greatest interest, — were visited and particularised.

The church of Waterloo, the interior of which is literally cased with marble records of British officers who fell in the action, is a shrine of more than ordinary solemnity, and was visited in rotation. Among the officers personally known to His Royal Highness, and in whose praise he spoke at the time, I remarked more particularly the name of Colonel Fitzgerald of the Life Guards.

* * *

CASSEL-SUR-MER, 29th. — Considering the great distance which we have travelled in these three tours, and the many changes of postilions, horses, highways, and byways, it is now a subject of pleasing reflection, that the whole has been brought to a favourable termination.

No courier has been employed, and thus much expense and some annoyance have been spared.

Such an arrangement, to those who have travelled on the Continent, and especially in Germany, must appear singular. It is quite certain, nevertheless, that a mere courier, unless where he acts in the two-fold capacity of courier and valet, is an appendage which may be easily dispensed with by

such as desire to associate *economy* with the recreation of travelling.

On alighting at the hôtel at night, it was the rule to make every arrangement for the expedition of the party *en route*, and their comfortable reception at the inn the following day.

To secure these important objects, I wrote a letter to the master of the hotel, where their Royal Highnesses proposed to dine, and sleep, the night ensuing. This letter contained a statement of the number of the suite, arrangements for the first, second, and third table, apartments, chambers, and beds. The dinner ordered for each table was restricted to a fixed price. That of wines and apartments for the night was left to the discretion of the landlord. To these particulars was added the *hour* at which the party would take the road in the morning; so that the landlord could calculate the exact time at which, barring accidents, his welcome visiters would honour his table.

Charged with these instructions, the letter was addressed and sealed, and on the back the following order in French or German: —

" The postmasters having authority on the route from A. to B. are hereby required to furnish twelve posthorses at each station, for the expedition

of His Excellency, Count de Munster*, and suite, in three carrriages. His Excellency will leave this hotel to-morrow morning at seven o'clock precisely." This done, I took the letter to the post-office, had it countersigned by the post-master, received his acknowledgment, saw it expedited by *estaffette*, and felt no farther anxiety for the result.

In the morning the horses were at the door at the hour appointed, the postilions mounted, the leader sounded a flourish on his bugle, and drove off. Fresh relays turned out at every station as the carriages came in sight, or were announced by the bugles of the postilions. On arriving at the hotel, every thing was found in readiness as it had been ordered; the apartments swept, aired, and garnished for the occasion, and the dinner ready to be served.

This quiet and unostentatious way of travelling adopted by their Royal Highnesses, afforded them so much satisfaction in respect to comfort and expedition, that it was invariably employed on all similar occasions, and with the same results.

To-day, on alighting here, His Royal Highness, alluding to this circumstance, "felt persuaded, that in these extensive journeys he had never been

* See note, vol. i. p. 308.

delayed ten minutes on the road by want of horses.'

That no serious accident occurred on these various routes is to be attributed partly to the excellent state of the *roads*, the experience and sobriety of the *postilions*, the tractableness of their *horses*; but, above all, to the durable materials and superior construction of the *carriages*, turned out for the occasion by " Wyburn and Thomas."

In Bavaria, the public roads are level, spacious, and kept up with great care. The post road from Frankfort to Wurtzburg, and from that to Meiningen, is without exception a noble route.

In the territory of Wurtemberg the government has taken especial pains to render the post roads inviting to travellers of every grade — from the bürschen with their haversack and God's providence, to him who visits the banks of the Neckar *à six chevaux*. The great road from Stutgardt to Schaffhausen, through the Black Forest, is necessarily rugged and uneven, from the undulating, often mountainous surface, over which it is carried, but kept with great and unremitting attention. The stranger who desires to pursue that highly picturesque track has nothing to apprehend either of impediment or danger in the prosecution of his journey. The

roads encircling the Lake of Constance, particularly on the Wurtemberg side, are excellent; that leading from Lindau to Ulm, on the Danube, and that again from Ulm through Geisslingen to Stutgardt, are equal to the best in England.

The magnificent line of road which skirts the Rhine, between Cologne and Mayence, under the name of *Route Napoleon*, is kept in admirable repair by the Prussian government, widened in many points, raised in some, levelled in others, and improved in all.

The roads leading from Frankfort are all spacious, and attentively repaired. The *matériel* employed is generally of the hardest granite, which workmen, stationed at short distances along the route, are constantly employed in reducing and distributing according to the rules of *Macadam*, who, to do him justice, has done more to smooth the rugged paths of life than all the cabinets of Europe. Belgium and France appear to be almost the only exceptions to the new system, and even in many of *their* provinces, the dangerous, slippery, and convex *pavé* is yielding, where susceptible of the change, to this new march of national and social intercourse. The road leading from Spa, and following the banks of the Meuse to Namur, is a very superior specimen of Belgian skill, in the public-road department.

In the grand duchies of Nassau, Darmstadt, and Baden, the great roads are little inferior to that on the Rhine, already mentioned. In the Electorate of Hesse, the grand duchy of Weimar, and some of the smaller principalities, the public roads are undergoing daily improvements. Various cross *roads*, which a few years since must have been nearly impassable, have now drawn the attention of their governments, among which, on this point, a very laudable spirit of emulation seems to have arisen.

* * *

CALAIS, *Hôtel Dessin*, 30th. — There is no town on the Continent more interesting to British visitors than Calais. Its relics and reminiscences of English dominion are frequent and intelligible. The cathedral of Nôtre Dame is an imposing and stately edifice. The view from the tower is considered unique, but it was not sufficiently clear this morning to speak of it in the terms in which it was described. The grand altar is a striking specimen of elaborate workmanship and costly materials. It is a singular fact, and perhaps not generally known, that the whole, or a great part of this shrine, was taken out of a vessel wrecked on the coast in 1682. It had been freighted at Genoa with a

cargo of marble for a church then building at Antwerp, and was thus far on its destination when driven on this lee-shore, and by a new doom contributed to the embellishment of Nôtre Dame. Thus " malheur à quelque chose est bon."

In the rue St. Denis a private dwelling was pointed out as interesting from its English origin. Near the north end of the façade, fifteen to twenty feet from the ground, is the following distich wrought into old English characters with red bricks: —

God me speed
In al my deede.

This sentence, according to M. Morel Disque, was built in by a Lord Guildford, whose family, having been ill treated in England, led to his determination of never more returning to it. He suffered, nevertheless, the pains of involuntary exile. In the high tower still attached to this house, and which he had constructed for that purpose, the noble exile spent the greater part of his latter days in watching the distant cliffs of his native land. — " Nescio quadam dulcedine! "

In rue Nôtre Dame, we were shown the house, No. 44., where a bomb-shell, thrown from an English ship in the roads, fell on the 27th of September,

1803. These occasional bombardments were a source of great terror to the inhabitants, many of whom, as the guide recollects, used to secure their persons in the cellars during high water, — a period which brought the English fleet into dangerous proximity with their walls. With the *ebb*, however, such formidable visiters retired, and with them the fears of the inhabitants. The arrival of English vessels is now anticipated and hailed with very different feelings. A day's interruption of the intercourse is regarded as a public calamity. The steamers from Dover and the Thames are a source of incalculable prosperity to Calais.

Visited the Hôtel-de-Ville. The most interesting object here is the famous balloon, carefully preserved among the archives of the place.

On the 7th of January, 1785, at half-past one P. M., the maire and municipal authorities of Calais, being informed that Blanchard's balloon was observable in the horizon near Dover, took a convenient position for watching its progress.

Very shortly after, the balloon took the direction of Blanès, the highest point on this coast. At two o'clock it was observed to be half way over the Straits, at the computed height of 4500 feet; but rising and falling in such a manner as to occa-

sion much apprehension of its being carried, by a change of wind, into the North Sea. This, however, the aeronaut avoided, by keeping his car to the nearest point of the wind.

Shortly after the breeze shifted to the south, and blowing south by west, afforded Blanchard a full opportunity of exercising his abilities, by which, to the astonishment of the magistrates and spectators, he still kept to the westward, retarding his progress, but doing away with all fears for the result.

At three o'clock the success of the *trajèt* was announced by the cannon of *Fort Rouge*. The difficulty was now how and where to alight. The wind, apparently carrying the balloon back to sea, obliged the aeronauts to ascend and take the direction of Guînes. Here, however, the extensive marshes were so flooded, that in descending they would have had nearly the same risk as at sea.

At half-past three, only two hours from its first appearance, Blanchard, and his companion Dr. Jeffereys, alighted in the forest of Guînes, two leagues and a half from the sea.

Blanchard was presented the following day with the rights of the city, conveyed in a gold box, with a medallion relative to his voyage. To his companion, Dr. Jeffereys, the magistrates paid

every mark of respect, but regretted that, from his being a foreigner, they were prevented doing him more especial honour.

Before the late improvements took place, the wall of the town house showed the following English inscription: —

> " How does the hope of glory man inflame!
> In this *frail bark* the undaunted Blanchard came,
> Fearless of winds and waves, across the sea,
> From Britain's shore to Gallia's monarchy,
> The fairest seat of heaven-born liberty."

October 1st. — Walked to the Basse-ville. On the central plain between the forests of Guînes and Ardres, is the field of the Cloth of Gold.* Here, on the 7th of June, 1520, the interview between Henry VIII. and Francis I. took place, with all the imposing splendour of the times. A palace of wood was brought from England for the occasion, and placed near the south gate of Guînes. The splendour of the tents covered with cloth of gold, the banquettings, tournaments, and other royal and knightly recreations which succeeded, stand alone in the records of ancient or modern pageantry. The number of these tents, says an

* The subject of an elegant work from the graphic pen of the author of " Richelieu."

author of the time, was "twenty-eight hundrede sundray lodginges, that was a goodlie sighte."

* * *

The burying ground between the ramparts and the Basse-ville was formerly the garden of the celebrated Duchess of Kingston.* It underwent this transformation in 1800. Here lies many an unfortunate exile, for whom the last offices of humanity were an act of charity. There are few places better calculated to awaken profound sympathy and reflection than this. There is one *tumulus*, which from a variety of associations, speaks emphatically to every heart.

. . . . . QUÆ
. . . . . CALESIÆ
VIA IN GALLICA VOCATA
ET IN DOMO. C. VI. OBIIT
DIE XV. MENSIS JANUARII, A. D. MDCCCXV.

I halted.... There was dust beneath my feet!—
The dust of exiled hearts, whose winding sheet
Strangers had woven! The deserted bier
Where kindred eye had never dropp'd a tear!
And here is *one*—a nameless grave;—the grass
Waves rank and dismal o'er its crumbling mass

* The hotel built and occupied by this lady is now converted into the "Hôtel Royal," the property of Mr. Roberts, an Englishman; and, in point of comfort and every essential for the convenience of travellers, is equal, perhaps superior, to any other in the place.

Of mortal elements, — the wintry sedge
Weeps, drooping o'er the ramparts' watery edge; —
The rustling reed — the darkly rippling wave —
Announce the tenant of that lowly grave!

Crush'd in a pauper's shell, the earth scarce heaves
Above that trodden breast! the turf scarce leaves
One lingering token that the stranger found
" Ashes for hope " in that unhallow'd ground;
And " dust for mourning!" Levelled with the soil
The wasting worm hath revelled in its spoil —
The spoil of beauty! This the poor remains
Of one who, living, could command the strains
Of flattery's harp and pen! whose incense flung
From venal breath upon her altar, hung
A halo; while, in loveliness supreme,
She moved in brightness, like the embodied dream
Of some rapt minstrel's warm imaginings,
The more than form and face of earthly things!
Ah, when hath heart so warm, — have hopes so fair, —
Been crush'd amid the darkness of despair? —
With broken heart, and head in sorrow bow'd,
Hers was the midnight bier and borrow'd shroud!

Thou, whom the world calls beautiful, draw near;
Pause on the spot, — there are no flatterers *here!*
No crafty casuits, — tongues to which belong
The poison-chalice, with the charms of song!
No courtly-parasites, that only know
To colour vice with virtue's sacred glow, —
To paint — to sear the heart, and mask the eyes —
Their pleasures as a passport to the skies!
Approach! a sigh that cross-less bier may claim
For *one*, — thy sex's glory and its shame!

Few bend them at thy bier, unhappy one!
All know thy shame, thy mental sufferings none:
All know thy frailties, — all thou wast and art!
But thine were faults of circumstance — not heart!
Thy soul was form'd to bless and to be bless'd
With that immortal boon — a guiltless breast,
And *be* what others *seem*, — had bounteous Heaven
Less beauty lent, or stronger virtue given!
The frugal matron of some lowlier hearth,
Thou hadst not known the splendid woes of earth;
Dispensing happiness, and happy — there
Thou hadst not known the curse of being fair!
But like yon lonely vesper star, thy light —
Thy love — had been as pure as it was bright!

I've met thy pictured bust in many lands;
I've seen the stranger pause, with lifted hands,
In deep, mute, admiration, while his eye
Dwelt sparkling on thy peerless symmetry!
I've seen the poet — painter — sculptor's gaze
Speak, with rapt glance, their eloquence of praise.
I've seen thee, as a gem in royal halls,
Stoop like presiding angel from the walls,
And only less than worshipp'd! Yet 'tis come
To this! when all but slander's voice is dumb;
And they who gaz'd upon thy living face,
Can hardly find thy mortal resting-place.

Thou shouldst have made thy bed far — far away,
Upon the borders of yon bright blue bay *;
Yon green isle's bosom, where the citron's glow
Tinges with gold the sunny wave below!
Thy resting-place had well become the scene,
Its soil to thee a sanctuary had been:

* Baiæ.

And they, the daughters of that sunny clime,
Had pitied, not denounced thy love a crime!
Fair hands upon thy sculptured urn had strewn
Flowers gather'd — where thyself, a flower, had shone.
In hallow'd rest thy dust had slumber'd there,
Nor ——'s glory dawn'd on thy despair!

Since the preceding JOURNAL was written, the sudden demise of the Dowager Queen of Wurtemberg * has opened a melancholy breach in the hearts of her illustrious relatives. In that country whose sceptre she had shared, and with whose prosperity she had identified herself, for a period of more than thirty years, it has excited the most lively sentiments of grief.

Although Her Majesty had enjoyed but indifferent health for a series of years, yet neither the public mind, nor even that of her immediate attendants, was prepared for the lamentable result which has just transpired. On Saturday, the 3d instant, (Oct. 1828,) Her Majesty appeared, and passed the evening nearly as usual. On Sunday she became indisposed, and the symptoms gradually increased. On Monday they became alarming; and in the course of the day, ended in a tranquil passage from time to eternity.

* Extract from a brief memoir written by the author at the time the intelligence reached England, given to a morning paper, and thence copied into the *Annual Obituary*.

Her Majesty's visit last year to her native country is fresh in the recollection of every one. Her health, it was hoped, had derived essential benefit from the change of air and the revival of all those sympathies, associations, and family intercourse, from which she had been so long debarred by continental warfare. This was the impression upon our minds, as she left her native shores to return to Germany. The present event is another and painful instance of the futility of human hopes, and the imperfection of human foresight. Her Majesty, it is well known, retired to her magnificent château of Louisburg upon the death of her royal consort in 1816. Here, surrounded by select members from her court and council — at the head of which was the venerable Count de Göerlitz, whose attachment had stood the test of many years and eventful changes—she passed her days in the discharge of those duties which added fresh lustre to her exalted station, and in the strict observance of those admirable principles, by which she had so often swayed the powerful minds of others, and regulated every impulse of her own. It was here, in particular, that every surrounding object acknowledged the influence of her presence, and the beneficent acts of the "Good Queen" were felt and admired. And

though done in secret, the gratitude of those her bounty had succoured in distress, or raised to independence, was breathed in silent offerings, from the peasant's hearth to the presence-chamber in her palace.

Could a well regulated life have prolonged its duration, the lamented object of a nation's sorrow might still have lived to receive, and to communicate, happiness. But, alas! the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, nor lengthened days to her whose life was a blessing to mankind.

The mode of life pursued by Her Majesty was invariable and systematic. During the summer she had usually concluded her morning toilet by six, often much earlier. She appeared in public at one o'clock, received the homage of her Court, and that of the strangers or functionaries who had the *entrée* to her table.

The activity of her mind was incessant: her hands were seldom without some adequate subject for the display of a refined and cultivated taste, or the exercise of that laudable industry which, to her, had become delightful from long habit, and of which innumerable traces remain as the finest ornaments of the royal palace. In this Her Majesty sought not pastime alone; she had a higher object in view. She sought to inculcate on those

around, by personal example, this most important lesson, — that in the proper distribution of our time, and the wise employment of our faculties, the great secret of human happiness is to be found; *that, instead of pursuing pleasure as an occupation, we should find, that from prudent occupation alone we can secure lasting pleasure and satisfaction.*

It had been, for many years, Her Majesty's custom to pass some portion of every summer at the baths of Deinach, a short distance from the capital, as well for the benefit of the waters, as to vary the monotony of her retired court, to give a fresh impulse to the health and minds of those by whom it was composed, and over whose happiness she watched with parental solicitude. Her Majesty's annual visit to this romantic and secluded spot was anticipated by all ranks with impatience, and hailed with loyalty and delight. Having repeatedly felt the salutary effects of a summer residence here, Her Majesty had a strong attachment for the spot. It is a singularly romantic hamlet, situated on the border of the Black Forest, skirted by feudal and monastic ruins, and presenting an endless succession of all those picturesque beauties which arrest and fix the attention of the naturalist or the painter, and to a refined and contemplative mind, give free scope for the indul-

gence of the best feelings of which the human heart is susceptible. Here, in an antique and extensive palace, overhung by hills of pine, traversed by a mountain stream, and commanding objects of unceasing interest, Her Majesty was in the habit of receiving annual visits from some member of her august family.

On the day of her return to Louisburg, it was the uniform and affecting custom of the peasantry and others to assemble on the morning of her departure, to testify their strong attachment to their royal mistress, by twining the panels of her carriage with wreaths of evergreen and the choicest flowers of the place and season, as the silent but expressive offering for her return.

The same ceremony was observed as the several carriages of Her Majesty's suite left in succession. At every halt in her progress, fair hands continued to offer symbolical flowers, till the halls of Louisburg rang once more with the royal welcome. It is hardly *two months* since this beautiful and affecting ceremony took place for the last time! But now, alas! the scene is sadly reversed: the mournful pageant is announced at the gate — the mourners have arrayed themselves in weeds — and the hands that so lately offered flowers are now twining the cypress wreath!

The natural affability of Her Majesty's disposition; the enviable talent of relieving the restraint, and enlivening the conversation which her presence might have been supposed to impose or to check, made a presentation at the court of Louisburg an object of first importance. Few days during the summer but some illustrious family or individual was presented by the resident ambassador, and found a place at her hospitable table. Of these strangers, the majority were public functionaries, or the fair daughters, of that beloved country—the land of her birth, and proud inheritance of her royal brother. On the cherished remembrance of early days, her mind and conversation dwelt with peculiar delight. The sentiments she expressed well became a daughter of the illustrious dynasty from which she sprung, and that crown and kingdom of which she had become the pride and the ornament.

To those who have had the happiness to sojourn within the royal precincts of Louisburg—to partake of its hospitality, and mingle in its polished circle, the remembrance of such hours must long remain in vivid retrospect. They will confess, that for once they have beheld the highest dignity associated with the gentlest heart and the most generous dispositions.

But henceforth, alas! at Louisburg or Deinach there will be no ear to receive the homage of respect and loyalty. There we shall only find a shrine and a sepulchre, where we may drop the tear of mingled sorrow and exultation over the hallowed urn of the good and lamented Queen!

Her name, embalmed by those exalted virtues which added so much lustre to her life and her reign, will find a ready passport to the love and veneration of posterity! The days of her life were only so many acts of beneficence. She supported the aged and patronised the young; every hour had its allotted portion of evil to correct, or of good to communicate to those around her.*

* * *

* Not less than seventy families in the neighbourhood shared in Her Majesty's daily bounty.

THE END.

LONDON:
Printed by A. & R. Spottiswoode,
New-Street-Square.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 02 July, 2018